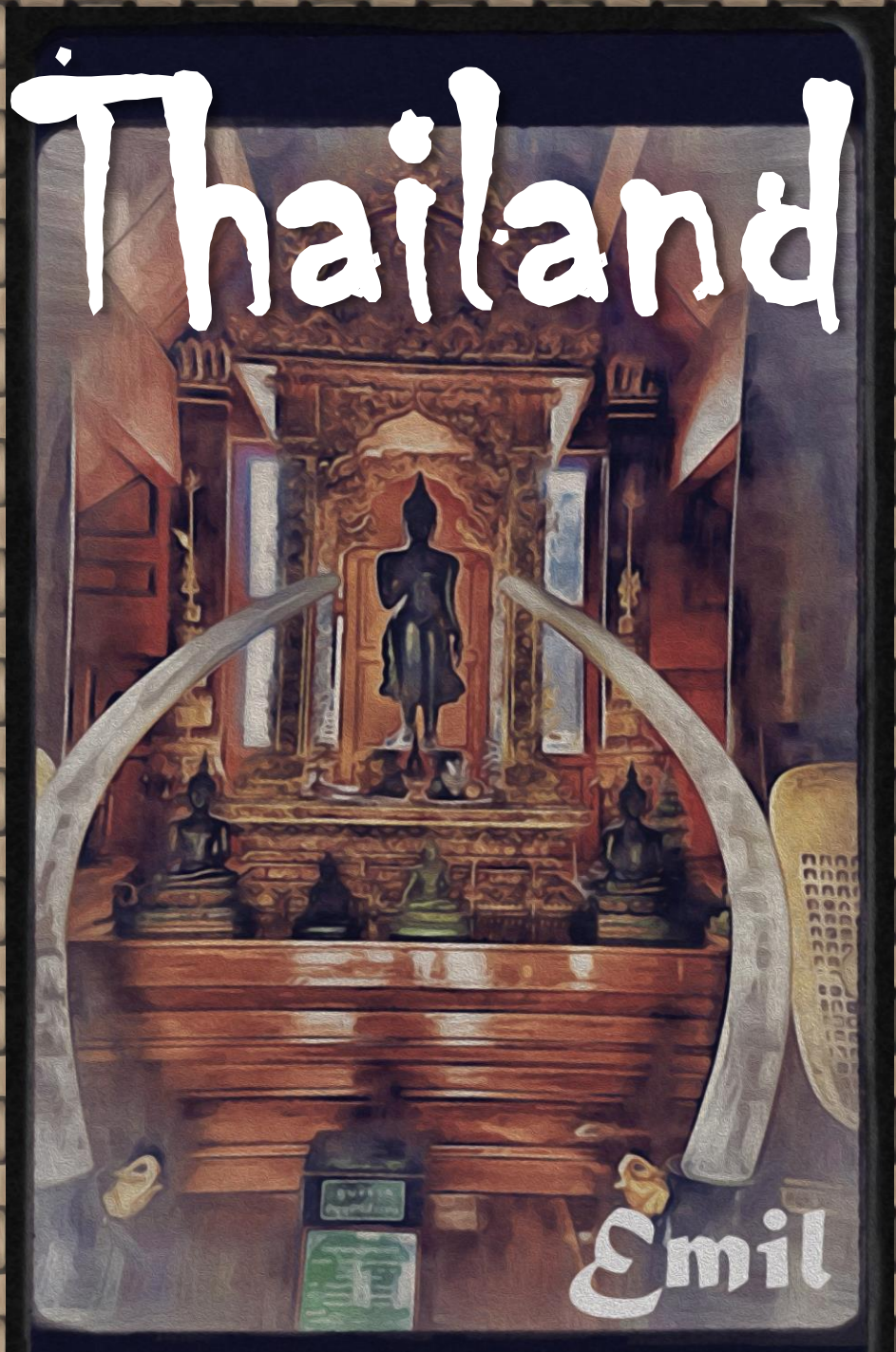
Thailand



WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore

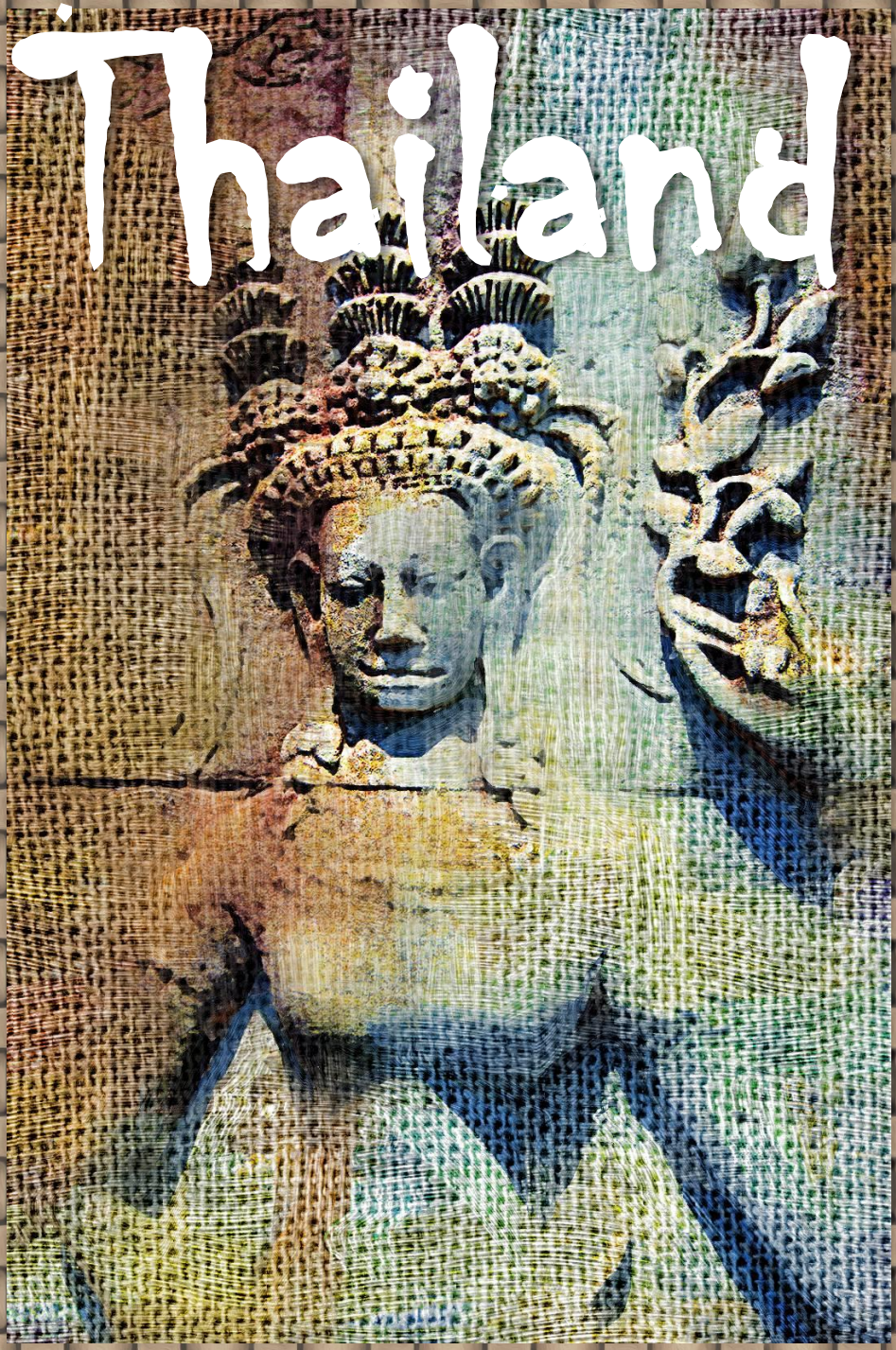
Thailand

Since fleeing Nanjing on the last lorry upon the uninvited arrival of the Imperial Nippon Army which lead to our memorial and very incredible adventure(s) to reach the Burmese Border step or two ahead of the Japs landed our entire crew up in the back booth of a little, rusty social club (what dive bars were referred to in those days) watching the slow pace of Old Siam pass us by; Emil and I have had a great fondness for Thailand that diverges greatly from the current generation of a cadre of shacky, penniless backpackers or their older rear pedophile uncles who have successfully destroyed the image of the honorable expat and their ugly behaviors which crumbled the Thai People's openness that we so treasured back in the 1930s.

While this book has nothing to do with either, I just wanted to clear the air...

SEINE

Thailand



Thailand

"IN MEMORY OF PRINCIPAL SUTTIPONG CHALOEYPOJANA"

To the one person who had faith that there was good within each of us and was prepared to pester and dig until he found it…
He never gave up on any of us no matter however hopeless we were to salvation.
If I had only taken the time to learn a little of what he taught us (some of the most valuable lessons that I failed to learn) …but, then again, I wouldn't be the person that I am today…
I know that there will be a heated debate in which would be better…
Guess it depends…???
Do I owe you money or not?

- Emil (2017)

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

Emil West is in George Town, Penang. 18 May ·

Woke up @ about 4 AM like I was some kind of farmer and the cows were calling for their morning milking...

WAIT!

I HAVE NO COWS!

In Penang, most people don't eat meat!
If I had cows or if I had any serious notion in attempting to milk said cows...
I think that might be a felony, here???
Never mind my previous remarks?
Worked for about two hours before I grew bored and decided to listen to that ancient James Taylor "One Man Dog" CD that I exchanged for here @ the interment lodge's sharing table.
"Yes, JT...I am..."

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

I have no idea what I mean by that but, you can just assume that it must be very Un-WOKE...far from proper and will surely ignite yet another Twitter Storm...
I hear them bees a humming, already!
The only thing that I have in my head after saying all this is the words to that old 2000's era song...
"Who let the Dogs Out?"
Anyway...WYT?

Emil is in George Town, Penang. 18 SEPT 2020

This book began with this blog entry and the true, the undeniable reality that this lockdown was not going to soon or easily be put aside and that I needed to keep a cash flow coming in order to maintain even my below poverty level lifestyle. This is when I agreed with my corporate masters that new and creative “Schiff” (can’t say “shit” in print in Singapore...)

Thailand



Thailand

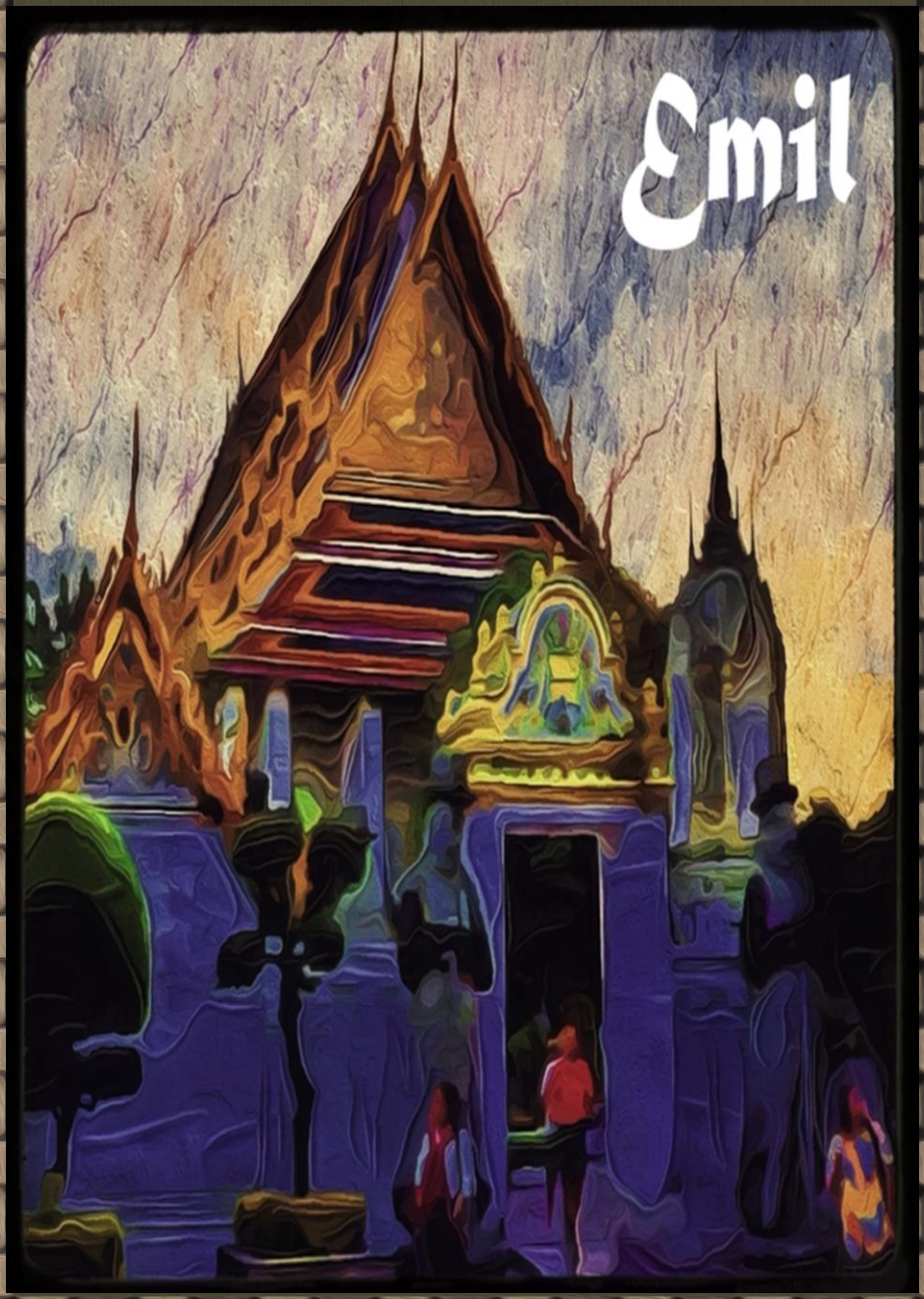
GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

Emil is in George Town, Penang. 18 SEPT 2020

was out-de-window, distorted by a killer virus plague and complicated by the fact it has actively reduced my financial health to its lowest level since I began this Hobo Tour over four years ago now.

Further, I had to come to grips with yet another reality that I am (even more than ever) dependent upon the kindness of socialist (former communist) accountants that seized the financial reigns away from Seine long ago and who (literally) hold group prayer sessions calling upon God's or maybe, the CCP's raft to rain down upon me and drive me into the wilderness of some old folk's storage facility, group home or transit camp in North-Western China – thank God that I never took care of my body so my organs aren't worth a plug dime and so, I think I am safe!

Thailand



Thailand

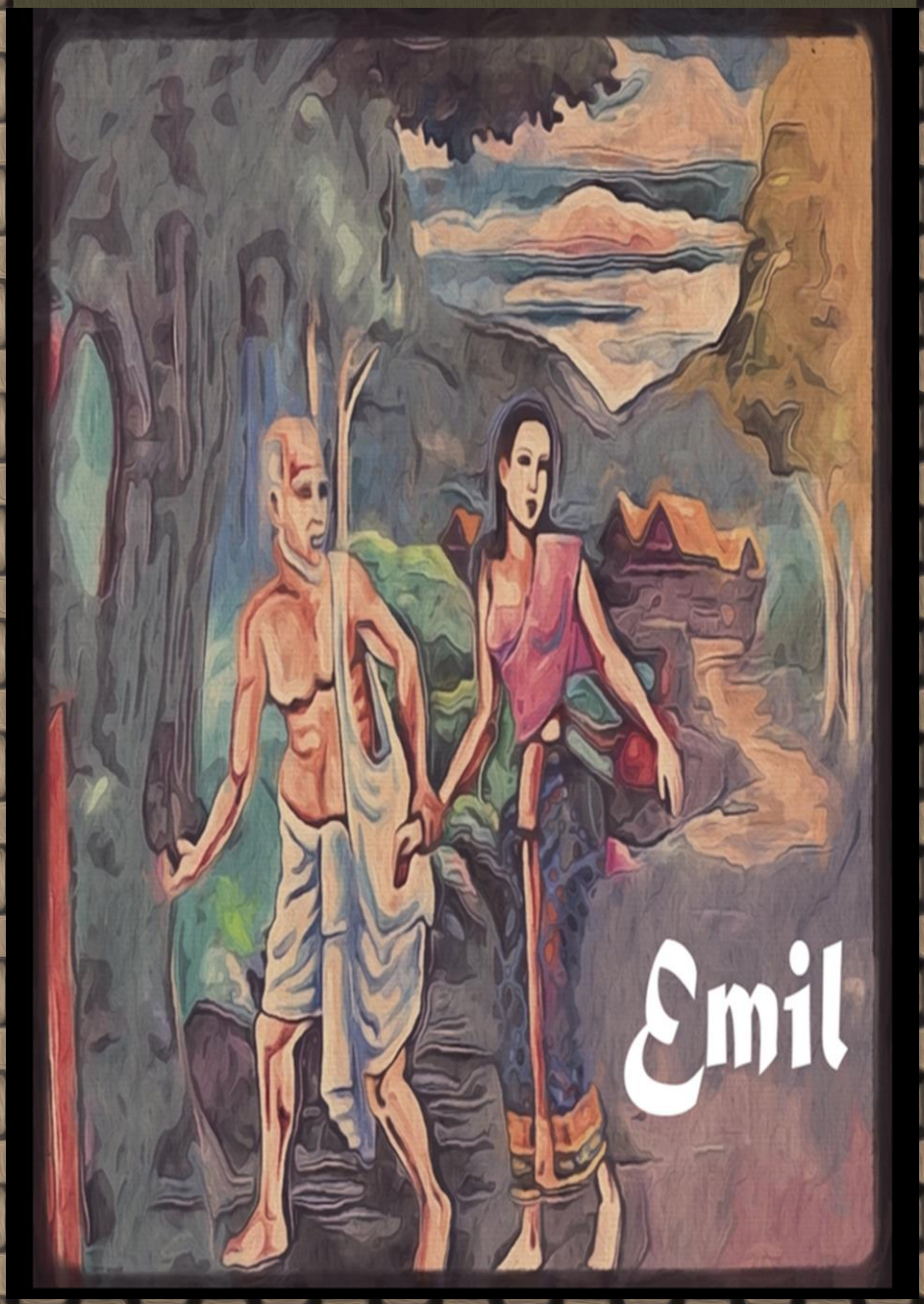
GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

Emil is in George Town, Penang. 18 SEPT 2020

Sorry...where was I?

So like anyway, I was deep into the psychosis of feeling sorry for myself, openly trashing my decision-making, life choices when it dawned on me that I needed to escape from this tropical island internment and I set into motion (what is now clearly) some not-so-well thought out plan that resulting in my arrest for the unproper usage of a fisherman's boat (they claimed I stole it while to my remembering, I borrowed it) and trying to row out into the shipping lanes gaining my freedom. The days spent in immigration and the netherworld of the Penang Legal System gave me pause to a similar fate (several years ago) that I faced in Korea before

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

Emil is in George Town, Penang. 18 SEPT 2020

I was deported; this gave lead to a reminder that I had assembled an anthology of my time(s) in Korea and how that became my most successful book (OK!!! I sold ten copies but for me that was like a one-day record) and maybe I should do a similar book on Thailand.

I assured myself that I could just pull out several of those dusty, click portable hard drives that were just laying-about in the bottom of my "Get-out-of-town" escape bag and which represented the collective archives of all things Emil..

"Could Work...ya think?"

As you know, I am not a person known for deep, well thought out reasoning (or as my brother John was famous for saying in

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS FELLOW LOCKDOWN REFUGEE!

Emil is in George Town, Penang. 18 SEPT 2020

reference to me: “His mind is a terrible thing!”) and that I am better known as a gambling person who more than once was declared the poster child of the month for “what was he thinking” risk taking; so is it any real surprise that you now find yourself as an active player in yet another long term, high mileage bet that I am making in regards to you actually buying this book?

If you did and are now reading this said book, I thank you for helping keep my non-conformist struggle against the evil WWWG corporate over-lords going.

“Battle-On! Dudes!”

This book is part old, some reformatted or rewritten and still to a larger extend new work that you have never seen before.

Hope you enjoy!

Thailand



Thailand



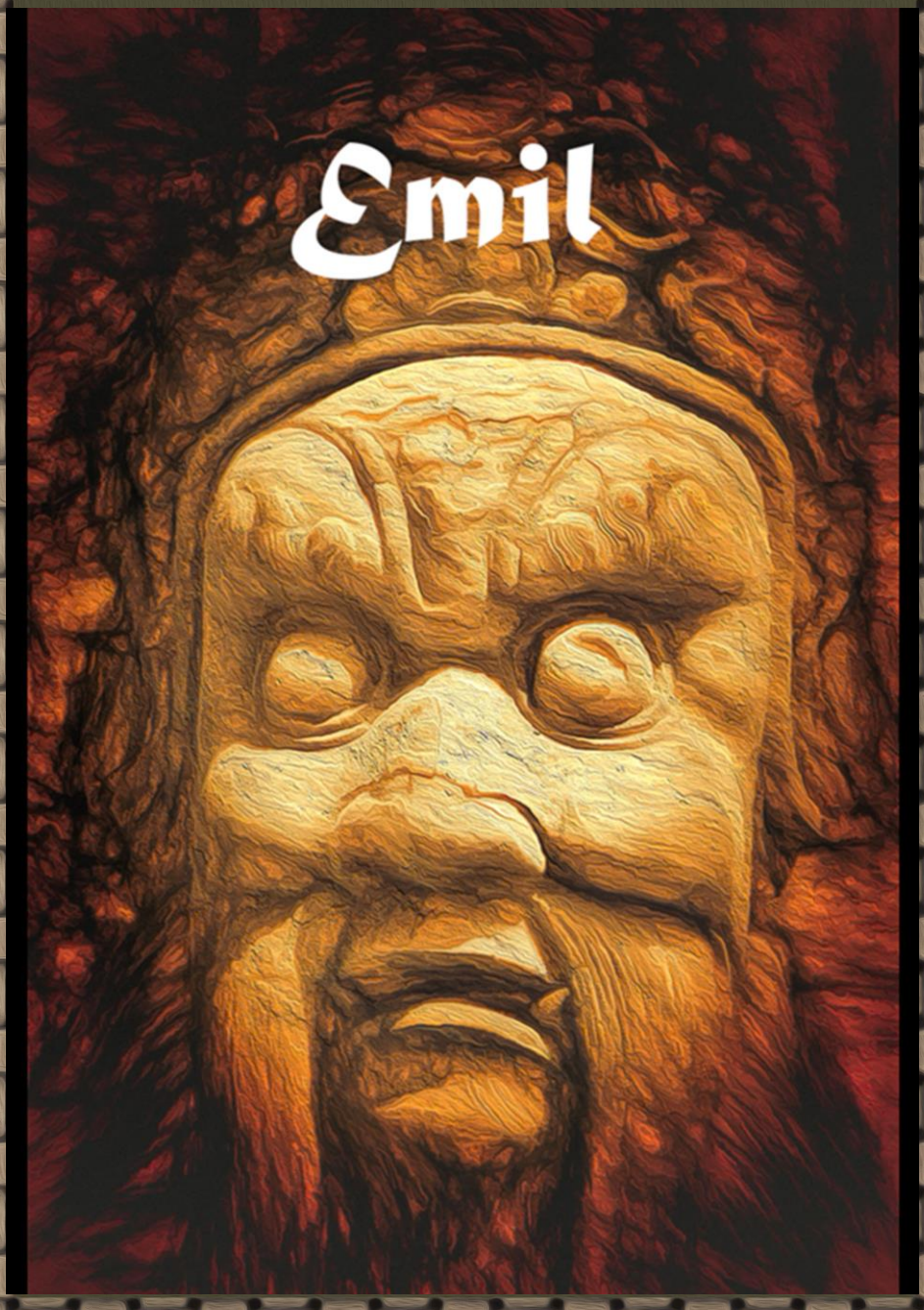
Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

EDITOR'S NOTE FROM WWWG:

On a recent bus tour of Asia, all the way back to his assignment in India, Emil got off the bus in Bangkok and refused to go any further. We were upset that Emil was yet again, going rouge and we had no practical way to stop him after we gave him an advance (upfront) towards the piece he was to submit later on this month, in India… Or so, as we had all hoped! Now, Emil sees this whole affair quite differently and was again in a rather foul mood having traveled up from Singapore to Bangkok by an ordinary (no air conditioning) bus (which cost WWWG a princely sum of three Singapore dollars) and it appears that the trip as not gone well for Emil. Emil says that he rode most of the way, sandwiched in-between several farmers with their produce on

Thailand



Thailand

EDITOR'S NOTE FROM WWWG:

their way to the next morning's market and a rather pushy mother intending on marrying off her eldest daughter to a "Farong" (foreign devil*).

All this combined and came together to cascade down upon Emil's paranoia and his knack of bad mouthing WWWG's Financial Guru (Mr. Charles) by challenging to the wise use of WWWG company funds. While, Charles maintained that it had been Emil's suggestion and he produced hard copy to prove it.

I am not getting involved in this!

Seine LaGone

* Most village people automatically assume that all Foreign Devils are either rich or by default, their families must be. This is reinforced by the media and the movies that they have seen – so it is a big thing for the family to acquire one...

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

This month's selection comes was rather rushed as it was one of those spur of the minute things…in a blinding flash of insight, I bolted from the confines of my bondage within an ordinary bus (no air condition and which seemed to come to a slamming halt stop every 15 feet or so to pick up or drop off).

23 hours on a crowded bus, sandwiched in-between farmers with produce in hand, headed off for what they assume will be their future, fame and fortune in the big city; on other side, next to a chatty, what Thai People lovingly joke, an "Angry Auntie" woman with what seems like a slew of unmarried daughters, all in need of getting married off and if she could luck into the gravy train of a rich foreigner…well then, all the better.

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

Sadly, the effort was totally wasted upon the likes of me and if she could have understood the insider's joke here, then she would truly be angrier but, the reality is that rich foreigners do not travel third world, ordinary bus without true economic reasons to do so.
My reality was more that I was being punished, I was being taught a valuable lesson by none other than my old enemy, Mr. Chuckie (WWWG's head bean counter and believe me, he does count every single bean in the bowl) and his assembled of socialist goonies in WWWG's Communist Accounting Office.
Then again, I knew that has I spoke those words last month…granted, I spoke out of anger and frustration of how cheap WWWG had become.

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

I do recall even warning myself as to the ancient wisdom of China and yes, I should have been more careful as to long consider what I wished before I spoke my mind out loud… Let alone put it into actual print! I need to explain the contents as to the circumstances to how I ended up on a very slow bus headed towards Bangkok. It seems, even now, an innocent reflection of the anger that I felt on the cheapness of the accommodations and especially to the ultra-cheap flights that Mr. Chucky was securing for me (and, just in general) in how they thought that could do my job on the ridiculously, absurd, low advance funds they have been supplying with.

Thailand

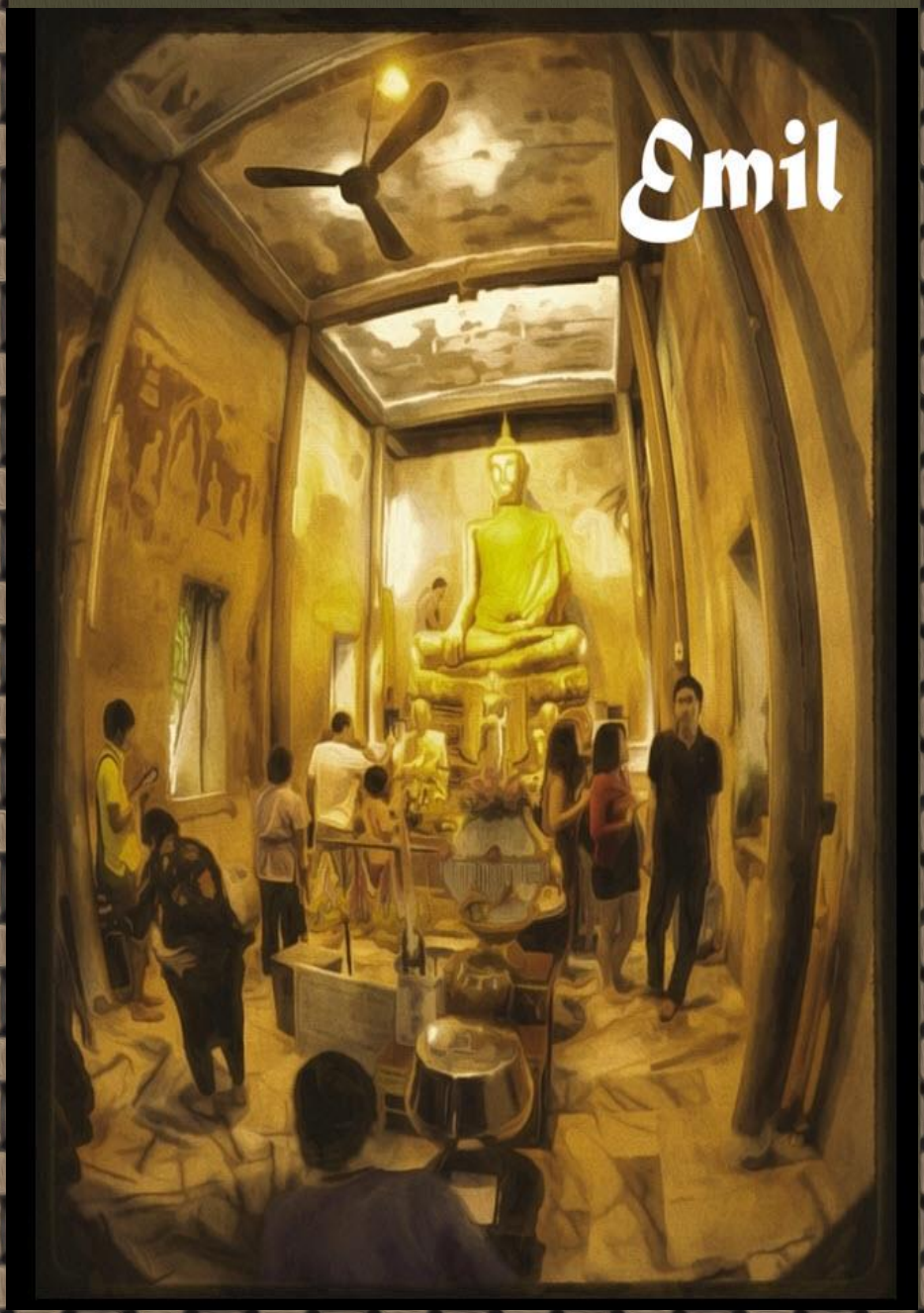


Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

Out of sheer frustration to the whole notion, I mumbled and miss-spoke myself; I said something to the effect of "Why not just send me by bus!"
I never expected that Seine would take that literally and it was even further removed from my predetermined thoughts of what I was saying, that Seine would grasp at it with gusto and truly, believe that it was a fantastic storyline…
"Emil to India by Bus!"
Of course, it didn't register with me at first and didn't truly sink in until the WWWG staff goonies dropped me off at the local bus station with a one-way ticket to Bangkok and then a series of other tickets extending my travels overland, all the way to border of the Indian Frontier.

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

At the frontier, I would be met by an old friend of Seine's from back in the colonial days and he would ferry me to the actual assignment.

I was waiting for the punchline or the "gotcha!" to fall and in the end they would take me back to the airport after scaring me straight, forever remindful as that there is always something worse.

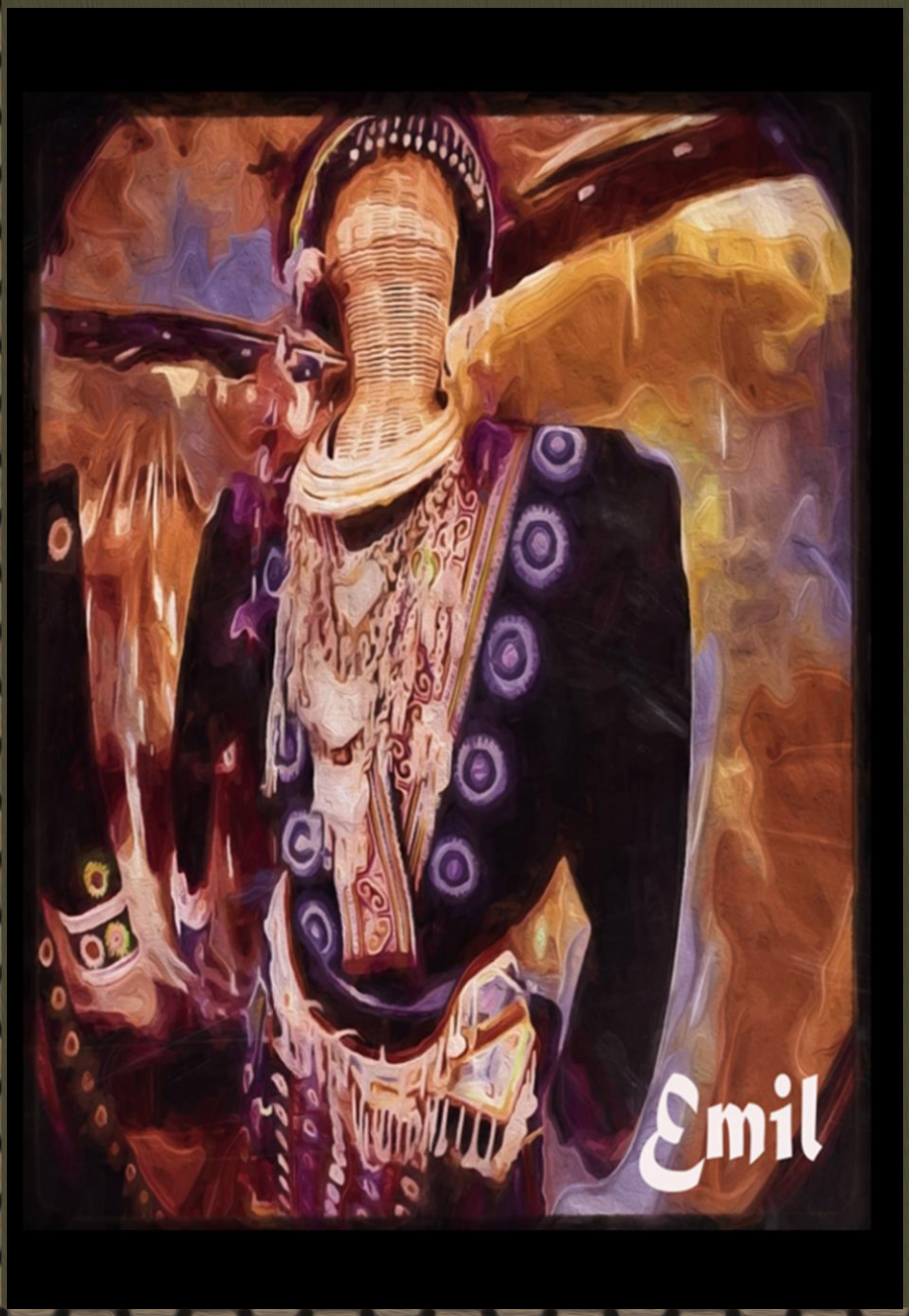
It didn't come!

I said to myself, they will be waiting for me at the first stop (which turns out to be about 15 feet from the station where we started) and then, I swore that I would find forgiveness in my heart even for Mister Chuckie!

The first stop and nothing!

By then, edge of town, I realized that they were going to let this joke play out to its conclusion.

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

By then, edge of town, I realized that they were going to let this joke play out to its conclusion.

It was now time to pony up and try to make the best of this dreadful situation. Lucky for me, I got on the bus at the first stop and was quickly able to secure my seat near a window away from the constant bumping of the tires again the worn out shocks that made it feel like you are being towed behind a fantail boat in high seas – more or less about center point on the bus seemed a place for a more peaceful trip.

This seemed to make logical sense at the time, but, as the bus quickly filled up, as the miles and hours dragged on, it became radically clear that I had made a terrible mistake in my seat selection.

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

While, indeed, the ride was gentler and less bumpy; there was as time wore on and as bathroom stops were painfully short and were even, less frequent; it became clear that climbing up over and around the standing riders, the totally packed bus would (and did) left me with precious little time to use the bathroom. Then worse yet, was my efforts in trying to return to and even once, to regain my seat from an "Angry Aunty" which turned into a near United Nations' Security Council Debate with me on the near (American) losing side of this argument until the fellow who had been sitting in the adjoining seat decided that he would rather have some foreign devil sitting next to him instead of this loud, "Angry Aunty." Thank you, pal!

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

"Thank you very much, kind sir!"
As a courtesy to my long time readers, here is a travel tip that you can see, it nearly cost me dearly to learn and it is:

"Always tip the guy, in the next seat, to hold your seat and to watch all of your belongs (as there is a tendency for them to disappear into the bowls of the crowded bus). Don't be cheap…"

How much are your belongs worth and how much would be pay for not having to stand the remaining twenty hours? Be generous and you will be rewarded by excellent service while experiencing the opportunity to linger in the bathroom for an extra moment or two because you have the full security of your reserved seat.

Thailand



Thailand

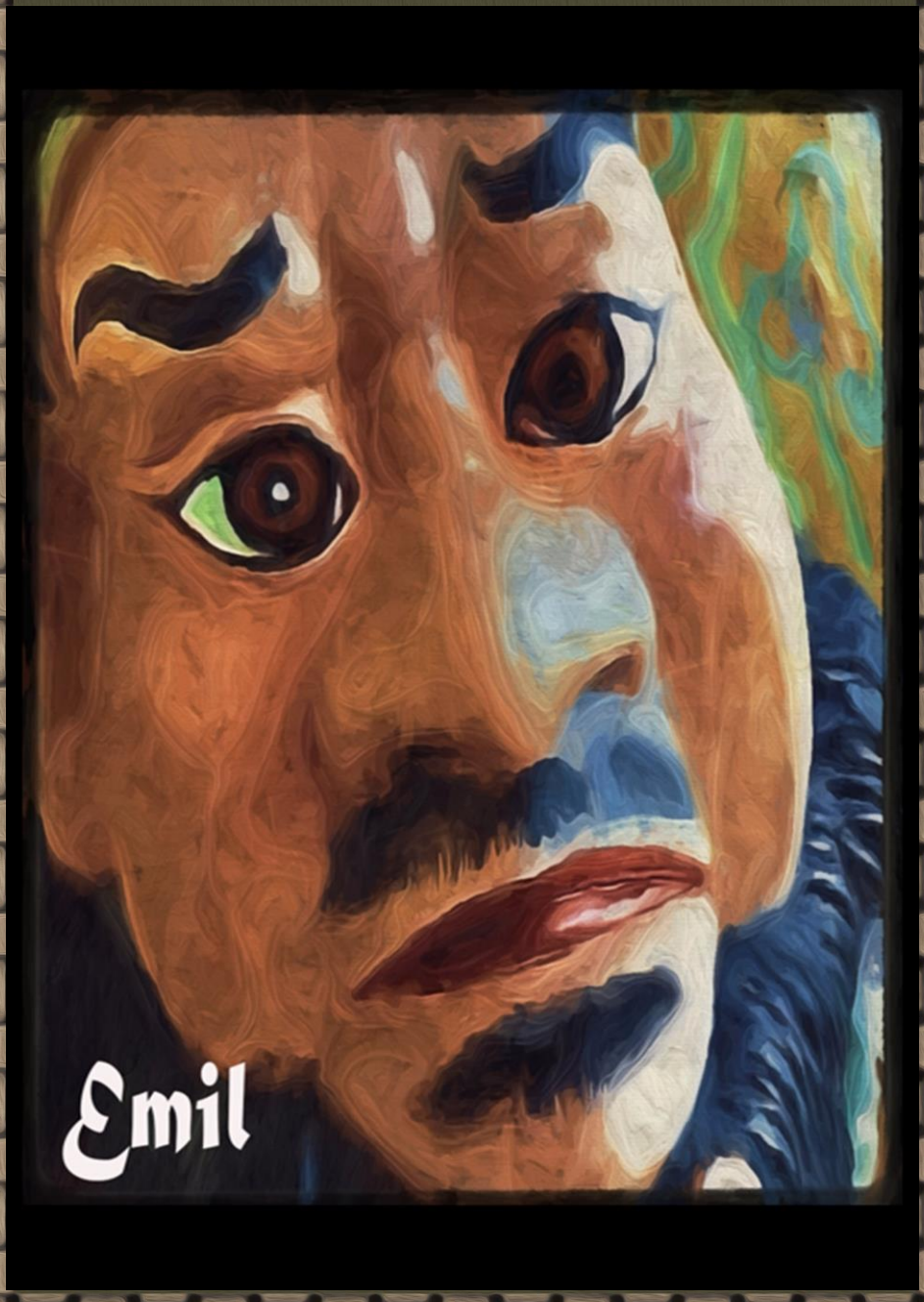
GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

After the drama of music chairs, long, drawn out seat wars and the grail search of a semi-clean bathroom on the southern leg of the odyssey toward the City of Angles (Bangkok); I have yet a further tip to help the process... you can always set a schedule where you will watch his belongs, we agreed to rotate every other stop.

That is a valuable thought dear readers! There isn't much to compare Los Angles and Bangkok together even though both are extremely large cities with a great mixture of people (legal and illegal) from all around the world.

Yet, there is a similar mythology as to each city's founding and both exert the same type of passionate allure of being

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

ground zero of lands of opportunity…
a bright beckon to all those looking to
turn their fortunes around or to get
a new, fresh start…a make over…

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE ACCEPTED…

"Put a hundred down, buy a car
In a week maybe , two
They will make you a star!"

In the same way, both were a bogus fraud! In the same way, both lied to you and most will not fine opportunities but, will become destitute and left in the city gutter, broken, beaten and bloody by a city that has no heart, that sold its soul up on the high alter of technology, instant fame and mostly, where the few reap all the rewards and the rest of us are damned to shop work or waitering. What else am I to do…there is another

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

15 hours across the wilderness before we reach the outskirts to the golden city. If I could only communicate better in Thai… If I could only reach out and grab their attention...

Maybe, be able to reach into their souls. If I could do all or any of this; I could be able to turn these innocent pilgrims back home before it was too late!

If I could stand with flaming sword, guarding the gates to this Eden and in it, where Capitalism…has gone utterly mad. But, I was not inclined to do such a great deed especially after the great battle of seats…In fact, I now say, go ahead and let them learn as the rest of us did…who am I to save their economic souls and in the end they would only hate me for it.

SO, LET IT BE!

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

Maybe, a few hours of sleep would do me better than trying to save the world! Still the Angry Aunty, the one with all of the daughters needing to get married, the same one who has been droning on and on with hesitation nor stop to see if anyone was really listening or not... The very same Aunty who boast as to what I must assume, were stories of her daughters, their family heritages and not least, as to how they were the most beautiful in their not so small hamlet.

"Do you (really) know the way to San Jose?"

The song does tell you a true story on how the cities of the angels will defeat you, steal your soul and you will be left

Thailand



Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

with nothing else to do but, to pine away for those old times, back on the homestead but, like the song, passage back is next to impossible because you have been changed by the city and even if you returned you would return as an outsider and as a relic of what they once knew you as.

Such positive vibes!

Late into the Auntie's pitch there was a tinge of sadness as she lamented to how her daughters did not seem to lack for suiters but, all were equally poor farm boys with little land or future to offer the quality of her numerous daughters, the rest of the passage went on with only minor complications like the driver falling asleep at the wheel and dooming us to all eternity, in having to

Thailand



Thailand

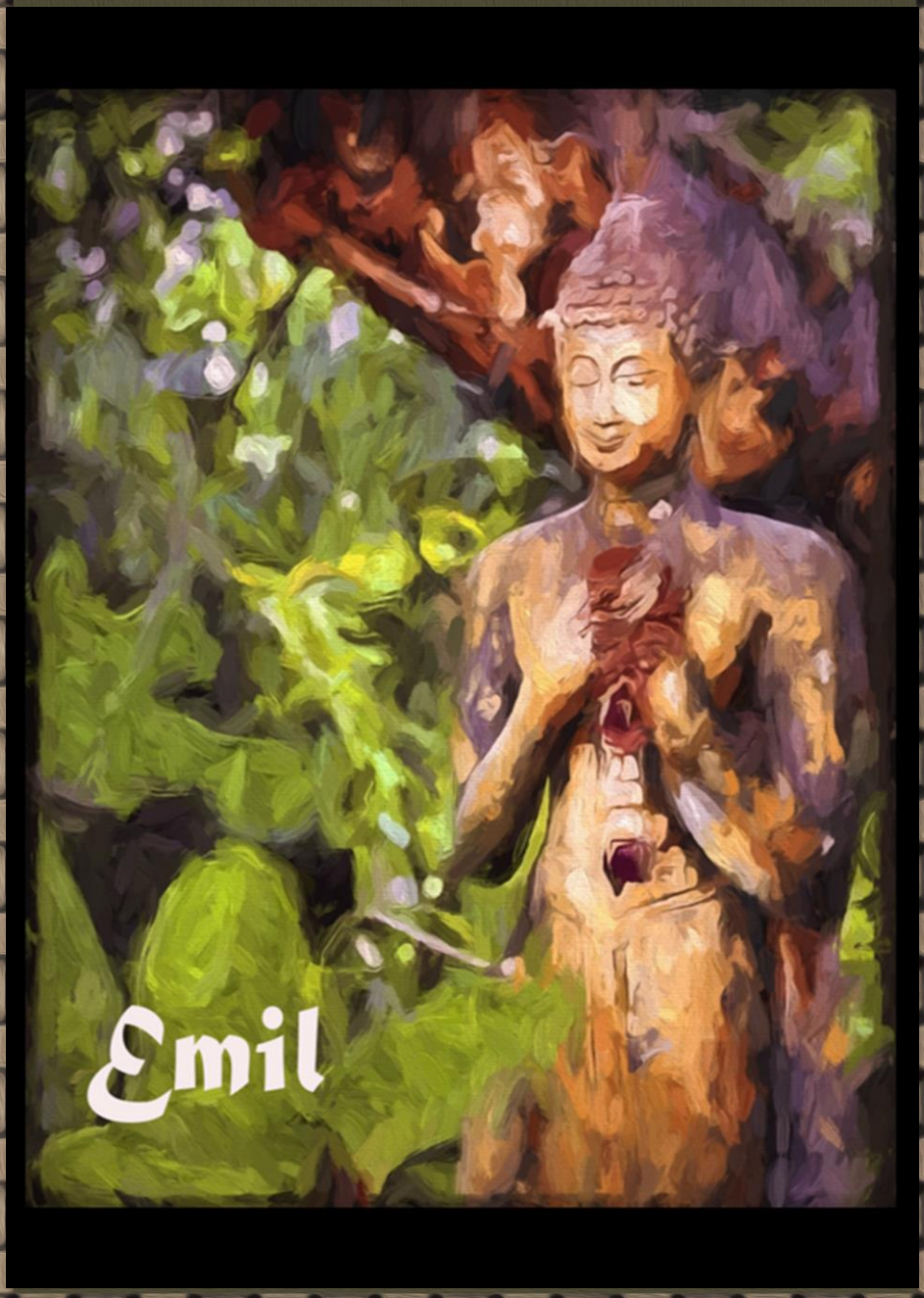
GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

listen to this angry auntie's sales pitch

"Buy one…buy two…discount offer to you only…YES! …All for you, Mister evil running dog foreigner!"

After, this grand adventure, I decided and with total glee I tossed my remaining normal bus tickets in the nearest refuge can and made the collective choice that I would instead use my project advance money to set up a base camp in Bangkok and make a try, here in this City of Angles, to see if I could be one of the few, to be one of the most lucky…enough to be one of those that will be selected, to be chosen to be a star…"twinkle…twinkle…star!"

Thailand



Thailand

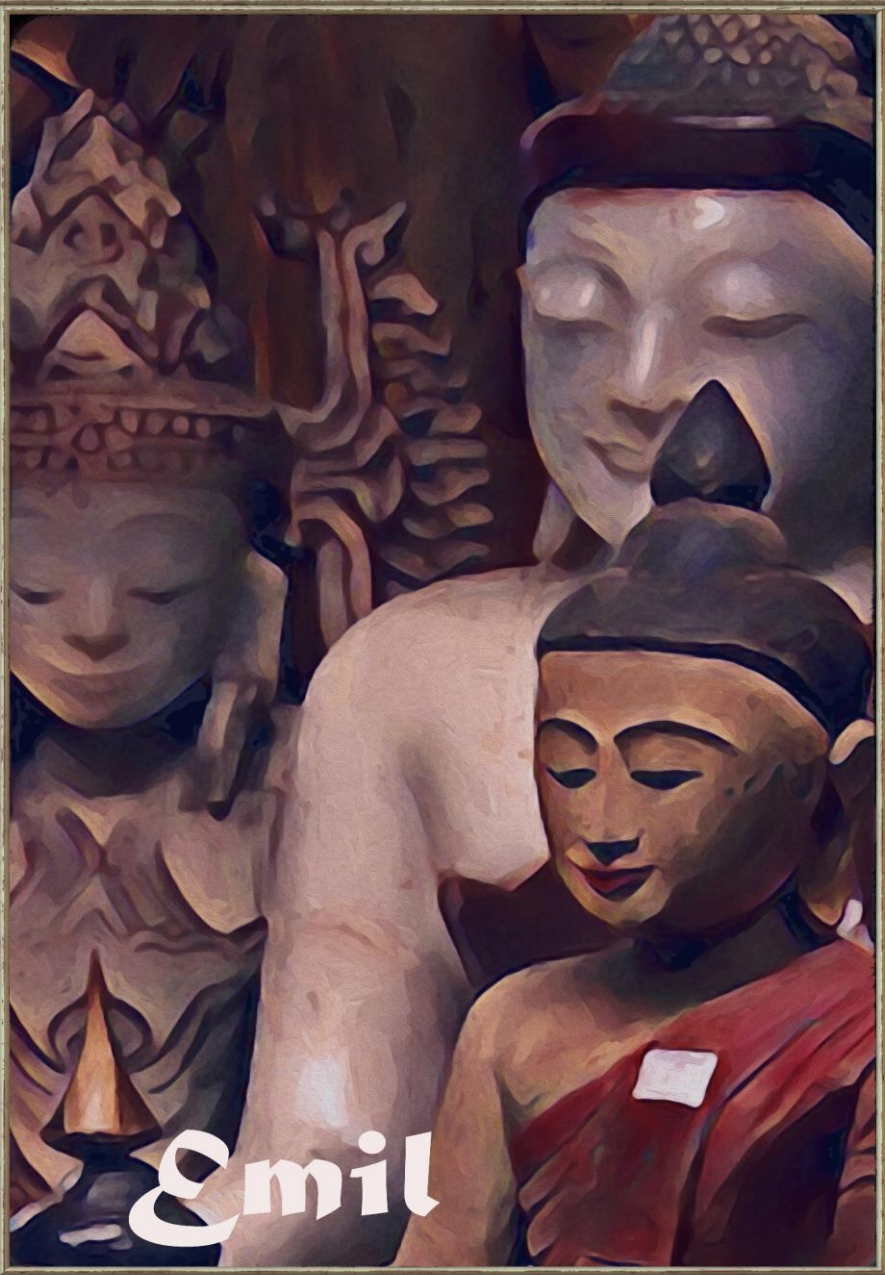
GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

Well now, two weeks already into this work-in-progress, this waywardly going wrong experiment, I have come to my senses in that I have never truly been what they would call “Lucky!”

Never!

Never has luck been in the cards for me and I do know who is to actually blame…I’ve got a name, a number and even, video or two to prove my case! I blame my low-rent, greyhound bus riding Guardian Angel who, she has yet to offer me nothing more than mere crumbs off “de master’s table,” who rides into town at the very last moment and does only enough to keep my nose slightly above water and me afloat… then, waves as she gets on the greyhound and returns to Tulsa.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

I am still looking for others to join me in a class-action suit against this substandard excuse of a Guardian Angel and to right all the ages of maleficence and her sub-prime wish granting…

Yes! Indeed!

As we are heading into the 3rd week of my grand social experiment and with the last of my limited funds, all of my remaining Baht (money) are fading faster than ice cream on a hot, summer sidewalk, here in Bangkok; I have assembled this new collection that I hope will please you and keep you on my side as I actively try to re-negotiate my ongoing passage on to India.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

GREETINGS TO ALL MY TEN OR SO FANS & SUPPORTERS!

PLEASE BUY THIS BOOK!

Help me stick it to the man (Mister Chuckie) and win one for all of us, the forgotten pee-ons who don't have a hundred bucks to buy a car!
Needless to say you are already vested in this cause...you are already a part of the Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom to be able to afford a decent meal or pay the overdue water bill...
Whatz?!? You say you are not!
You bought this book didn't ya????
Under Singapore Labor Law, that makes you an active co-conspirator...
Indeed, it does Comrade Book Buyer!

"Do you (really) know the way to San Jose?"
I've been away, for quite some time...
I'm afraid that I done got lost!

Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

In-between pitch battles for a seat on the bus with nagging, shrill voiced, Angry Aunties, random farmers whispering to the caged chickens over their need to announce the arrival of the sunrise at 2 A.M. in the morning and the uncomfortable sensation of being awoke to find the bus spinning first to the left and then to the right after making what seemed (to my stomach) a full-nelson, headlock turn while traveling 80 mph due to our driver falling asleep at the wheel on a long downhill through some mountain pass leading to the central plains of the low lands; I came to realize that long bus trips give you a lot of time to think, to ponder and maybe come to some kind of understanding with the inner you…it can be enlightening, it can purge your soul or it can become endless

Thailand



Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

hours of self-doubt, puzzlement and sheer wonder on where (actually) in your life did it all go wrong, at what point in time that life went like totally sideways on you or to get stuck in some deep meditate upon what a loser you must really be to be riding an ordinary bus for a grand total of 26 hours – especially at my advanced age.

While a 26 hour review of my life, regardless of how long it has been, is way too much time and you know that time is the devil's play tool or at least, that's how I remember the Jesuits teaching me when I was young. Idle time just like idle hands leads to much mischief, an occasional regret and always the real need to ask for forgiveness – as forgiveness is always much easier to get than is any attempt to seek and receive

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

permission (yet another thing that I learned from the Jesuit Brothers before even they washed their hands of me and they rudely told me to “go bother Satan for a while!”).

It’s true! It really is!

Just stop and think about the French and then the Russian Revolutions…where they started by the poor, hardworking serfs who rose up in mass, in rebellion?

Not?

Neither revolution was started by the poor serfs, the sharecroppers and the rest of us field monkeys as we much too busy trying to survive to the end of the work day, just trying to get through one endless day of unsuccessful labor that, in the end, blurred into what became a

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

lifetime of slavery to one economic master or yet, another (as you were often traded between the masters as you and me would trade baseball cards). The reality was that it was the youth, the very children of the rich, the children of the nation's masters who had so much idle time on their hands that they became bored of just sitting around, they wanted to rebel against their parents…to be their own person but were so unused to actual work or labor that they started a damn revolution instead…of course they then, recruited us to be their foot soldiers, their instrument of punishment to their parents because they quickly saw that when we (the common folks) are raised up, organized and focused, we represent great power but with this great power

Thailand

Emil



Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

comes the problem of how to direct it once it is in motion.

This raw people power is terribly hard to control once set in motion and it can so surly, so quickly, in a mere blink of an eye, things just get out-of-hand and things go terrible wrong and sideways, like in the French and Russian Revolutions.

America had its taste of people power in the 1960's but, the power elite had learned from previous revolutions and they utilized the easiest, the quickest way to stop a revolution, which is to buy off the revolution's leaders.

That is what the power masters did in America at the end of the 1960s and as the leaders of the revolution drove off to their new jobs on Wall Street, in spanking, brand new Cadillacs …with

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

that brand new, that showroom fresh smell…

I still swear I could smell it as they zoomed pass us, their street soldiers, leaving us to get our heads busted, to be carted off to jail or exiled in Canada – who after a short period of time, kindly told us to think about going home or to be seriously consider the immediate need to be moving on.

As I said, I stopped this process of self-evaluation and review long before we reached the 26 hour mark.

It was either, I would have to ponder the lives of my fellow travelers and being the helpful kind of guy that I have always been…

I immediately realized that this was going to be troublesome due to my lack of mastery of my travel mates native

Thailand



Thailand

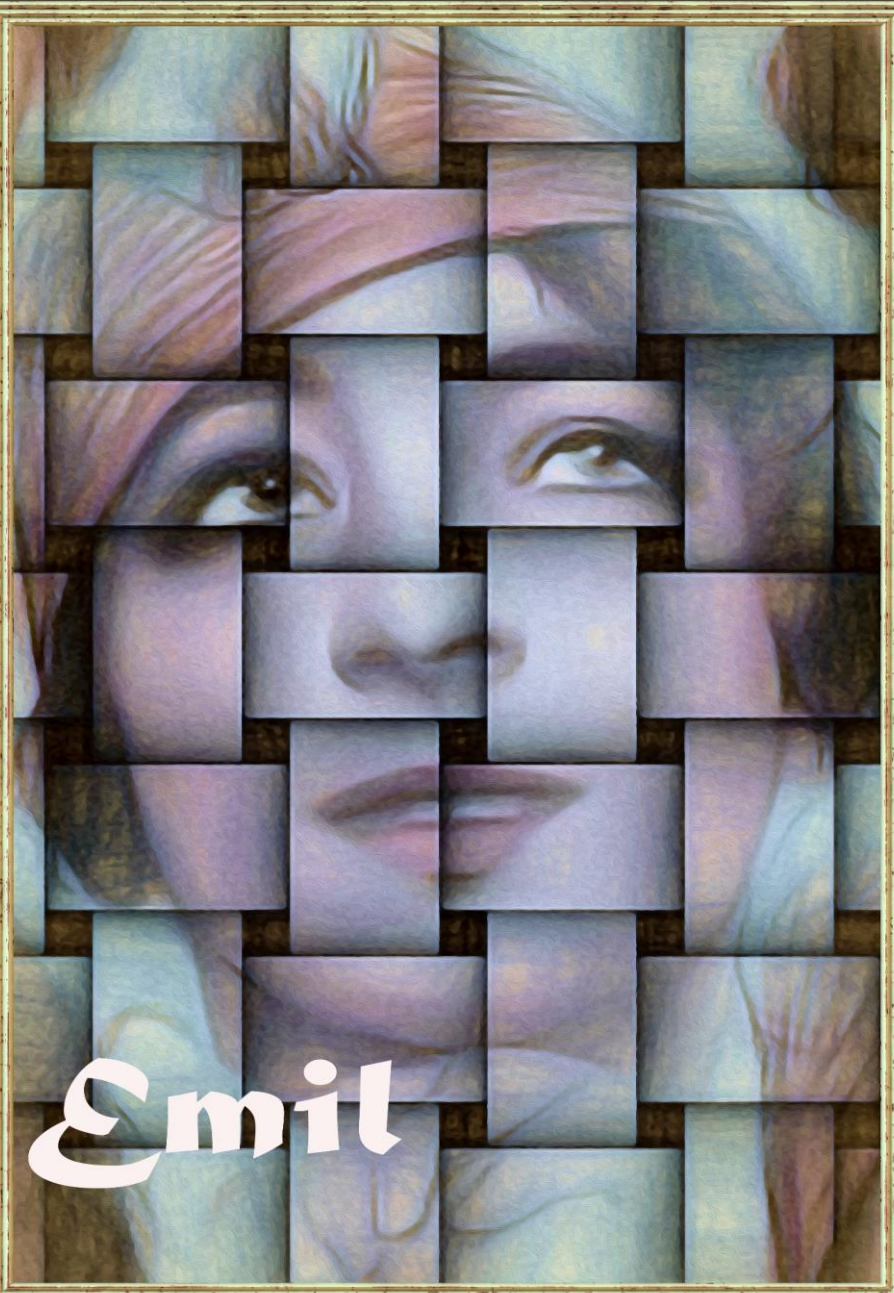
ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

tongue; or that I would need to pay more attention to the Angry Auntie and her continued saga of her plight to secure a proper marriage and I was indeed, trying my best avoiding her constant questioning as to my current marriageable status.

In the end, I turned around and asked the farmer as to what he talked to his chickens about? That seemed to be the most interesting thing going on after darkness descended and blanketed us in a deep mist of utter darkness wiping out the gee-whiz of the passing scenery.

It was rather remarkable, the idea of being able to actual communicate with animals ala…Doctor Doolittle and I would never have imagined that chickens had that much to say and it took me off guard by the fact that the

Thailand



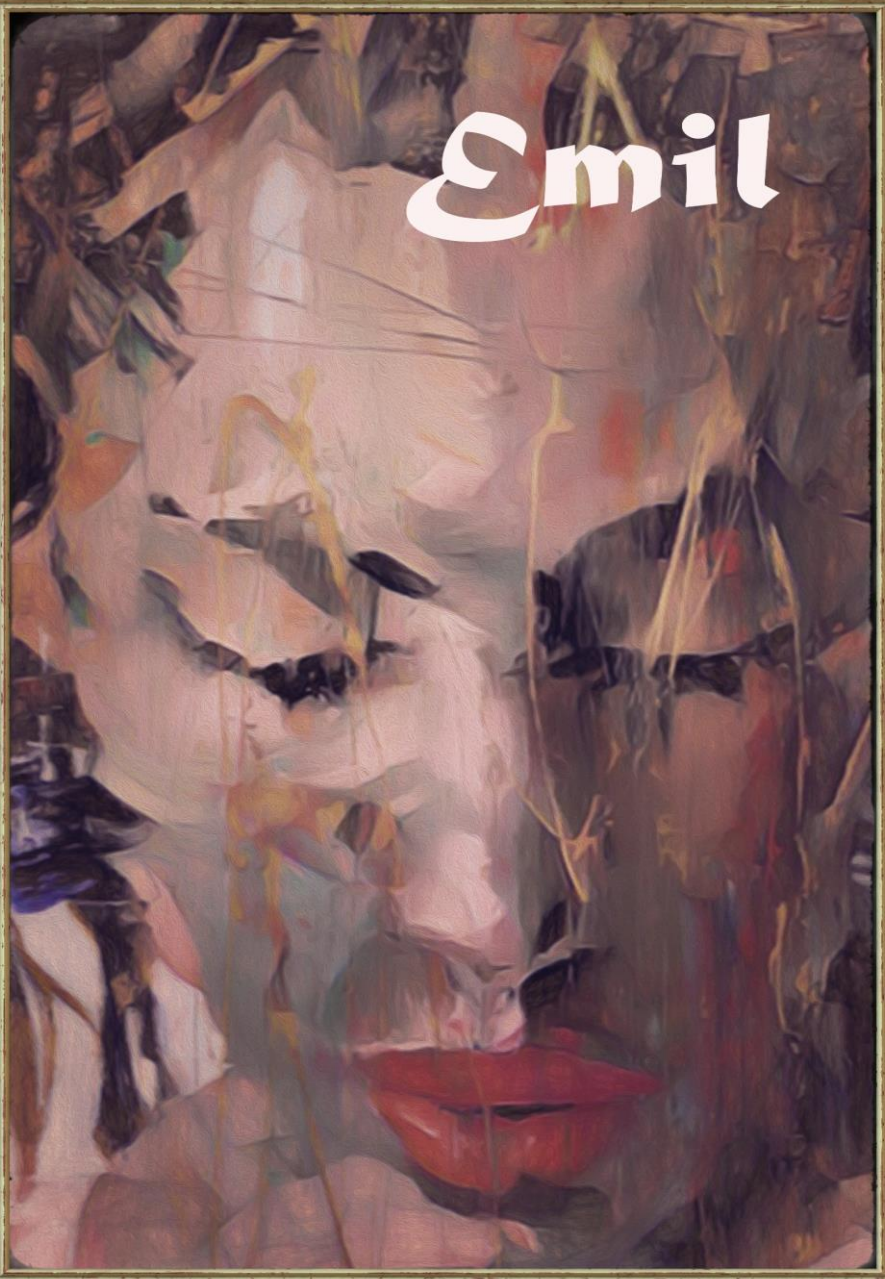
Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

farmer was indeed a regionally respected chicken whisper…
like a dog, horse or pony (not my little ponies though!) whispers, he talked to them but, what was amazing is that they seemed to be answering him and they were in the middle of an extensive and quite animated discussion when I interrupted. They (the chickens) took obvious and instant offence to my nosing into their private conversation or so the chicken whisper advised me…
I was taken back by how unfriendly this group of KFC Rejects were…somehow, I felt utterly and deeply offended by this overt rejection by this assembled gathering of chickendom…
So, I turned back only to find that the Angry Auntie had not missed a beat or

Thailand



Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

dropped a single line while her story continued to review the unsuitableness of her daughters' suiters or bows.
Finally, at about daughter number four…
I fell into a deep sleep only to be awaken first by the chickens loudly announcing the arrival of the dawn but, only five hours too early - at first I thought that their internal clock must be out-of-whack due to the bus trip but, then I remembered how they got upset at me interrupting their previous conversation and I started to wonder if they had done that on purpose, they waited until I was asleep and they had openly conspired to teach me a lesson of proper manner.
I looked back at them and it might have been the lighting in the bus but, it looked to me, were they?
They were all smiling at me.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

ON THE ROAD TO FIND OUT!

Those no good slugs!!!
If I had the money to spare, I would buy them from the chicken whisper and give them away to the first KFC that we passed.
Can we...dare we say…Chicken Nuggets?
But, I didn't have the funds, so instead,
I sulked on-and-off about the insulting slight at the hands of some upcountry chickens…not even a rooster – what does that say for my self-professed, my macho image?
For quite a while, I was left to mull all this over in my tired mind before falling back to into a deep, somewhat restful, sleep and then, the driver fell asleep on that long, twisting downhill out of the mountains.
It was then, that I realized that I had wasted way too much of my life and also, made a mental note to never, not ever again, take another long bus trip.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

The compilation of the history of this journey, was a serious matter and I was counseled on numerous occasions that even the mere telling of this grand adventure of my open revolt should not be entered upon rashly…without thought to my long term financial well-being and health.

Before undertaking this present work, I deliberated for twenty-nine or so seconds before I cast off my third-class tickets upon arrival in Bangkok and fell into open rebellion with my evil, corporate masters and then, having consulted the best legal advice available to me at WEB.LAW.ORG as well as medical authorities (well the nice young lady at the pharmacy counter in the local Boots Pharmacy), I realized that the task that I have entered upon is fraught with

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

fear, anger but, enabled by the sheer number of medications that the lovely lady at Boots had sold me, I decided to press on.

I hired a vacant room over on what the hippies, from way back in my youthful, backpacking days use to call Nassau Street, and fenced it in, barricading the front door from the a near future fraught with the violent drama of landlords aided by local constables, all in waiting, all banging way, beating upon my room's door with wild, ever increasingly louder shouts...demands for my weekly rent and the likes.

Alone but, equally surrounded by the paraphernalia of literature and art (I still have my iPad 2 and the coffee house on the ground floor has free WI-FI), I went to work with pen and pencil to jot down

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

the leading incidents of my revolutionary struggle but due to the power of the massive amounts of purchased pharmaceutical medications, a somewhat defective memory and the constant threat to legal action has drove me from the village square and left me, here in my huddled refuge, to compose this current edition instead. The illustrations here have been my chief care, though I am sure that the WWWG letter-press will be found equally reliable…unless mister Chucky has convinced Seine to save money by selling the press and hiring his nephew's sweat shop workers to hand write each volume…

If I had a proper lawyer or if I had been able to have joined the Black Panthers back on the bitter day in Oakland,

Thailand



Thailand

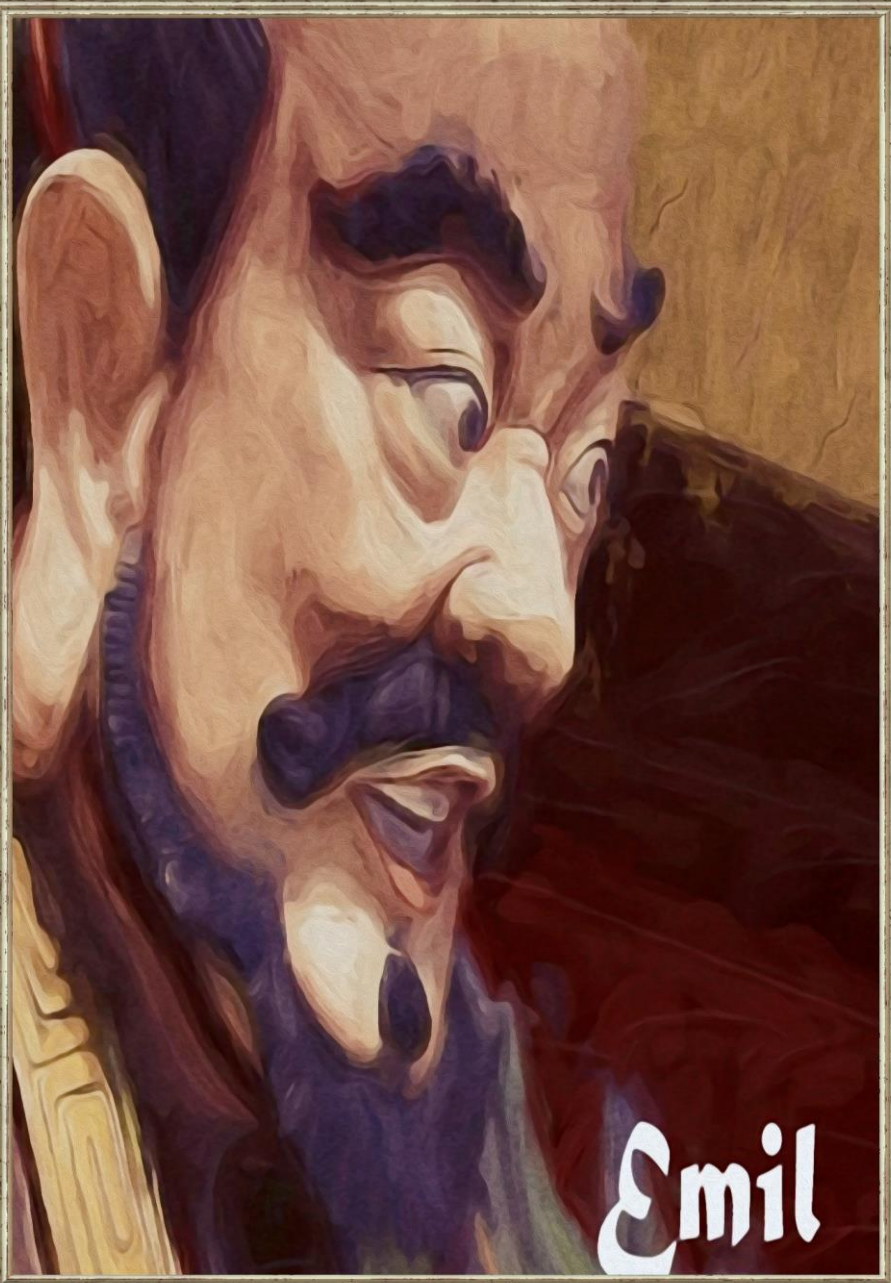
BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

I would have been, more so, in a position to challenge this open violation of human rights.

Of course, I still bitterly complained and even staged a sit-in at the Starbucks across the street from the WWWG Business Offices…that seemed to go so swimmingly and I was even able to stare down that evil swill of a devil, the accountant from hell, Mister Chuck as he approached the door at Starbucks and later, over the coming day, his minions that were sent to fetch his mid-morning coffee as it seems that he truly feared the righteousness of my cause and hopefully, the evils of his accounting ways!

Well it was all rainbows, I had some lollypops but the sun was shining very hot by mid-morning and my protest was

Thailand

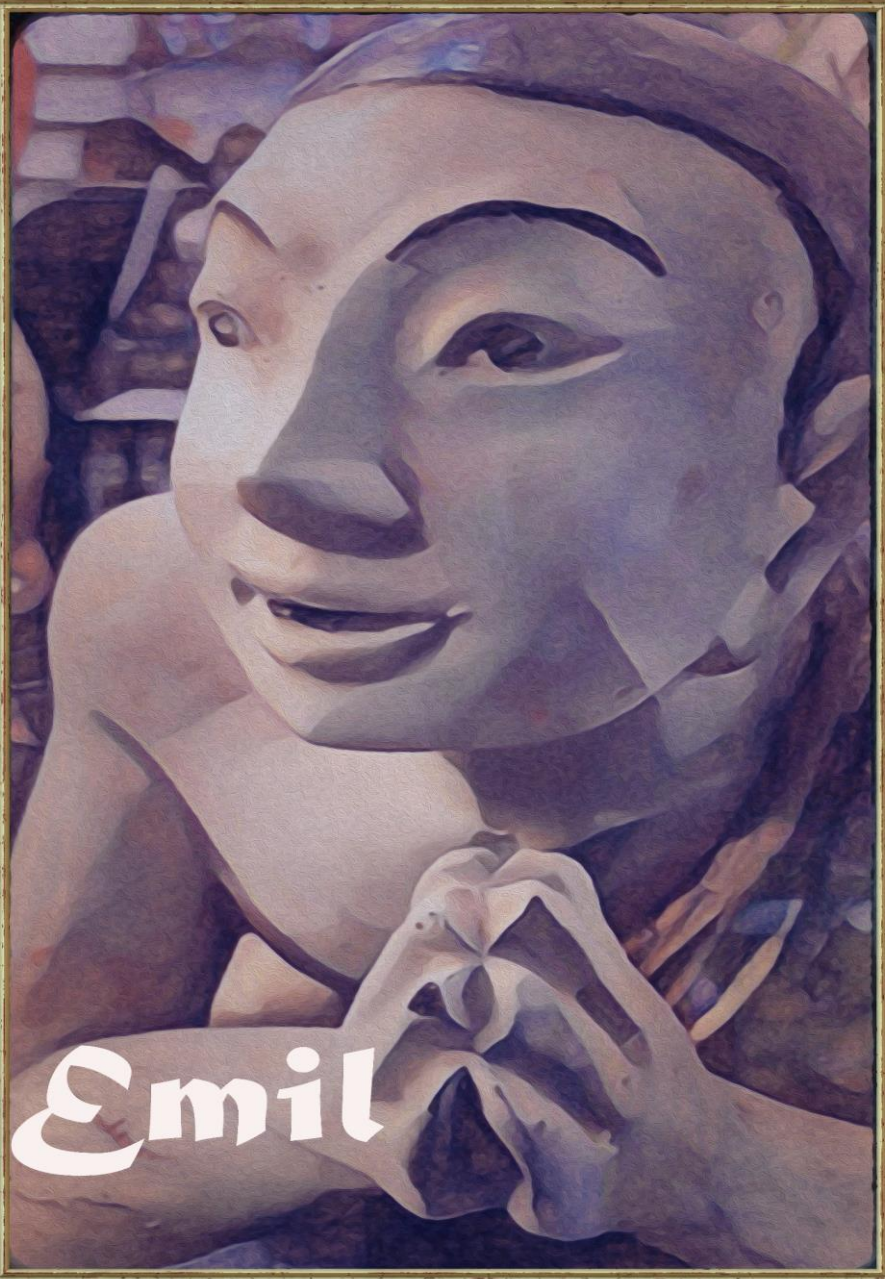


Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

well into its second day, until I asked to use the establishment's bathroom and then after a long and futile conversation with the store's manager, which focused (too much I think on this technicality) on the fact that I had been here two days and haven't yet ordered any coffee and then after, I made a few comments regarding my defiance, my overt refusal to evacuate my protest…to leave the store, that was when this evil manager decided to call the police – who arrived with long bamboo canes not unlike the ones that the police used in India to encourage you to listen a little closer to their request; and so I moved on without future struggle as I didn't have the permit that the local police noted that I needed.

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

I know that you ask,
"What kind of wimpy, frack of a revolutionary are you?"
Well, my fellow campers!
You have not been whacked by one of these bamboo canes…have you?
Until you have and I have (on numerous separate occasions) been a subject of a swinging cane…or an iron-weighted baton over there in the Americas.
It really does hurts!
As a wise mentor of mine, a very well educated lady but who was extremely wise in the way(s) of street smarts, she tried to teach me the
"Secrets of the Ninja."
I remember her asking me if I knew the "Secrets of the Ninja".
It was a time that I was bitterly cursing her for walking away from a similar

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

confrontation and then, she turned around, stood her ground, looked me dead in the eyes…she didn't blink and she then continued without a pause or a stutter as she decided to give me a life lesson that she hoped that I would never forget.

I haven't!

She laid into me with her powerful, George Forman right-hand and then followed that up with an equally strong left that landed directly under my check in a perfect example of a prizefighter's undercut combo, it was like the sledge hammer of Thor had just smacked me upside my head at the speed of thunder.

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

The pain was so quick and the strike so sudden…I had little time to register the pain that was working its way slowly to my brain, I crumbled directly to the ground without even the faintest protest or any effort to retaliate.

I thought at first strike, I just knew that was dead. The pain was intense and think (I still say) that it left a scar. It took more than a few minutes to upright myself off the hot sidewalks of Oakland - just down the street from the court house where we had unsuccessfully attempted to join the Black Panther's Party and stand there in unity in their protest of the racist man.

That was a bitter day, all the way around, as who would assume that the Black Panthers would be restricted, and an exclusive club?

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

I had never thought or really considered that you needed to be black to join and even then, I saw this as a great opportunity to utilize all of my Dale Carnegie Training Classes about turning a "NO" into a "MAYBE" and finally resolving the issue to a "YES."

So, "NO!" no matter how loudly it was echoing in my ears was not the correct answer that I was seeking and old Dale would have been proud at how well I had learned his system as I started to turn this "NO!" into a "Yes…come stand on the court house steps with us!"

I thought that I had the perfect plan, I had fully developed a solid work around over what I had decided was such a minor point of being colored pale, and I asking them to consider me as a token. It was a brilliant case for having pale

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

people join the party but, it fell mostly on deaf ears and the clinching of some very massive fists.

It was when one of the more irate Panthers suggested that I would make a good mascot…that was when my mentor suggested that we consider moving along.

What was the “Secrets of the Ninjas?” The way my mentor, as she explained to me in her effort to illustrate to me as to why she had walked away from what was turning into a police action against the crowds that had gathered to support the Black Panthers there, that day in Oakland.

Still in pain and my head feeling like she had used it as a pogo-stick, I meagerly answered “I don’t know?”

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

She explained to me that a Ninja picks their battles.
They only pick a battle that they know that they can win.
This seems to be rather reasonably right to me as that many a Ninjas lives to ripe old age and were usually in surprisingly good health for men of that age.

WARNING:

{A NO SEGWAY ZONE APPROACHING}

It was my original plan to flavor these pages with a spice of romance, but after a prolonged altercation with Seine over Singapore's rather restrictive social media laws, we decided to adhere strictly to facts.
If the reader should happen to detect any slight anachronism in this work, or has reason to suspect that the unities

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

have been lost sight of in a single instance, he will please notify WWWG as early as possible.

When it first became noised to WWWG that I was actively contemplating bringing out an illustrated history of my open act of defiance to the evil swill that I believe are the evil minions that surround Seine…especially, my old bubby…evil incarnate himself, Mister Chucky; I was deluged with telexes from a host of well-disposed persons, such as my numerous, bill collectors and their skip tracing hounds offering to "write up" to my pictures. But the public (my four or five patrons who consistently buy my books… Thank You!) was not to be trifled with, so I resolved to put my shoulder to the literary as well as the artistic wheel, as it

Thailand



Thailand

BANDIDOES…BAMBINOS!!

were, and I flatter myself that I have demonstrated in these pages that truth is more of a stranger than fiction… that even I can write in English…
Although, in the end…I remembered my mentor's training and I knew that this was yet another lost cause not worthy of the coming battle…boot heels to the pavement!
So, I let it be!
Beating yet another tactical retreat from my revolutionary status accompanied by my blaring Beatles Soundtrack, "Let it be…Let it be…seeking words of wisdom…Let it be!
I gave in and comprised by producing yet, another volume of pretty pictures and weird conversations.

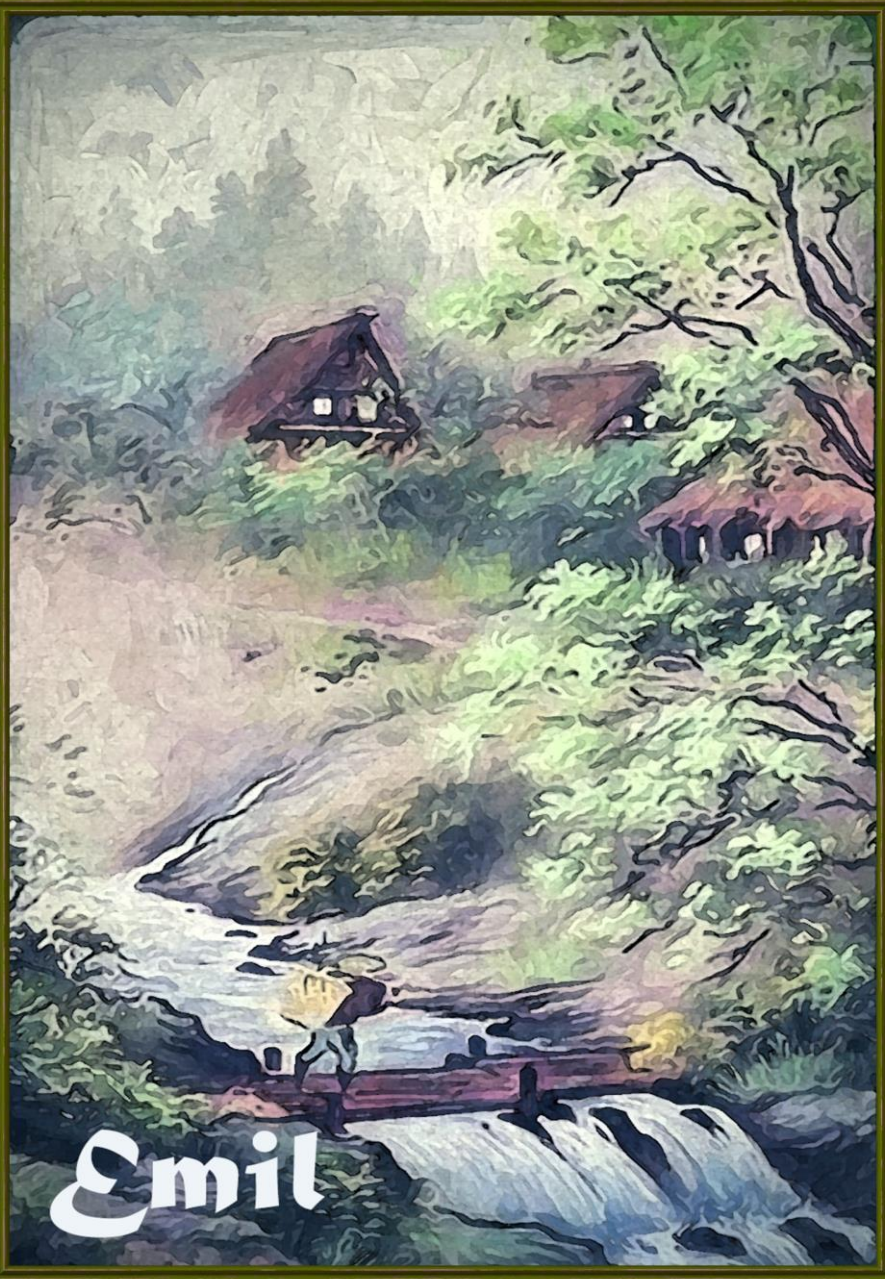
COME THE REVOLUTION!

- Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

Dear Minnie,

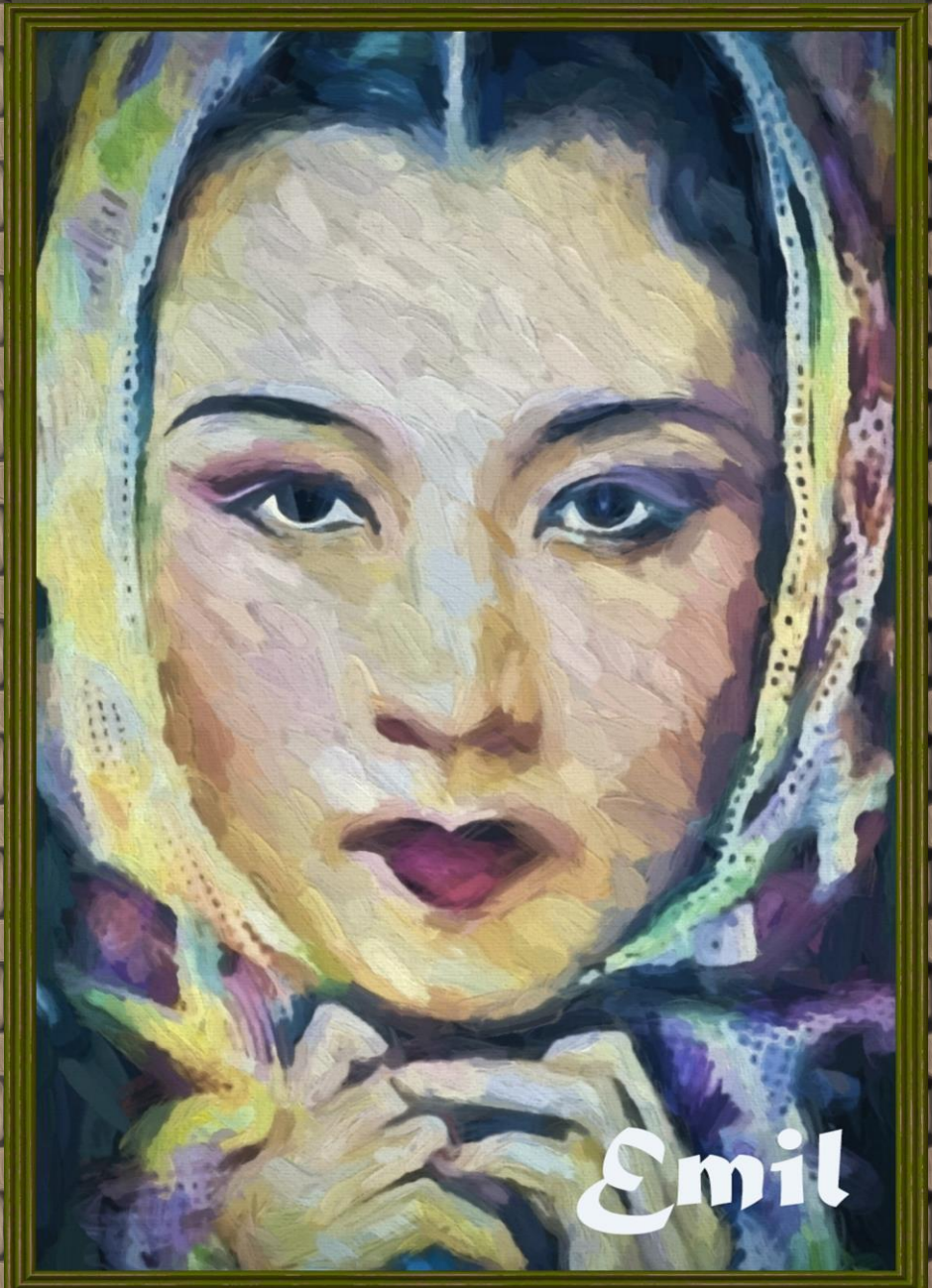
Claudie and I have parted our business interests that we have been conduction here in Siam.

We had a good run of it, ever since we left on one of the last Lorries out of that poor, doomed city of Nanjing…we surely had old lady luck with us on that day we left with those two, white Russian gals…

We were swiftly chased all the way to the Burmese Frontier by that real nasty, little Jap officer who back in Nanjing was like all polite after we accosted him on our way out of Nanjing and once we had his samurai sword…you know, he became rather humble and downright polite…in fact, he insisted that we take his staff car and his provisions.

Then the bloke…sent his whole division

Thailand

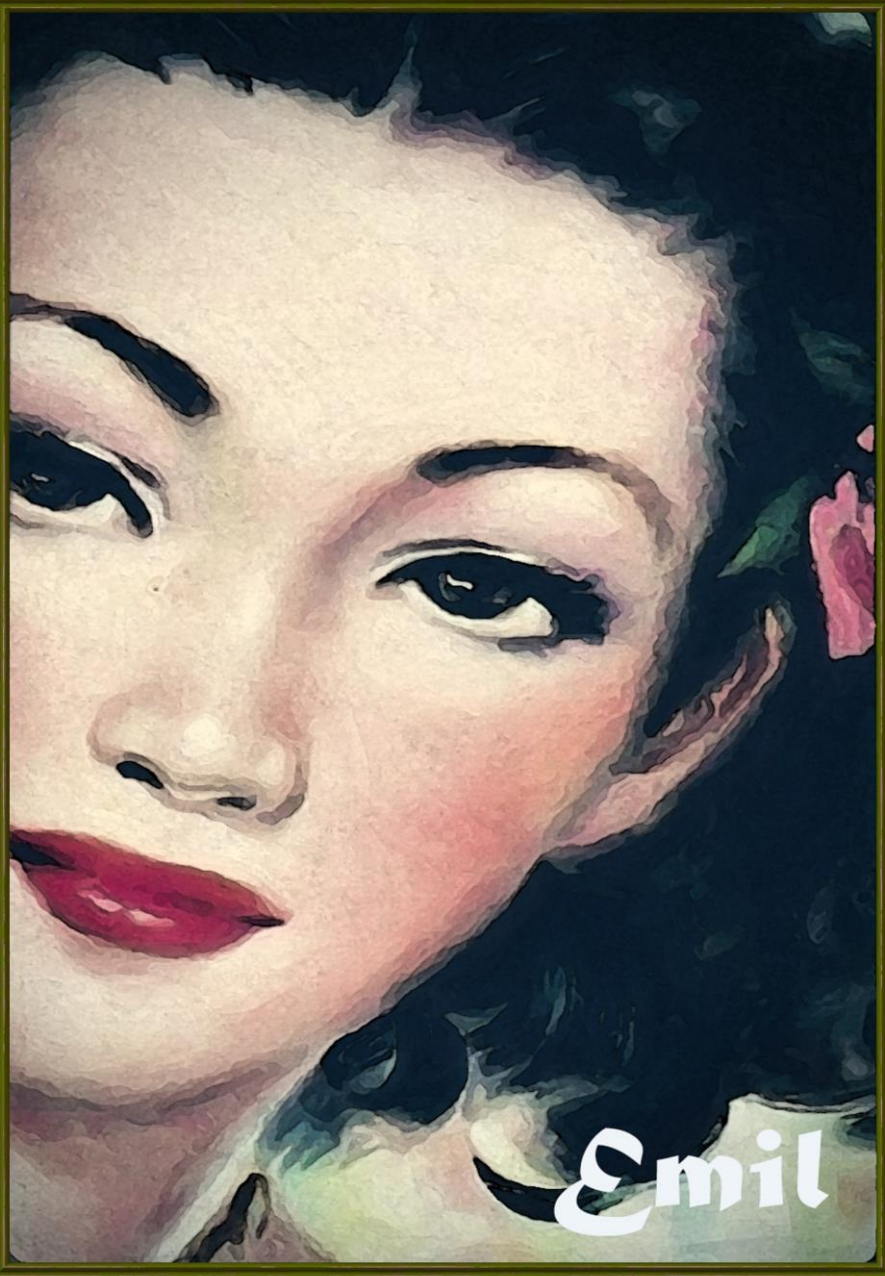


Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

after us…right on our heels all the
way to the border.
Anyway, that is a different story
for better times…
I remember those better times in Paris,
after we survived the killing fields of the
northern trenches and we settle in to
the grottos of Central Paris…
How is your uncle?
Have they released him yet?
Hopefully, they will never discover how
much the Germans had paid him…
you know, I would have never
figured him for a German Spy…
Who would have known?
Nice guy!
Anyway…
Claudie and I officially decided to part
ways as the war continues to loom and
feaster up on the horizon of the frontiers

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

here in Asia and we had a long talk about what to do.

Seems that our business has just recently been faced with a slight setback and (depending upon how you looked at it and to whom you talked to) seems to have actually…

Well, it does now seem that it might have been a tad illegal.

We had always thought that since we only targeted the expats (the Siamese refer to them as “farongs” which translates into “dogs”) and since the local powers-to-be (with our rather sizable donations to their “Tea” Money funds) seemed to care less…as long as we don’t mess with the locals.

But, then there was this lady…

I know that you always said that every sad, twisted tale that Claudie and I share

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

starts with “there was this lady…”
Seems that she had a connection with some dandy dude from the English Embassy who started making noise, then the local police started snooping in our business dealings here in Bangkok.
That dandy dude…he went to over to some government minister and the rest of the story is that we need to get out of town until the heat settles down or until…I believe…the Japs show up at the city gates.
Claudie said that we should go to Singapore because it is a fortress that the japs would never dare attack and we would be safe there and we could set out the conflict as it sweeps through all of Asia.
He was dead set on that and you know how stubborn he can get.

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

So, he took the Asian Express Train down to Singapore last night to get a local stake before the borders all start closing…
Seems rather odd, strange to be footloose and fancy free until a local police official stopped by the bar this evening to inquire why Claudie had left but, I was still here.
Nice chap.
He was that and after some conversation, I discovered that he had grown up in the Catholic Orphanage and had been educated by the Jesuits…a man after my own cloth…
We sat for a while to share a story or two about the penguins (nuns…the brides of Christ) and because we share so much similar upbringing he let me go.
Seems that he had orders to arrest me but, instead, he strongly encouraged me

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

to out of town within the next 48 hours.
I thanked him for his courtesy and kindness…you know what? He was deeply offended when I tried to give him the tea money that such occasions usually required. Good kid…
I worry about what the future holds for such a straight up young man…especially once the Japs get here.
Went down to the bus station and booked a bus over to the frontier this morning as I was in no really hurry to get anywhere.
Got my ticket to leave on this evening's bus over to the French Indo-China Border in what was the ancient homelands of the Khmer Empire.
What I had argued to Claudie was that the opportunities were rampant over there since the Colonials had their noses

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

bruised last year by the Siamese Army (with silent funding and more than a little logistic support from the English – you know they were always lusting to make French Indo-China part of the Raj and then have a direct land bridge around the Siamese to the Pacific) and the Colonials have lost all of their fertile farmland to the west of the Mekong River.

We have reports filtering back from the eastern border region and to say that everything has gone to pot…would be funny if it were so blandly true.

Hell!

One expat told me the other night that it was like the old, American Wild West as

Thailand



Thailand

"Long letters returned in postcards!"

all authority beyond just local authority had been busted beyond repair in the local purges after the war and there was a giant vacuum of no authority…
I am thinking that any enterprising western bloke could exploit and lay claim to the vast fortunes that lay untouched and buried out in the ancient jungles of Cambodia.

You know me?

Lost cities, buried treasures and a land were one could still live off the land based upon their own wits to make a honest fortune (or two).
No dandy dudes or even nice police captains to tell you to leave town.
This was what I was trying to get through to Claudie.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

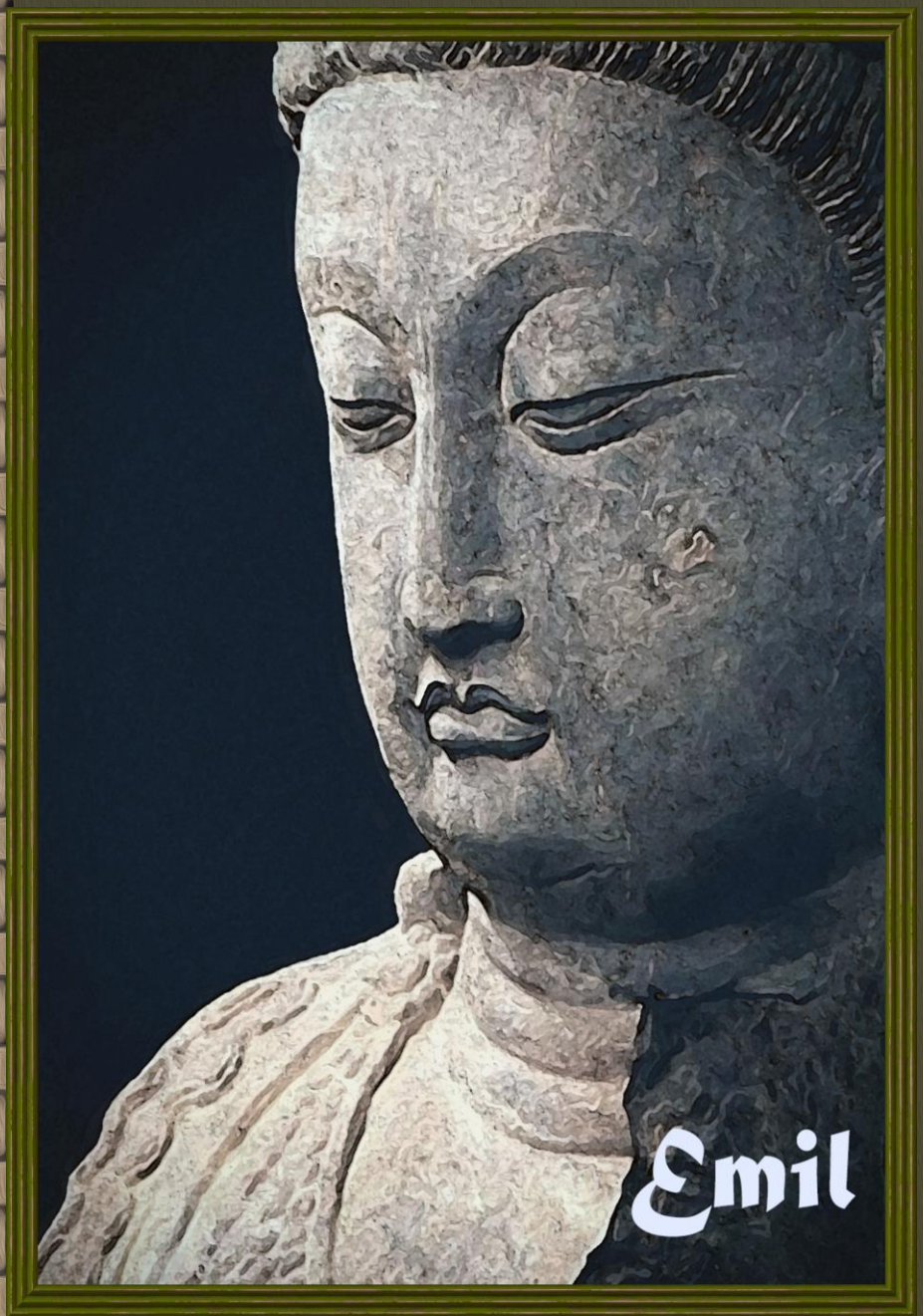
"Long letters returned in postcards!"

I told him that we should go to
Indo-China not Singapore.
Hope he is happy in Singapore.
He will more than likely write to you that
I had gone crazy and had fled off into the
dark, deep jungles of Asia.
ADO!
Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

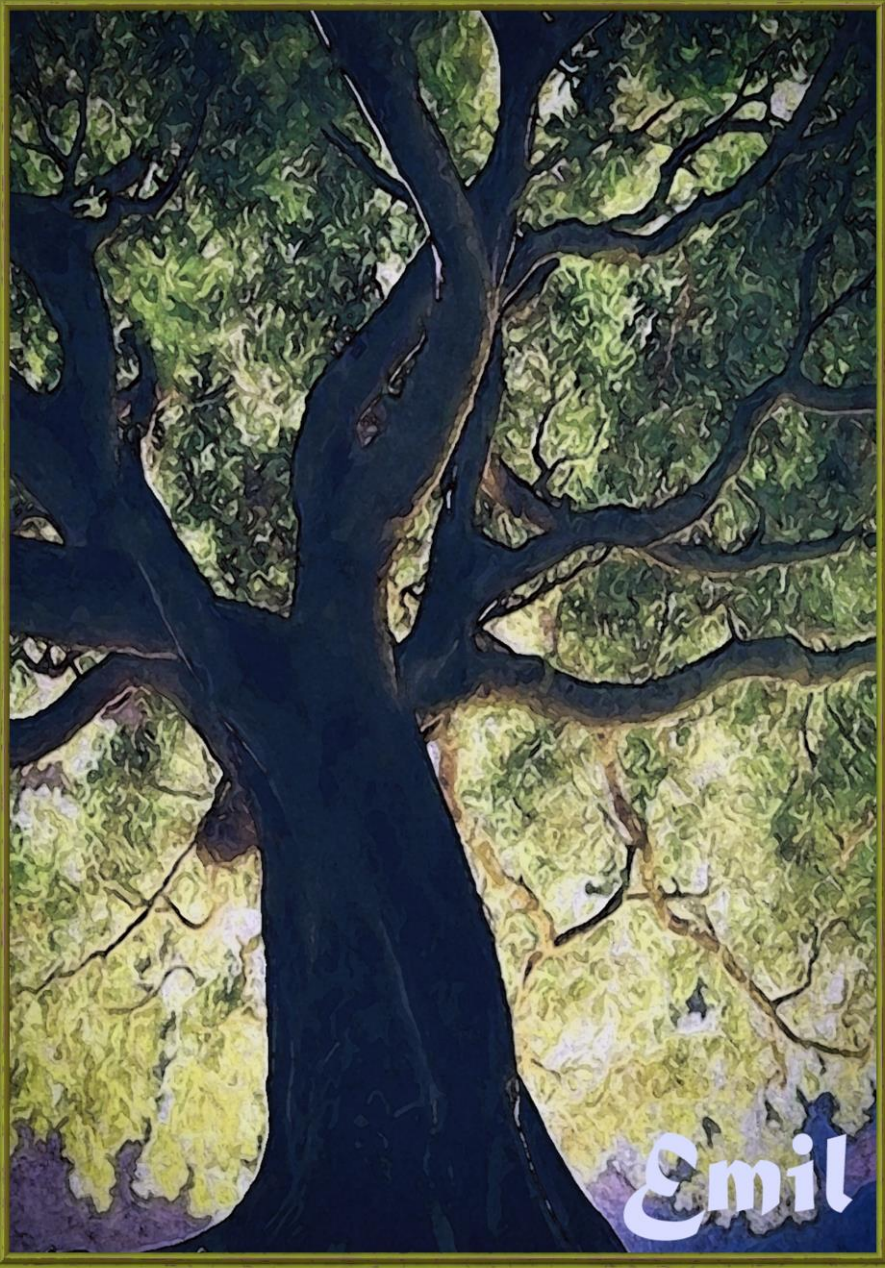
SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

Seine would get them directly of the boat and usher them into a booth in the back of that little, rundown gin joint where he use to hold court and the management didn't care as long a Seine was good to his word about cutting the barkeep in for a percentage..."A Finder's Fee" as Seine always refer to it as.

Then he would, in a hushed tone with a constant, secretive glance about to room as he started to weave his bold tales of lust, sheer adventure seeking the lost treasures of the ancient Khmer Kings who rules most of this part of the world back in the day...

He would combined their actual story with that article from the National Geographic about the strange and mysterious disappearance of the Mayan

Thailand



Thailand

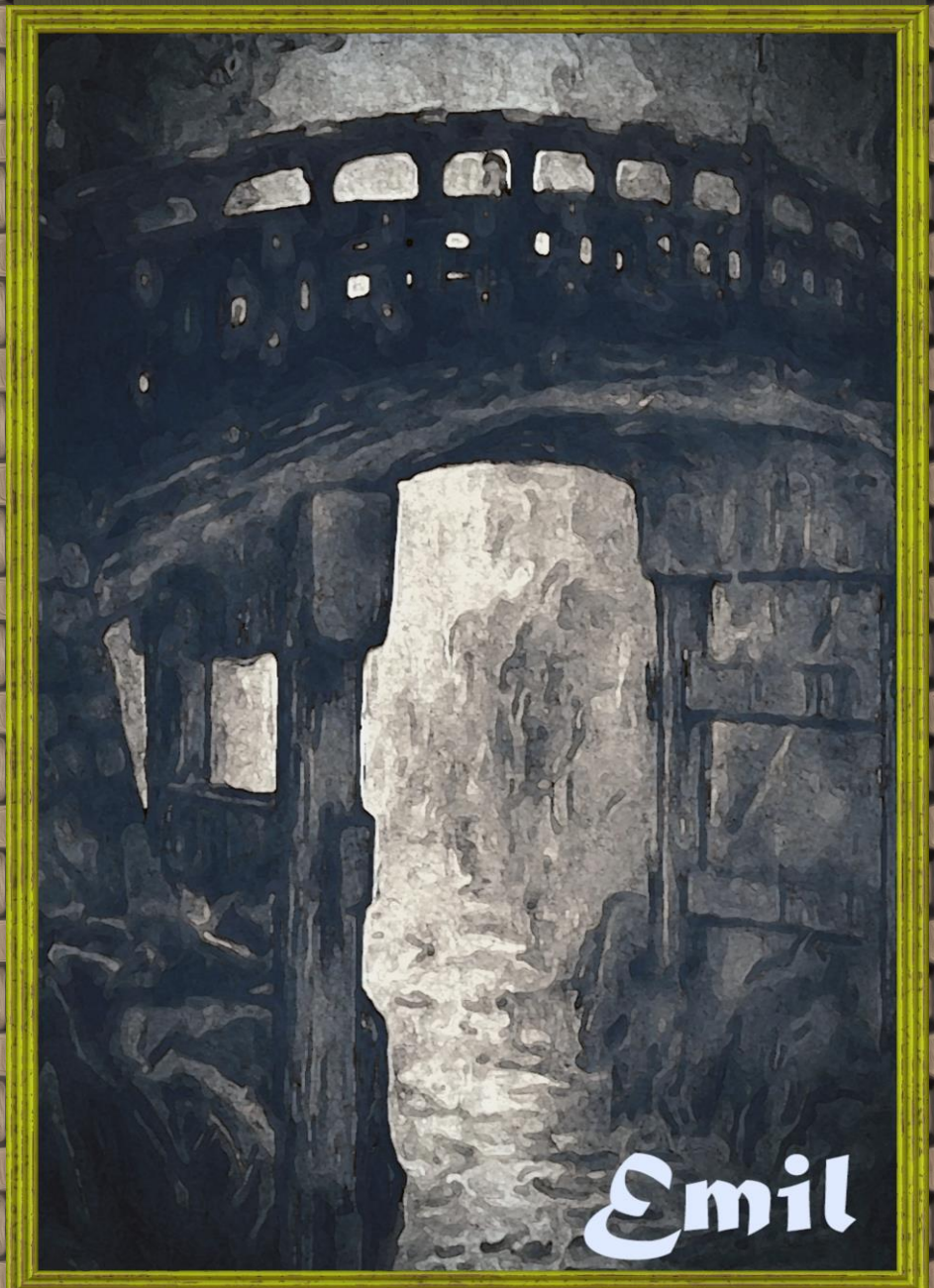
SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

People of Central America but, which he never bothered to link or distinguished between which story was which... not that it really matter as Seine was a master story teller...

“For over 300 years the great castles of the Khmer have been overrun by treasure hunters, tomb robbers and an assortment of mercenary armies and by the early 1930’s there was little that had not been looted, stolen or destroyed or so, it was thought. Scholars believed and wrote great texts to bitterly complain that all of the great works of art have been spirited away into many a private collection...”

He would nod and make sure that the marks and the collected rubes were in agreement with him...

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

Then, he paused, looked about the room in an even more hushed tone, he continued...

“What if I was to tell you fellows that this is not true...would you believe me or just dismiss me as an old, foolish drunk?”

“I wouldn’t trust you if you didn’t!”

“I have seen part of this treasure for myself (and he would pull out of his pocket a trinket that in the low light to be a small gold Buddha figurine but, which he had made down in the market behind our flat for pennies) and it has taken me a long time to wrap my brain around all that I have seen out there, hidden in the mountain caves of Northern Thailand.”

Usually, he would let them hold and pass the little statue amongst themselves as he continued to tell them how he had

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

saved the life of a high monk from drowning in a fast moving mountain stream and as a reward, he was taught all the ancient secrets of the northern, teak forests – which included this great treasure he discovered in a series of booby-trapped and some say...cursed caves...

At this point, he would start his close and spin his sales pitch about how he last partner was kidnapped by a warlike tribe that were the guardians of the secret caves but, he knew another way back that even the tribe had not known.

“I know that I can outsmart the tribe as I have been trained by the old monk but, my previous partner had not and he had ignored my advice and walked directly into the camp of the guardians...I know a

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

path the is only known to a highest monks and with a few good men, up for some adventure and a big payday, I could bring out all the treasure...”

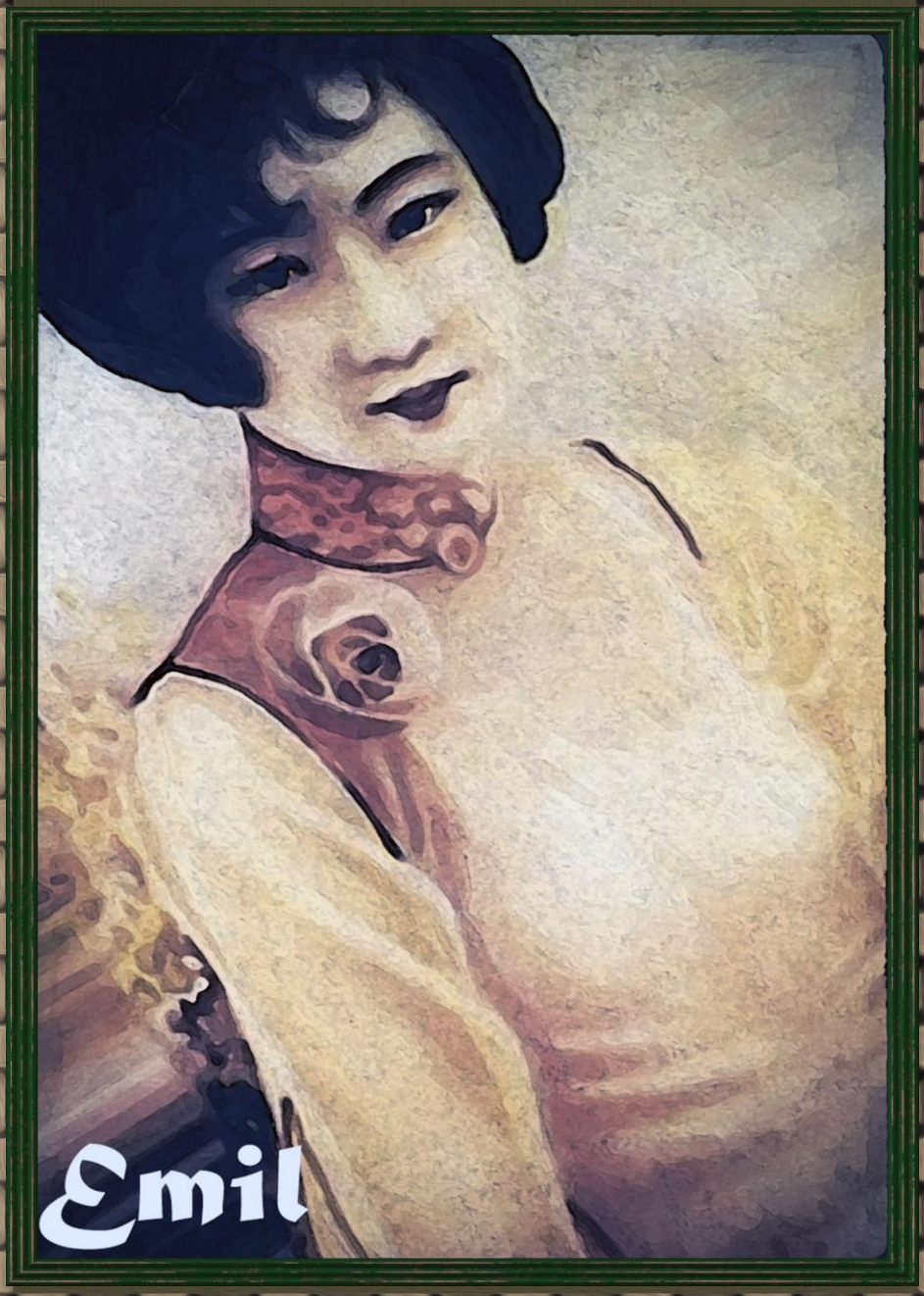
Then, he paused, looking deep into the eyes of each of his marks before continuing...

“But, I can’t raise the funds to outfit an expedition...I don’t trust many people not to slit my throat out there in the jungle...but, you gentlemen look to be descent, good Christian sort of fellows...are you?”

He would wait for them to nod in agreement.

If they bought into the tale and who wouldn’t? We all had grown up reading bold and thrilling adventure stories about lost cities of gold.

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

Who wouldn't want to be a part of such a grand, once-in-a-lifetime adventure like this...with a slight but understated sense of deadly danger and life changing adventure that they would be able to retell for the rest of their lives.
Seine was an honorable crook and noble, creative conman of the first order!
He never just took the money and ran away, he did supply them with a grand adventure deep into the unexplored jungles but, at the end, the treasure was just out of reach or they had to turn back out due to what the marks truly believed as their lives were in danger...
They all went home with a bold tale that I am sure they bored, anyone who would listen, with exaggerated tales of their expedition.

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE LOST TREASURES OF KHMER GOLD

Then came the war!

Seine always believed that a mark was a mark regardless of his nationality and the business thrives through most of the war years...

But, in fact, there really was treasure hidden out there so in some ways the joke was on us too.

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

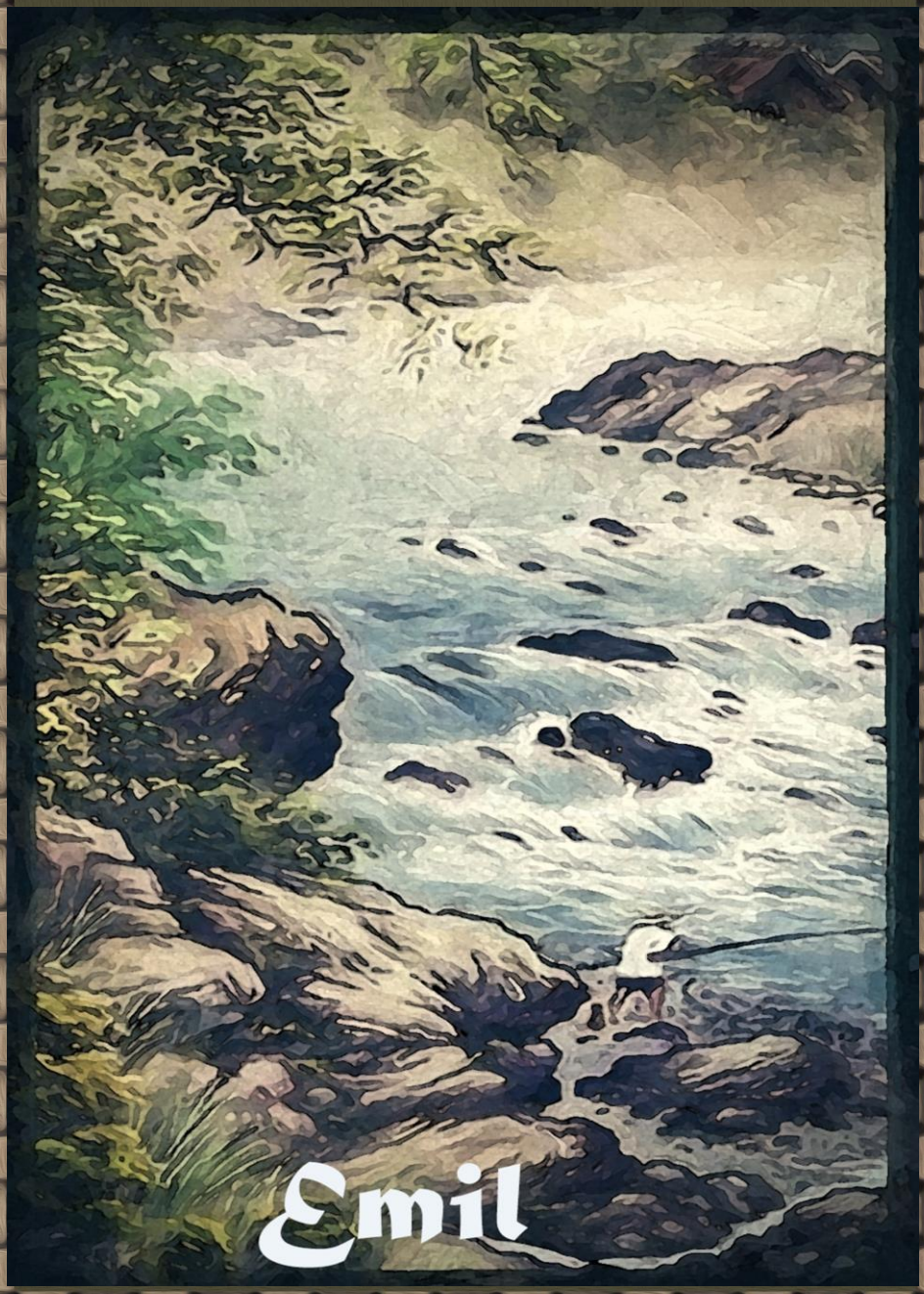
DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

Dear Minnie,

I had spent three days in transit, flavored by a long, fishtail {made of palm leaf and some gummy jungle pitch lining) boat ride down some backwater drainage deep within the antediluvian jungle that winded down from the massive, misty cliffs of the ancient mountains now mere hills and hidden out the endless expansions of the cool teak forests of Northeast Siam ...

Two steps ahead of a Jap patrol while we were running deeper into an ever flowing sea of greedy adventurers seeking Khmer Gold, jungle crazed Tommies looking to blow up anything that looked like a means of Japanese Expansion towards...

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

the Colonial Homeland ... like in the old song about it being such is a long way to Mandalay and it was ... and on occasion, a tempered buffalo approached...

Off in the distance of the rushing riverside reeds comes a scuffing noise and a low growl of an exclusively reserved Siamese Jungle Tiger...

Some Portuguese Explorer once utter a phrase that is well remembered even though he is not and it was so true at this moment that "we should never get out of the boat ...

I whole-hardly agree and it was not my intention to do otherwise when we hit a tree stump that lay right below the waterline and flipped us mid-stream into the brackish, green water...

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

As we stumbled ashore at the bind and the narrowing of the flowing river, there the Holy Man stood ... it may have been the lighting as it filtered to the jungle floor but, I swear that he had a smile on his face.

Sounds crazy as these Holy Men are for the most part void of humor, they are rather serious hermits and stewards of this patch of the jungle.

He stared at us and we returned his glance as he turned away and faded off into the tree line.

Buried deep in the teak Forests of Northeast Siam we had come in search for...

Well, I am not really at liberty to say but, we had a big payday awaiting for us back in Bangkok or Rangoon.

Thailand



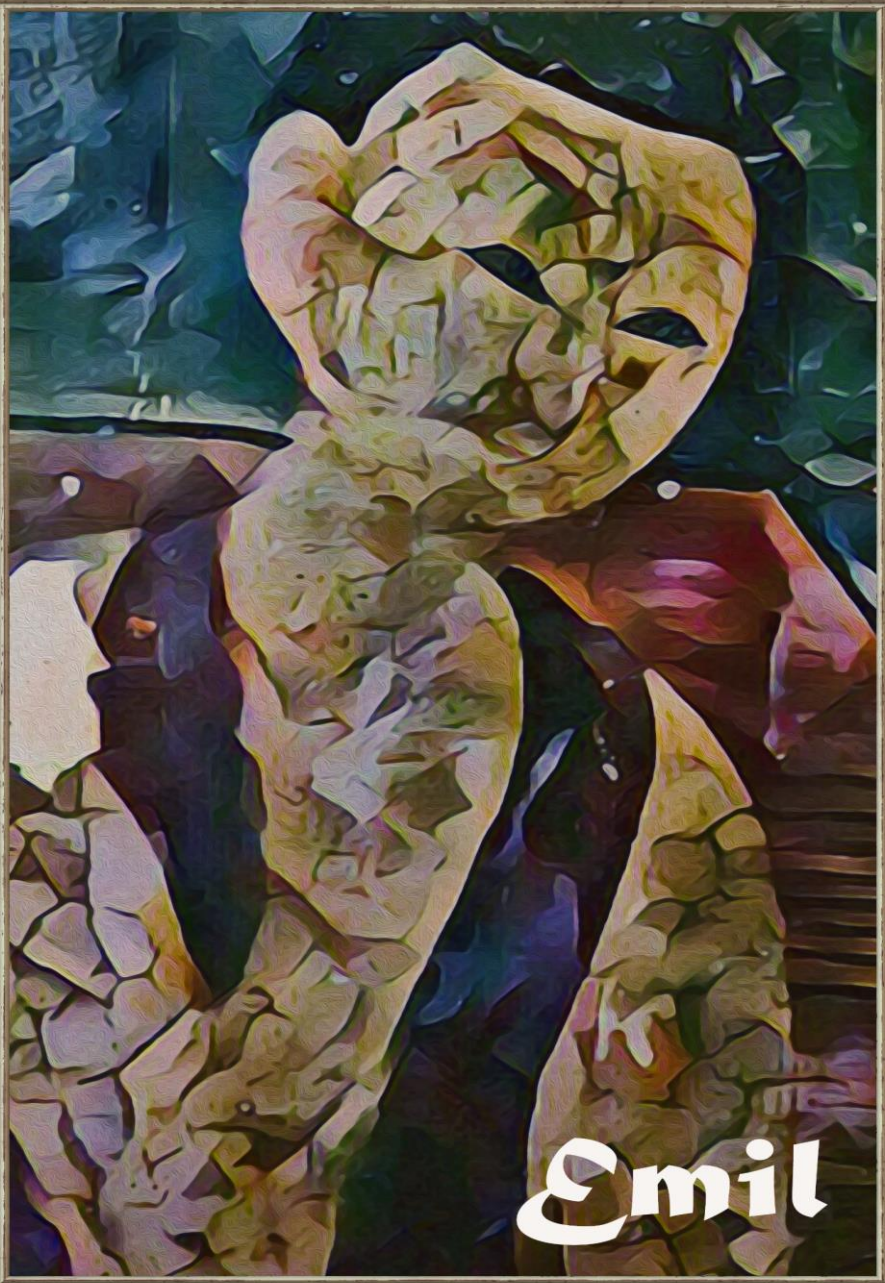
Emil

Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

There is a backup just in case it gets hairy out here.
These days the maps all read that this is all Jap Land but, the reality is that no one really controls this area.
The Japs stay in the bigger cities and only send out patrols to wave the flag and convince themselves that their maps are still correct.
In fact, we got much more to fear from them crazy Brits and occasional Free Frenchman still smarting over the loss of their rubber plantation to the Vietminh thanks to the Jap's "Asian only in Asia" Policies.
They all are just totally pissed off and since the Japs are too smart to getting to middle of this bitch fight, they are out

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

here in the Jungle shooting at anything that moves.

“I really don't give a shit ... this is a payday and I don't give two hoots for their politics...”

So here we sit, in this village that has never quite made it on to the maps and the locals see us as their payday ...

So, we have a mutual interest and a reason to watch each other's back ... otherwise, no payday...

It is quite simple.

It took longer to get here than we planned and that has set us back and time is critical. ..

Who knows how longer our buyer will stay in place back in the capital and if we miss this window, I got a lot of people

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

pissed at me and this would not bode well for my health.

We followed the old, smiling Holy Man back to the village where we are to get refitted for the next jump and secure guides.

I prefer that with all the crazies' running-a-muck out here in the boonies ... that we keep this little tour group small and don't go crashing out into the jungle looking like a Macy's Day Parade...

We don't need that to add to everything.

The idea was get in and out before any bothered to take notice of us ... but, in this village headman is looking at getting his village the biggest payday he can and insists on half the village joining this parade ...

Give me another drink!

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

The final word is not with the headman but, with the spiritual guru who controls the area around the village and we are waiting to talk some sense to him but...

MAN! You ain't gonna believe this! The village's spiritual guru is but a mere kid...can't be more than 12-years-old, at the most! Give him a candy bar!

Our mission seemed so utterly simple. Find the hermit's cave and retrieve the holly relic of the Forest Buddha for some very rich patron down in the capital. The money was good and Seine had convinced us that this would be a stroll out in the woods with a payday (at the end) that would keep us drink beer for almost a year…

I believe that is what he had said.

From the start, the adventure had

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

become more than a little complicated by the long ride north in the back of a worn, old Japanese transport truck left over from the war.

The ride was long, the road dusty and the stops were too far in between and few in number.

The whiskey that Seine had wisely included in our equipment requests to his rich patron felt off the winter's chill that hung in the air as we ventured further into the great northern teak forest.

Then just north of Shuruppak, all of the modern roads abruptly ended and without any further warning from Seine, we were left to continue on by foot as our advancement drove us still deeper into the forest up past the foothills on

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

paths that seemed to be designed for mountain goats.

Given the nature of our mission, we all agreed with Seine that we needed to bypass the nearby villages and move quietly without the customary complement of porters and guide.

Seine said that we didn't need a guide because he knew the location as to where we were to acquire our merchandise and as long as we had him with us, we were good to go…the hidden message was very clear as to any of us who might see an opportunity to practice a little free market entrepreneurship.

After another two days of endless, force march, we were closing in on the base of the misty mountains and the ancient teak forest towered high above our

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

heads and filtered out much of the day's sunlight making each step a thought of consideration as we stumbled through the twilight light of the forest.

Tramping out through the forests like a group of children playing explorer, we stumbled upon an early winter trickle of water that flowed down from the misty cliffs of the endless teak forest to the north of Shuruppak.

These were still in the days when tigers still roamed wild amongst the high teak canopy's and Seine whispered over to us that we had to tread very carefully and quietly past such watering holes as this stream.

Seine had walked by the entrance to the hermit's cave several times as its entrance was well hidden by the

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

surrounding boulders and rocks that seemed to defy any logical reasoning as to how they had come to be here amongst the trees.

Maybe it was deposited by the giants that were rumoured to have occupied this part of the forest.

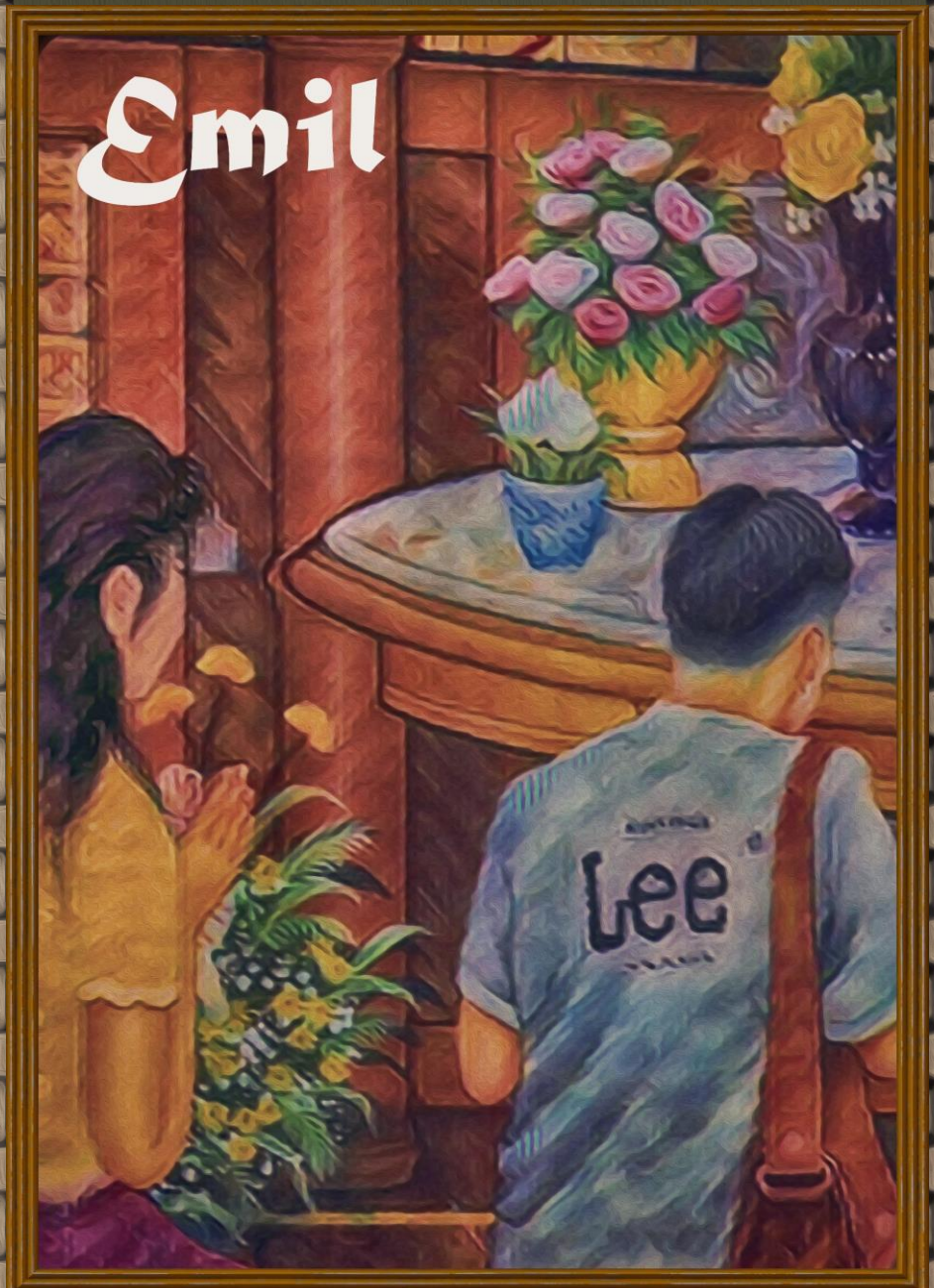
"…Wild tales and without any basis…" Seine told us as we looked at the boulders and then at him. I understand that these were stories told to keep the local people out of this part of the forest.

The hair on my neck stood up as we approached the hermit's cave.

Seine reassured that he had been here last year and the hermit and/or any remaining Japanese Soldiers were long gone.

"No problem here…"

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

Seine forgot to tell us that there had been previous expeditions to this hermit's cave including the one in 1943 that was led by a group of seasoned soldiers of fortune and their Japanese Patrons and now, Seine seems fit to tell us that they never came back…
not a one of them…
Seine dismissed this to the war and how everything was breaking down.
Seine's lack of straight forwardness with real information about this adventure (that I was now starting to view as something that he deliberately conned us into come on) was starting to rub me wrong.
Seine I love like a brother but, this was almost too much to forgive as it seemed that with every new edition of what was

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

going to be a walk in the woods.
The Hermit's cave was just that. It was Spartan at best and its barrenness did seem to support Seine's contention that the Hermit was long dead and there wasn't any signs that the Japanese Team had ever reached this far.
So, maybe we were good to go but, there (neither) seemed to be any sign of the Holy Relic that Seine had promise.
It was starting to look like a bust and that the whole expedition was for not, when Seine winked and walked deeper into the cave.
Hidden under a dusty tarp was the relic and there were go!
Abandoning Seine's warning about being quiet, we all let out a big whoop and we were patting each other on the shoulder

Thailand



Thailand

DATELINE: 1945 in the Jungles of Northern Siam

when at the entrance of the cave, there was a growl and we shut up just as quickly as we had started.

Then we all looked to Seine!

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Traveling with Emil is a pain...it is an exercise in boredom and sore feet but, still with an old school Nikon F-4... Emil discovers a world that most of us would have passed without a pause... Recently, I took up Emil's invite to get out and see the city poor person style (aka...getting on and off city buses at random stops) and I had completely forgotten my first comments... Thank goodness that Emil has entered the digital age with a very nice Nikon DSL but, Emil has rediscovered lens and was sporting what seemed to be a 50 pound shack of attachment lens and as the designated assistant... Well! You know who was stuck with this suitcase...for most of the day.

Thailand



Thailand

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The other downside to Emil going Digital was there was no more restrictions to best shot only (like with film) …every scene got ten copies…

I already see this as an editing nightmare… I am now taking up a collection to buy Emil more old time 35mm film…

what'cha sayz?

We hope that you will enjoy this new collection and buy multiple copies because as Charlie (our accountant) reminds me, Emil does owe us an extensive amount of money.

Due to this fact, we are happy to receive, publish and promote anything from Emil that might help us recoup some of our lost. If you are reading this Emil… keep them coming!

Seine LaGone

Thailand

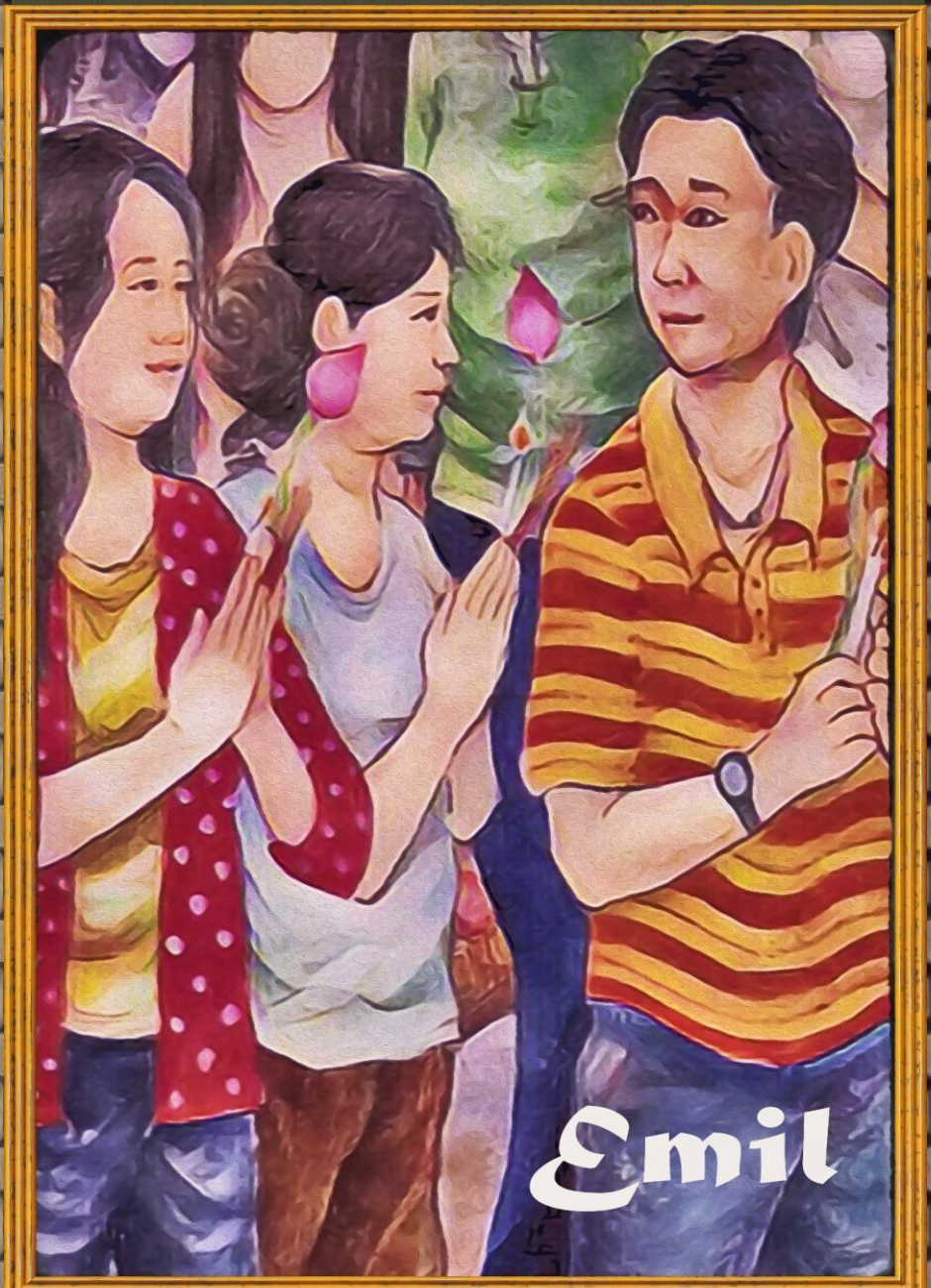


Thailand

“Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…”

Good news Campers!
I’ve finally scrapped together enough funds to hobble back to Bangkok and am planning on staying put due mostly to the terrible drain that traveling has had on my valuable funds…aka…money!
Even cheap-cheap trips are terrible when you don’t have much money…
no premium tours of the rich and bitchy for this poor soul…
no staterooms, no vista venues or valet parking…even if I had a car!
Most of the recent stuff I have been reading about Bangkok and tours is mostly fiction and some bordering upon science fiction.
There are way too books offering advise most times from people who shouldn’t be allowed to do this…

Thailand



Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

There are those tell you that
they are "telling you like it is…"
But what they fail to tell you is the
truth as to their agenda or who their
patrons are… how many gift shops will
you be subjected too?
Then…there is all the $&#$#
(Editor Note: We deleted Emil's original verbiage as we have very strict publishing laws here in Singapore… EMIL YOU KNOW BETTER!)
like the hangover movies and that
Chinese movie "Lost in Thailand…"
All of the "expat" books start with
telling you about how to live here but,
quickly fall into how many ladies they
went to bed with…most of it
fiction…wishful thinking…truly…
If you ever meet any of these geeks,
you would quickly understand that.

Thailand

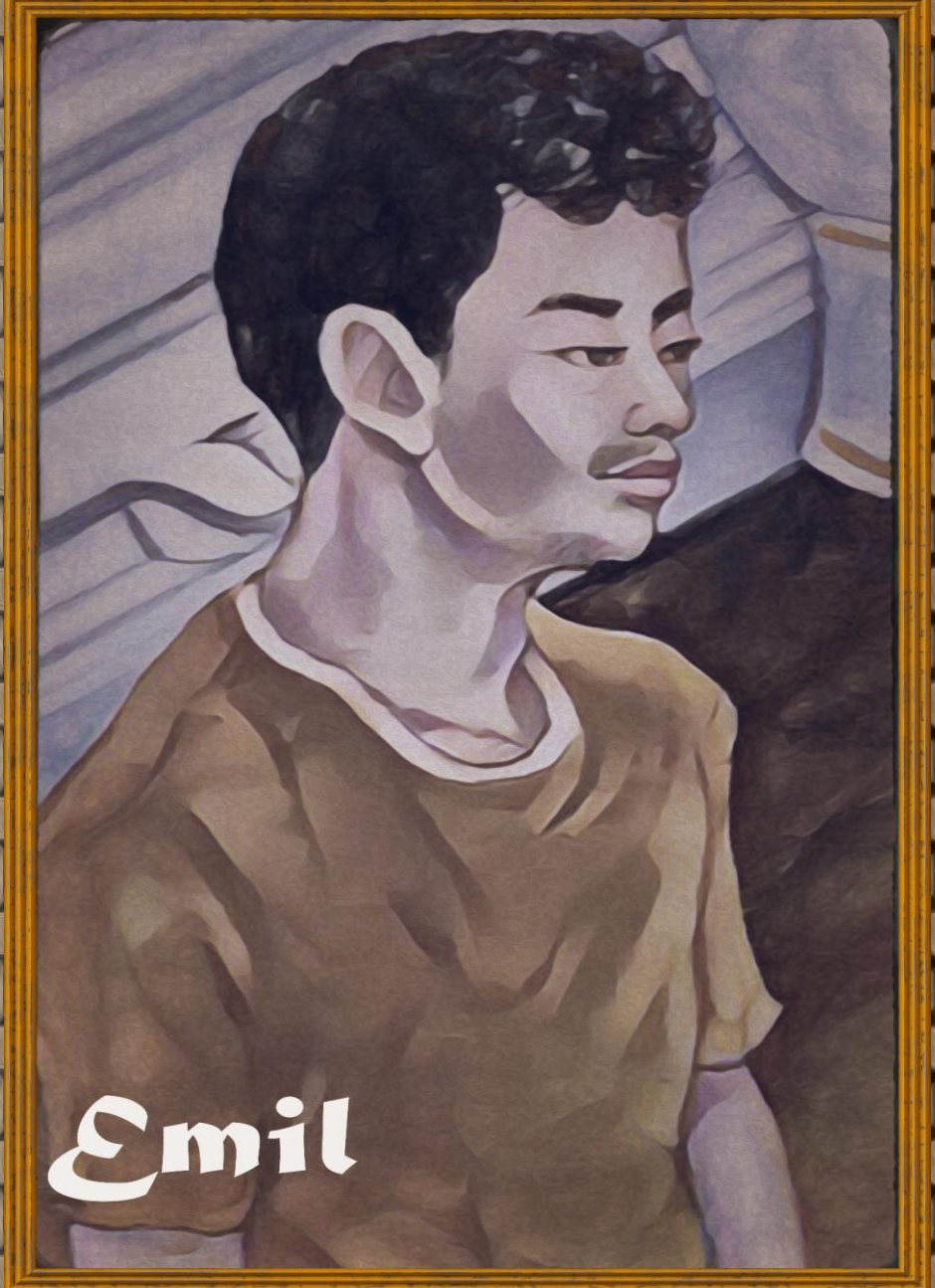


Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

Please understand, a geek in America is still a geek here and if they couldn't pick up girls back home…travelling 8,000 miles will not solve that…
But, there is no one to call them on it.
Thai people are for the most part very conservative people and if you ever have a chance to get outside the tourist traps and meet real people you will understand that…
If you have any doubts, they will quickly and without hesitation instruct you to this fact.
Best advice?
I ain't gonna say as Bangkok is one of the largest cities in the world and offers almost everything that you might want…depending upon what you want…well, within reason as this is not the 1980's.

Thailand



Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

To quote a former mentor, the world famous Bernard Trink…that wrote for the Bangkok Post for more than several generations…

"I don't give a H00T!"

I'm gonna stop there before you start to share his comment and that could become dangerous to my economic feasibilities.

If you really want to see the real city…get a bus map and take a couple of days of getting on and off of local buses and do a little walkabout.

Regardless of the hangover movies and expat crime novels, Bangkok is a very safe city if you use a little common sense and don't go looking for trouble.

If you go looking, then, you will find more trouble than you can handle.

Thailand



Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

If you go looking for trouble and don't walk away from it, don't come back and blame me.
I am sensitive to this as back in the day, I helped a Korean College recruit teachers from America.
They were a real college in good standing with the Ministry of Education in both Korea and America…a very well known and respected school...
What they didn't control was the teachers that they hired from America and through us at the Arizona Department of Economic Security.
They hired this one young lady who decided that the college was way too boring and she made a direct beeline down to Seoul's Red Light District (Yes! Every big city has one…) and became rather active in community

Thailand



Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

became rather active in community affairs (like that verbiage, Seine?). After a short while she came to the attention of the local authorities and was promptly sent home on her own dime and she tried to sue the school for not honoring their promise to pay her passage home…regardless of the fact that she never really taught at the school and had not completed the agreed upon… "one year teaching and they would pay for a return ticket." Once back in America…she forgot the part of her being kicked out of the country for good cause and went on to try to sue DES for putting her into harm's way…the term she used was "White Slavery" even though she was Puerto Rican…

Thailand



Thailand

"Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…"

So with disclaimers attached by request of WWWG's Legal Slime…

EDITOR NOTE:

Emil's thoughts, opinions and suggestions are those of Emil and do not represent those of WWWG.

Having been reduced to pocket change but, with a lot of free time and a new data card in my Nikon (Had to leave my dear Nikon F4S home as 35mm camera film has become rather expensive here) supplied by WWWG….

I decide to take my own challenge and go out a see what I could find…one afternoon and one bus in and around the outskirts of Bangkok's China Town…

This isn't your hotel's tour so don't expect to see a lot of those touristy shots of temples, building, wild,

Thailand



Thailand

“Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…”

rides on top of some fifty-six floor, high-rise shopping center or any similar sorts of venues…

Instead, here is REAL…

These are REAL people, living a REAL life and here is what we found by getting on and off a city bus…

There is a story to every picture but…

HEY! Seine ain’t paying me for this and for his cheapness, you are left with pictures ONLY!!!

Sorry!!!

As an able assistant, Seine volunteered to help out…turns out to not be so bad of an assistant for an old man

I was worried as temperature hovered at about a hundred degree and even though it is technically winter here…

Thailand



Thailand

“Dateline: Bangkok, Thailand…”

the humidity was at about 4,000% and here I am hoofing it with this ancient old man complaining about the lack of a Starbucks on every other corner… “Seine, this is Bangkok not Singapore!” By the end of the day, I got him a taxi back to his deluxe, hotel with it conditioned, clean air (a big selling point for the massive hordes of visiting Chinese Tourists fleeing the thickly, pea-soup quality of the polluted air of Beijing) …very unlike the average place where WWWG normally puts me up at!

- Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

Wat Po has always been a must stop, every time that I came through Bangkok...it was always a simpler, more subdue version of the Grand Palace Complex and I could always find a shady spot to quietly meditate and free myself of a few of my inner demons...but, no more!

What a change!?!

The Wat has gone off the deep end and is now all touristy and you are even greeted by a giant Disneyland-like, welcoming, flower bed that literally says "Welcome to Wat Po" spelled out in proper English with a colorful collection of springtime flowers and is overtly surrounded by souvenir, gift shops, fortune tellers and a rather handy, 7/11 style convenience store.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

No longer are there the traditional sea of touts hustling massage oils, amulets, unofficial tours with the claimed ability to intercede on your behalf with the numerous ghosts that call Wat Po their retirement home (kind of miss all of them as they were pushy but, they were rather colorful with a given ability to weave a great ghost story for the mere cost of a special amulet or massage oil). They have been all replaced by pre-recorded, Walkman tours and gift shops.

Bangkok is for the experienced traveler or an equally, seasoned expat, an easy city to get about in.

But, for the new visitor, the city can swallow you properly and quickly without ever loosing the smirky smile that is always glued to its face.

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

The city is crisscrossed with a large number of subways, lite rails, buses and even boats that can speed you (not really in a time management sense) across the city.

The secret to being successful in getting-about, is that you previously know where you are going and preferably, have already made the trip before...

In this case, you are a seasoned, "OG" Traveler (Old Gangster) and will enjoy your stay.

The best insider tip that I can pass along is don't call Wat Po by this name and if you do, you will get blank stares and shrugged shoulders as "Wat Po" is not the temple complex's officially or commonly known name.

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

If you have done your basic travel homework then you will already know that the official name of Wat Po is **Wat Phra Chetuphon Wimon Mangkhalaram Rajwaramahawihan...**
(Thai: วัดพระเชตุพนวิมลมังคลารามราชวรมหาวิหาร)

If you are a true Bangkok Newby, please make a small card with where you want to go written or printed in Thai.
This way you can share with tuk-tuk drivers, bus conductors and/or if you are the type of person who has always depended upon the kindness of strangers...
You can use it to get random assistance from people on the street.
Also, grab several business cards from your hotel to take with you as you need

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

to get back at the end of the day.
Bangkok transportation systems are for the most part hassle free and cheap if you know where you are going.
As I explained you can go by bus, taxi, tuk-tuk, boat and if you are a true one percenter, helicopters are available at a price...which is not as unreasonable as it might at first sound...
Back in the early 1990's, when I had the pleasure of working with what would become the Jewelry Trade Center Management Group, traffic was so bad that a normal 20 minute ride in from the airport had become a three hour adventure of frustration or four hours, if general so-or-so or someone, rich or important (in those days, the two terms were very interchangeable) was traveling about town...

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

if they were, then all normal traffic stopped. I remember, at the height of rush hour, getting off my bus (I was not rich and thus, not important), going in to eat, see a movie and upon returning to the street; I only needed to walk half-a-block to get back on the same bus... I always thought that this was a scam to get people to spend more time shopping.

So, in those golden age days of "Western Consumerism" gone mad, we use to fly people to the Jewelry Trade Center in helicopters (20 minutes from tarmac to the JTC – much easier on our business high rollers than a four hour taxi drive).

This was before the revolution in freeways, subway and lite (Sky train) rail construction and it does make a great

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

difference in both traffic and more so with air pollution.

I am assuming, that you are not a high rolling, one percenter so, let me review transportation options available to you as a common man (sorry! person) tourist.

Tuk-tuks tend to be the quickest means of transportation as you negotiate a price beforehand and the driver has a momentary motivation to get you there as quickly as possible as they earn their money on a fare-to-fare basis.

So if you are in a hurry and you don't know the system, this is the way to go but, tends to cost you the most.

You will notice that tuk-tuks tend to be cued up at major hotels and shopping centers.

Thailand



Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

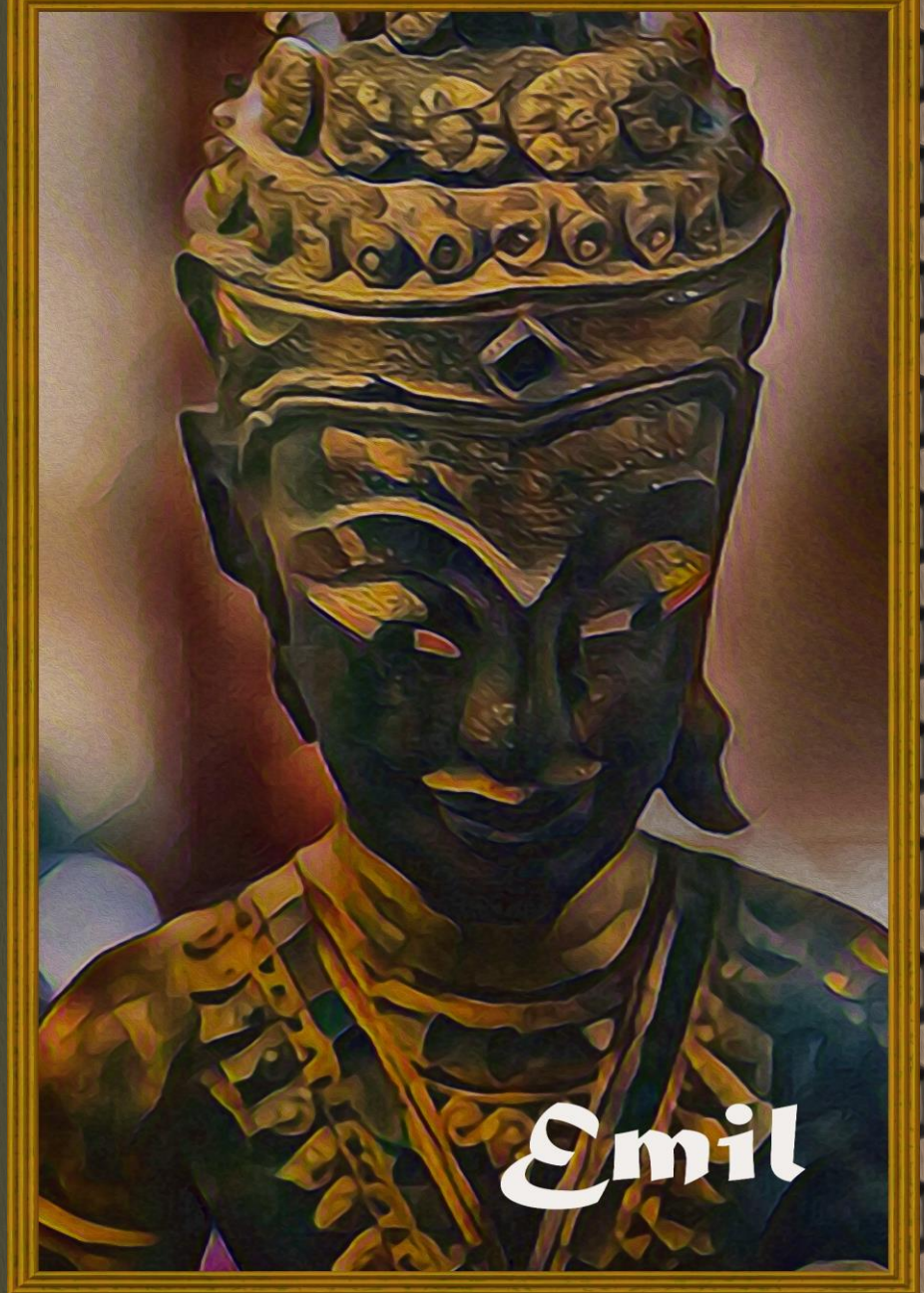
The locals refer to this gathering as the "Tuk-Tuk" Mafia and you will quickly learn why they are referred to as this as soon as you approach.

As a strange and lost looking foreigner, a non-Thai speaking customer whom they assume is wealthy, you learn even more quickly about the double pricing standards and a 100 Baht ride is now 200 or more Baht.

This might not seem like that much as 100 Baht equals out to about three buck USD, unless you are a real budget traveler. If $6 (USD) is reasonable enjoy your trip!

A more serious problem can that bite you big time is the fact that most drivers tend to be newbies to the city themselves and you may know more about certain locations than them.

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Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

They have been known to drop you in the wrong location if they are lost, bored with traffic or if you didn't express the correct and excited interest in their additional tour guide offers or you went as far as to insulted them by declining their generous offer to take you to the cheapest gem shop in the entire city.

The sales pitch always starts with the ice-breaker, "Where you from?"

The best way to avoid all this and get a reasonable fare is to take-a-long a friendly Thai Person!

Taxis are safer, metered and after any amount of time out and about in the Thai mid-day sun, you will appreciate the fact that most cabs have functional air conditioning.

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Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

While, most drivers are legit and do a good job of getting you to your destination at usual about 50% of the tuk-tuk fare; there is always the rouge driver who will take advantage of your lack of city experience to take you on a three hour cruise...

If you have done your prep work and you know which stop you need to get off at and further, know how to get from there to the place you want to go...then the subway...

the Sky Train or even the bus will get you where you are going at an even more reasonable cost.

If your hotel is near the river or any of the major cannels, the easiest and most fun way to get to Wat Po is by boat.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"RANDOM THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS ON A RECENT WAT PO TRIP"

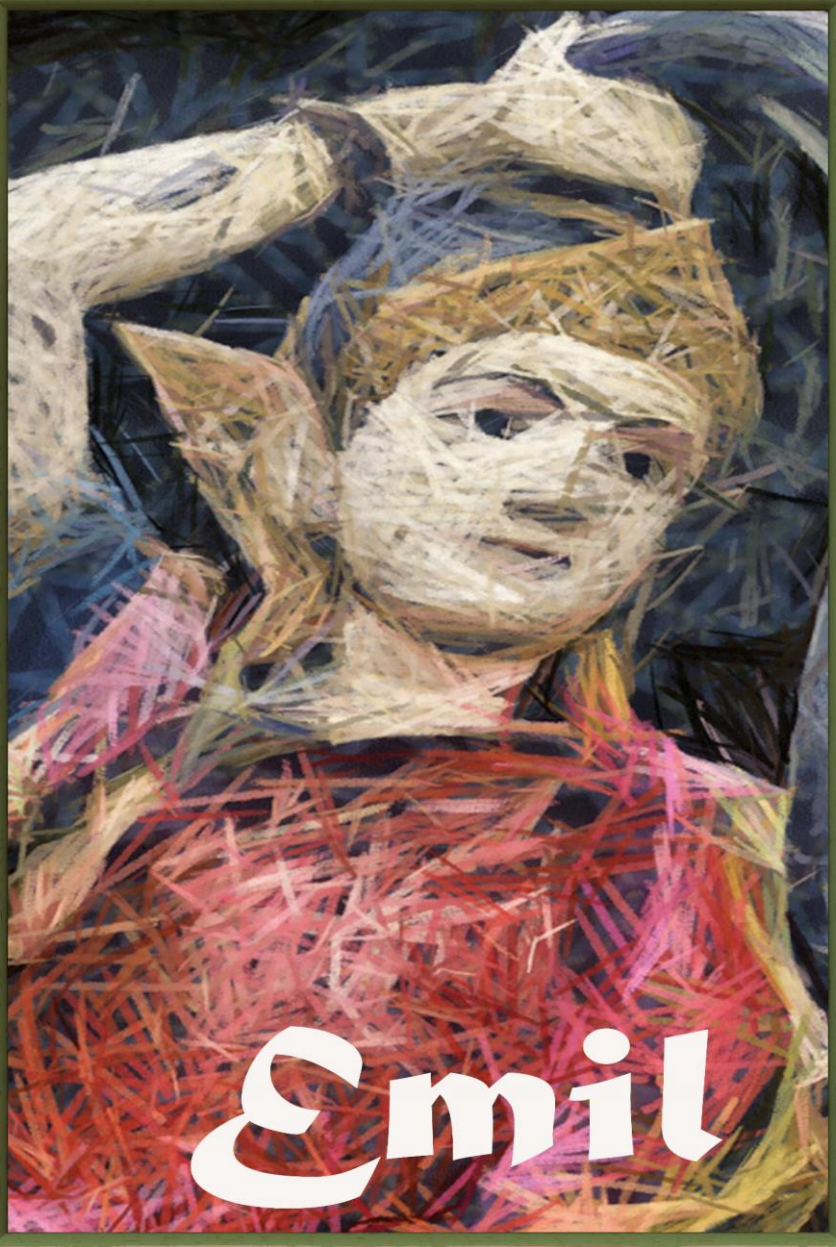
Take the Chao Phraya River Express to the **Tha Thien pier**, then walk through the market and up the short street. Wat Po is directly across the intersection, on your right. On the left is the rear wall of the Grand Palace.

NOTE: Visitors must pay an entrance fee of 100 Baht (2.60 USD) at any of the booths just inside the north, or south, entrances.

Prices for a massage at the temple is 250 Baht (6.49 USD) for 30 minutes, or 400 Baht (10.39 USD) for one hour massage or a 45 minute foot massage.

Do remember to **dress conservatively when visiting** the Grand Palace and Wat Pho. No shorts, arms should be covered and shoes removed when entering inside any chapels.

Thailand



Thailand

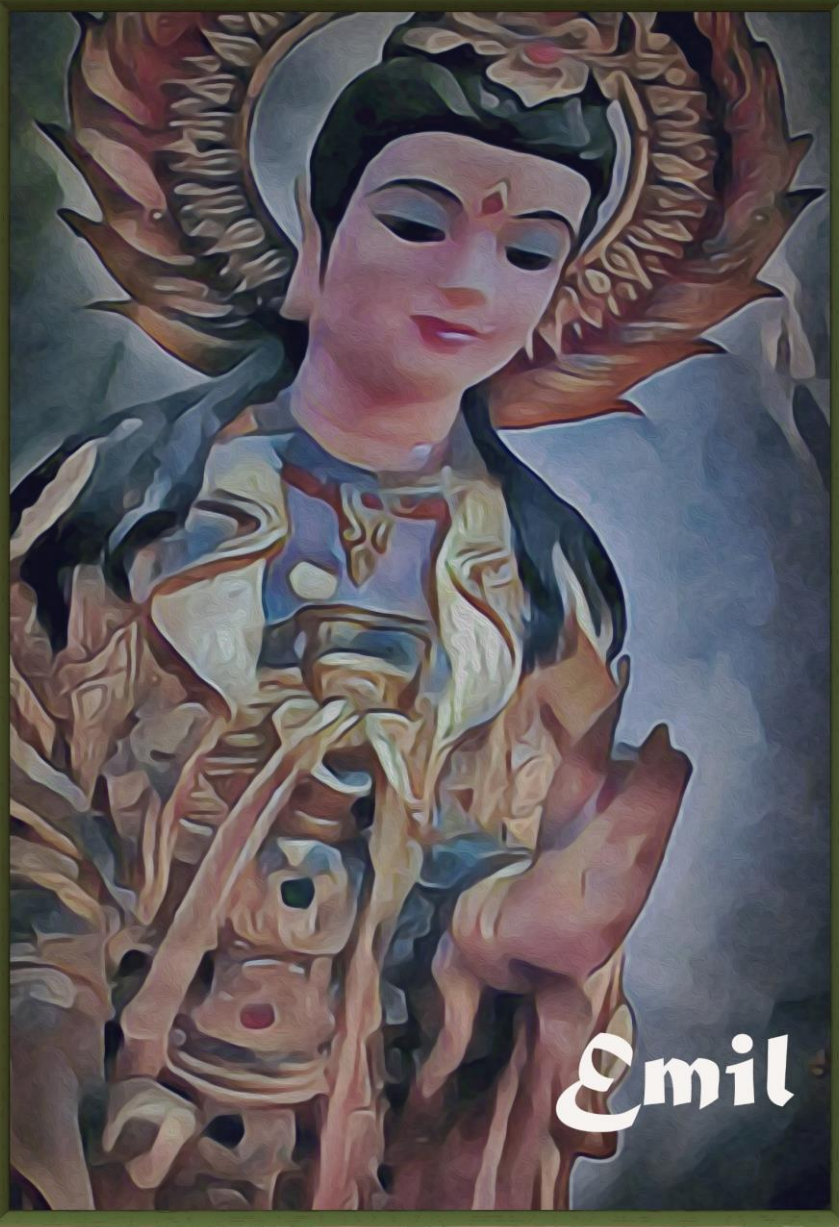


Thailand



Emil

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Emil

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Thailand

SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

I was in a little temple, up beyond the northern tree line, having tea with the monk abbot, it was getting long into a hot afternoon and in (that until this day, I dared not tell anyone) that I had just spiked the tea with a good smitten of the last of the good rum from the flask that Minnie had sent me from Paris and that I hide in my jacket... After several pauses and the abbot asking what made this tea taste so sweet; we got down to the reason that Seine had sent me upcountry seeking and that was to consult the number one and world acclaimed guru master of the truth of “Kaw Prasai” but more importantly, it was to save us a great deal of research at the new American Library in Bangkok (before the war and the Japs changed its name) and if the

Thailand



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SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

abbot was the expert then, he must know about the lost treasure associated with Kaw Prasai.

Seems that this Kaw Prasai, there was an original dude and from what the abbot is revealing, in the utmost detail – which is many times being lost on me as I feel the rum starting to kick in.

Luckily, my translator and trusted assistant on this venture, Khun Suttipong was a man of great education, seeming a master of several languages and Seine discovered him sitting in a local dive bar nursing his fifth or was it his six cup of the famous, homemade rice wine while mussing over his (just happening) termination from steady employment with a (not to be named) Foreign Agency doing what

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Emil

Thailand

SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

would seem to be somewhat questionable business while here in Siam.

Anyway, dutifully, Suttipong took complete notes as he recorded the on-going conversation even as it descended downwards due to my secret introduction of the universal ice-breaker, good rum!

Seems that in what the monk abbot referred to as the “Dreamtimes” there was a man that was set on advancing his lot in life and did such by became the servant of a warrior king, for whom he acted in the capacity of counsellor and judge, winning for himself great renowned for his wisdom and strength of character.

“On one occasion, he was credited with

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SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

engineering a tunnel through a mighty mountain so his royal master might fall unawares upon a powerful enemy, route and smite them before they could arise their army from a peaceful night's slumber...

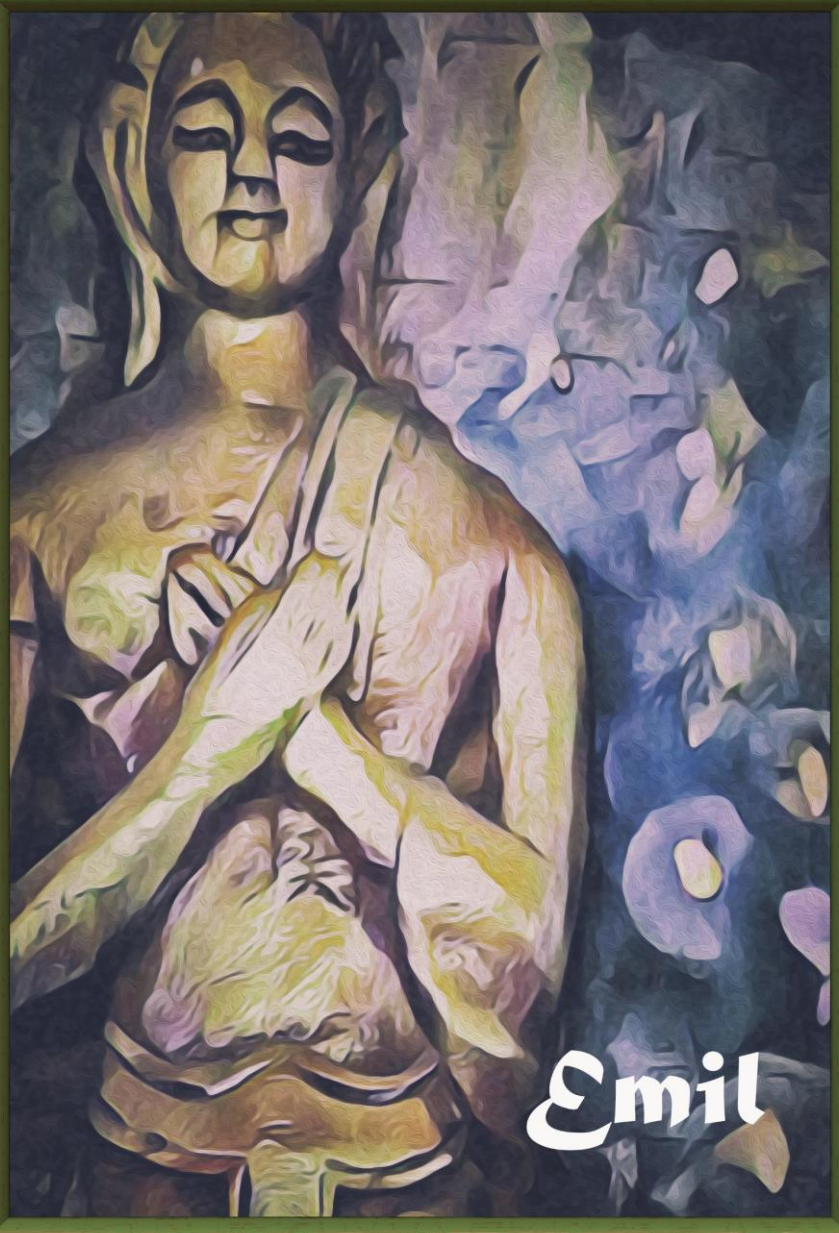
The tunnel was constructed, and the attack made with complete success....”

This is where the story turned all weird and went completely sideways...

I must have missed the transition as the monk abbot was now talking of the sixth set of Birth Stories narrates his career (whose? Are we still talking about the guy who built the tunnel?) as the Naga king, the monarch of the snake world.

I panickily looked over to Suttipong and he nodded that he got it and that we

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

were still good...

"Have some more tea, everyone."

From this point on, I sat silently and tried to follow a very complicated tale of semi-gods, demons and was he the hero...this Prasai?

The more I listened the more lost I was becoming and I was sitting motionless, as I was secretly hurling out loud and mean curses at that evil swine, Seine for sending me on this fool's errand.

I just could visually see him leading yet another round of laughter at the bar over my newest misadventure (seems how little seems to change between us other than the dates on the calendar).

Seems there are like seven unofficial biographies, seven weird-ass stories that made my Brother John's wild

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Thailand

SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

raving after a long night of drink, they were mild and gentle to what I got as a word here or a phrase there.
Seems that this guy had (at least in the version) two chief relatives who were his human brother, and a sister who inhabited the body of a frog (told you so!).
Now, he is no longer a mere man but, a shape-shifter of some sorts as he had changed himself into a cobra, and one day a skillful snake-charmer captured him, and took him about from place to place on exhibition.
He was freed from this humiliating condition by his brother and sister, who ingeniously tricked the wandering showman that he was a handsome prince entrapped in the body of this

Thailand



Thailand

SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

cobra and only a kiss from a virgin would break the spell (I seem to remember a similar story growing up but, it wasn't with a cobra).
Seems that the showman was...how do you polity say, he enjoyed the company of men over women but, seems to have been a little off since he was taking advise from a girl frog...
Go figure?
Not sure if he died as, like, he was seriously kissing the world's most deadliest creature, a king cobra snake but, anyway they freed him from a sad live in carney entertainment and he was united with frog girl and his equally strange, human brother (if hanging out with a girl frog and a big cobra snake doesn't make you strange,

Thailand



Thailand

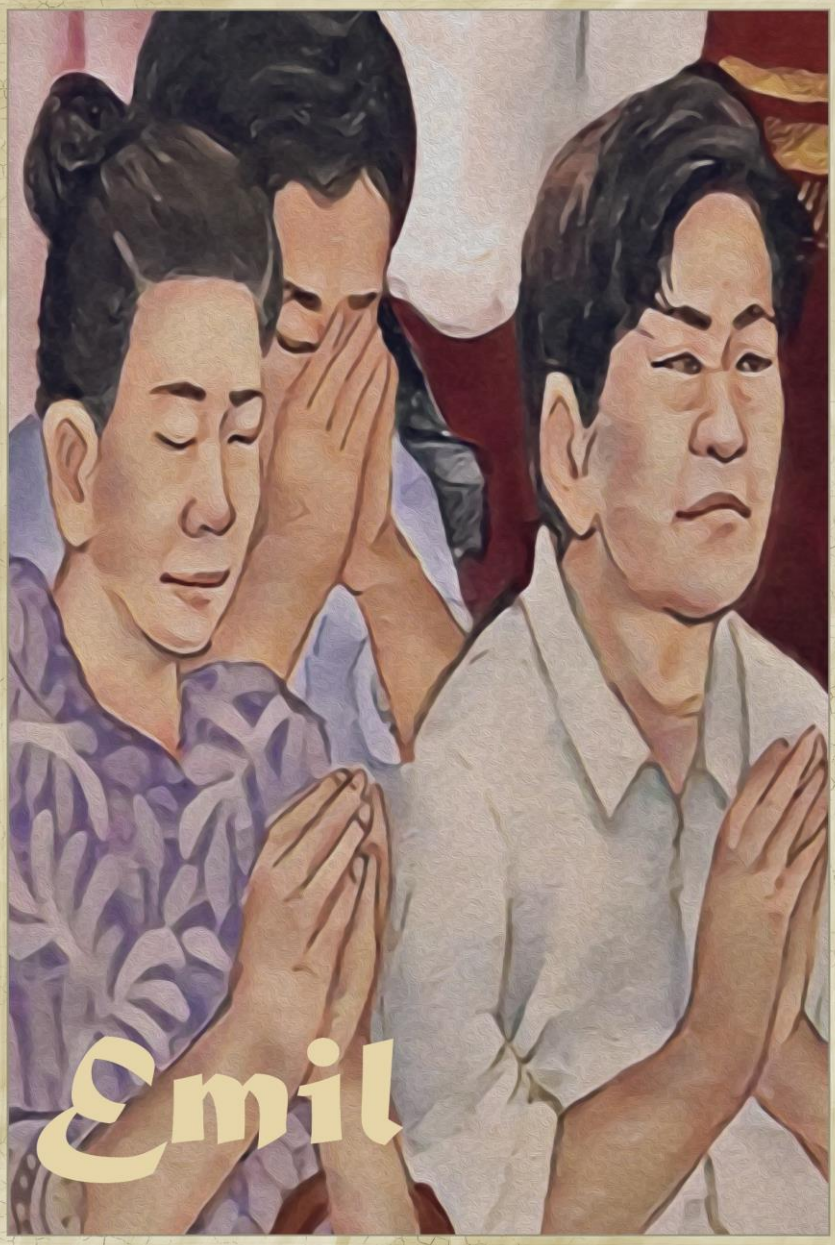
SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

I don't know what would?)
Now, again, the story segways off to what seems an even more unreasonable, seeming yet another unrelated story...

Thailand

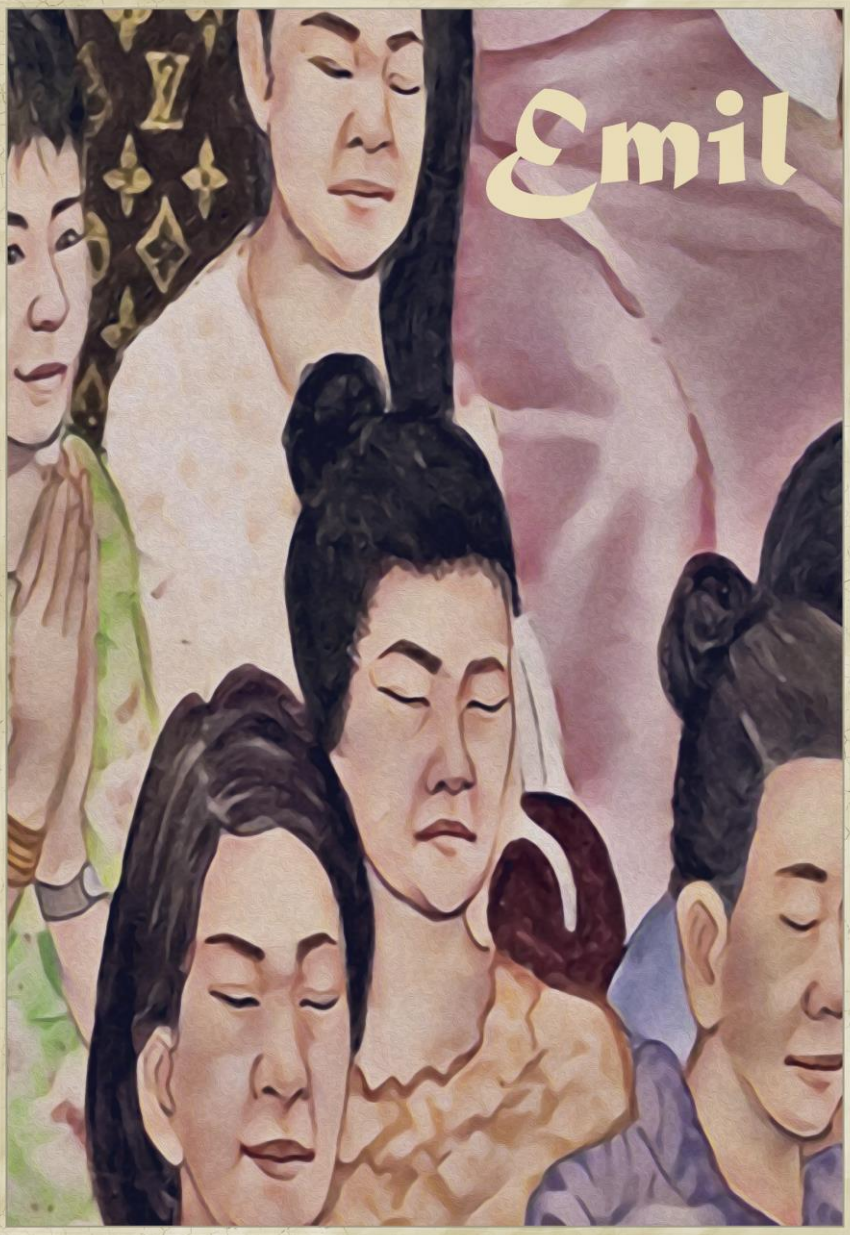


Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

The rest of the day went on much in the same manner until we broke for our dinner meal, as the monks don't eat after their morning meal (maybe one reason they are all fit), the abbot's kind servants prepared a simple but, a filling meal from gathered from the native lands and the surrounding teak forests.

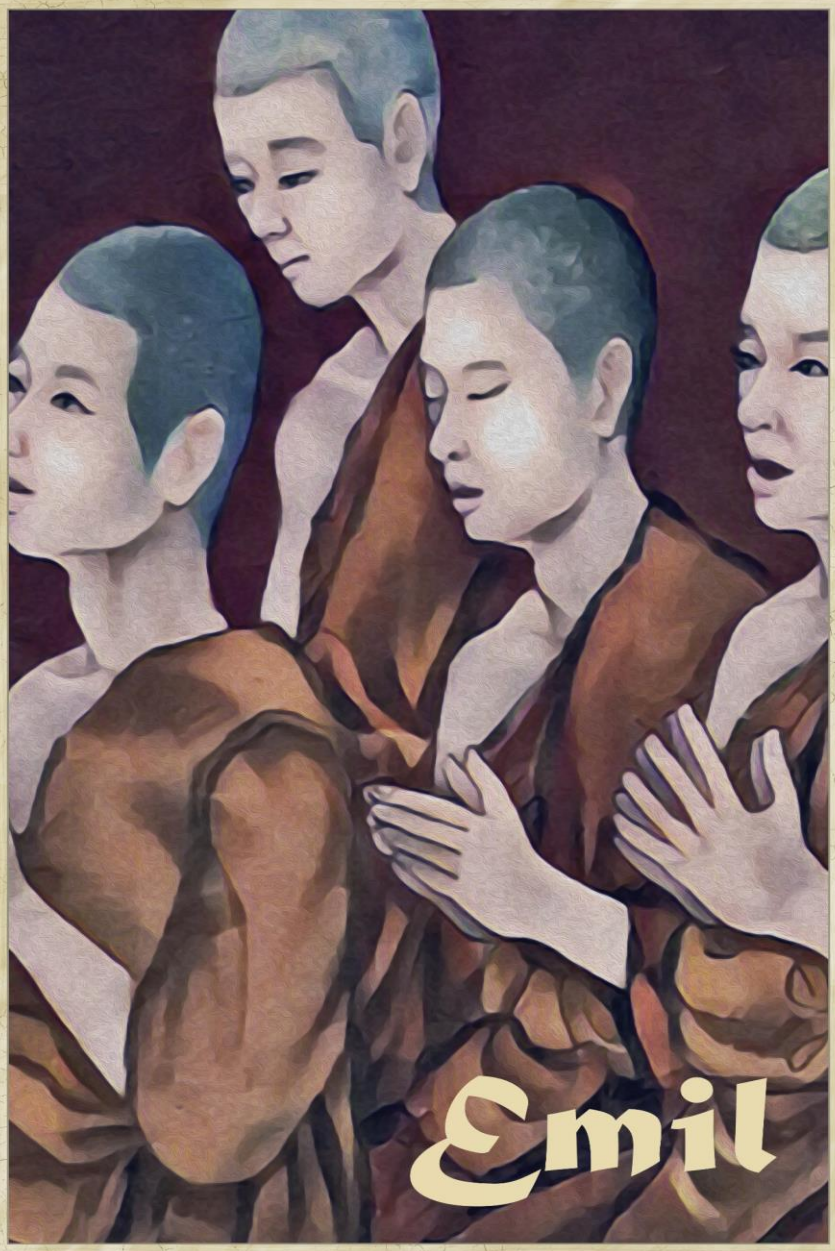
Suttipong spent the entire evening going over his extensive notes of the day and seemed somewhat puzzled by it all.

"What is wrong here?"

"There must be a pattern
To these stories?"

Adding to his thought, I speculated he is an old man and if I didn't know better, I would believe that he is as

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

crazy as those stories that he weaved together for us today.

"Weave together?"

Yes, that means that he combined a bunch of different stories together.

"Why?"

Personally, I am inclined to believe that he is testing us and trying to determine how serious we are and as to the real reasons we would be willing to travel to the end-of-the-earth...literally... to get what we could from any grade school book on mythology.

"Then he is hiding something, you think?"

Damn right!

He has a secret(s) and is trying to determine why we need to know...not that he is or would ever consider

Thailand



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Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

sharing the truth with any of us...especially, if he knew we were after this great, undiscovered treasure...

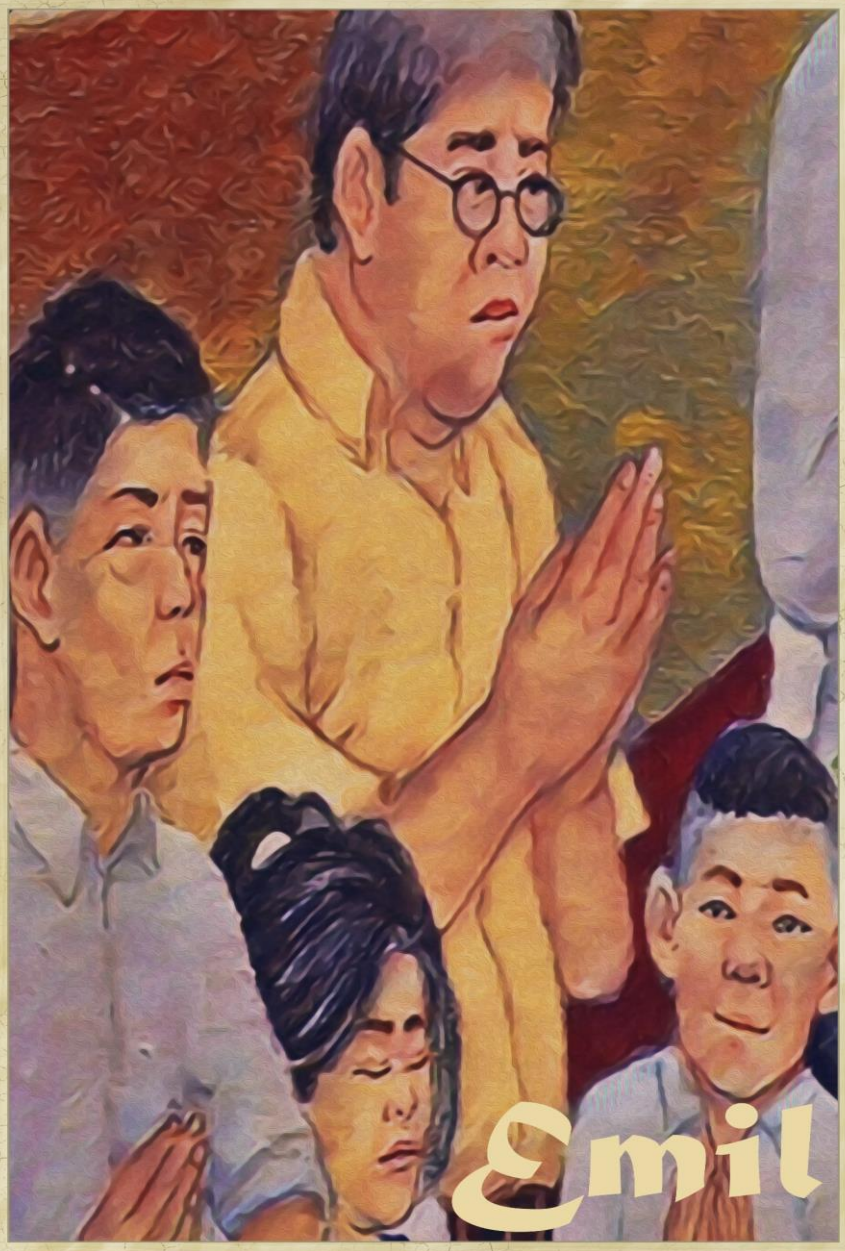
"What do we do?"

Go back in the morning after prayers and double down...you take better notes and listen more closely for a pattern especially with all of these sudden shift's in the monk's story...

I mean...Cobras, talking frog ladies and somewhere in there is the key to the true man...cut through all the "BS" and there we will find evidence of the real man that Seine wants us to find.

I am part of a legendary "BS'er" crew and am a well noted con man on my own...not has good as Seine and nowhere the master that Claudie is...

Thailand



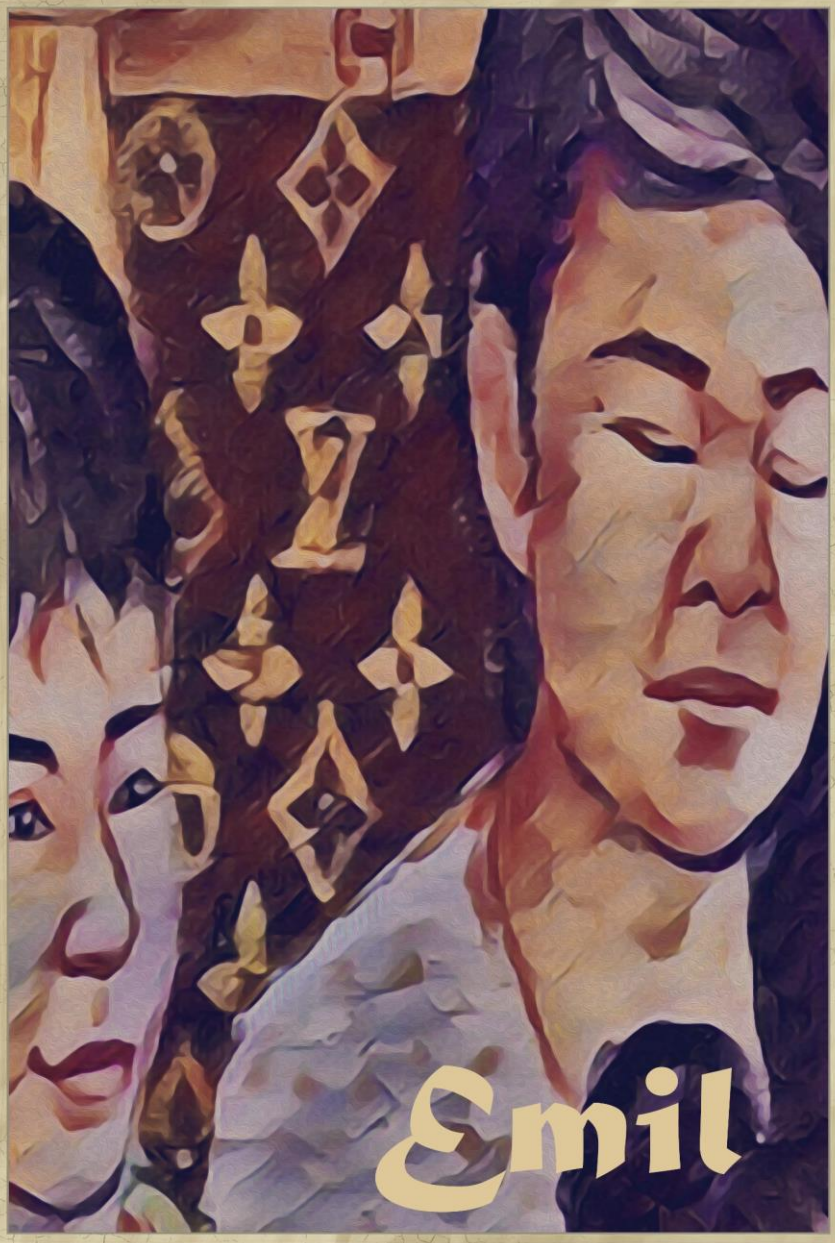
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Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

He should have come instead of me and we would already have an answer.
Morning broke early at the monastery and the rustling around of the monks preparing to walk by the nearby community to receive the gifts of their breakfast.
I had not slept deeply than evening due to the musky night of hot wind sweeping in from the moist underbrush of the forest and the armies of bugs who seemed delighted in us as a foreign treat and I must have a hundred bites from, I am sure, diseased mosquitoes...
After the completion of our shared breakfast with the monks and having waited until they had competed their morning prayers, we again sat down

Thailand



Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

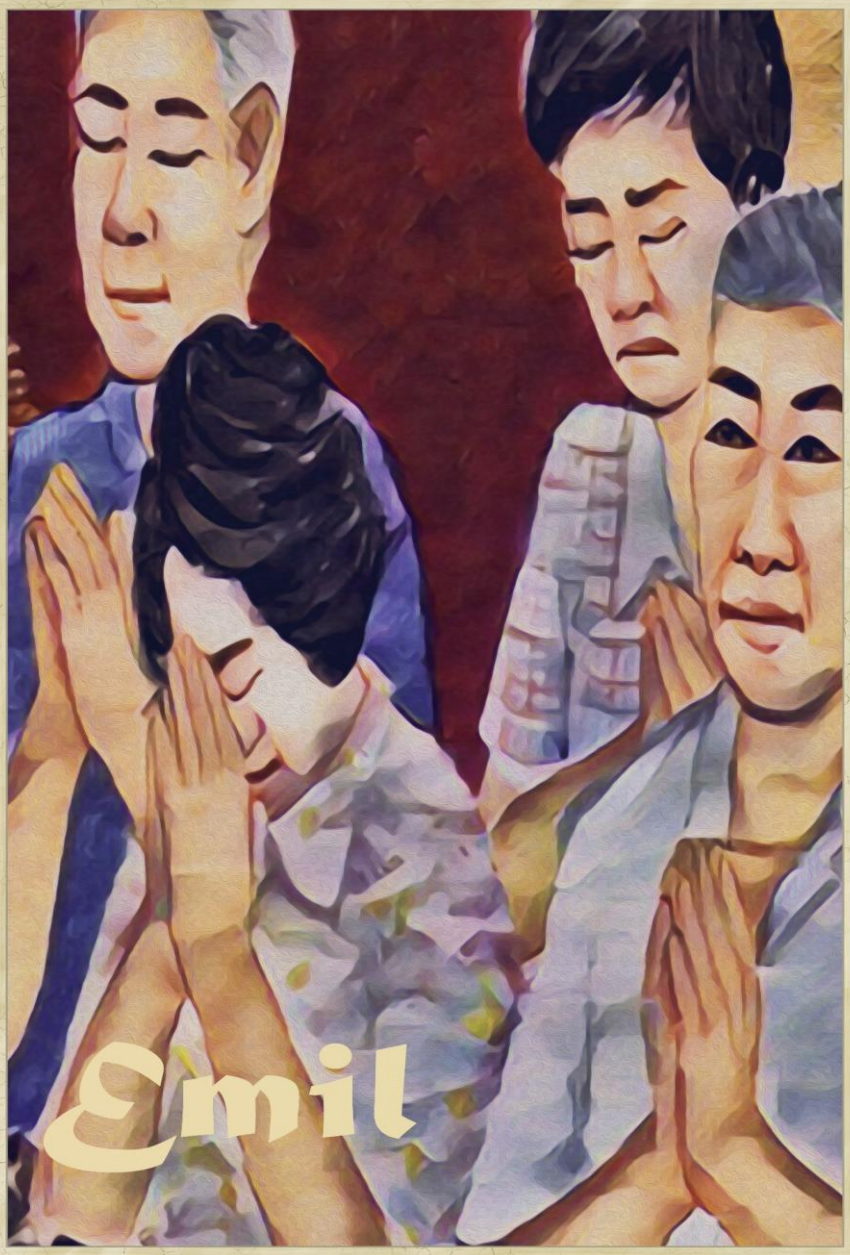
with the monk abbot who seemed to pick up right at the point he finished with last evening.

In this new version, the guy had been transported back from being a cobra and he had now become the son of a king, and holding the position of a judge.

The abbot explained that due his severity in putting down bribery and corruption, he incurred the displeasure of the Lord Chief Justice, who resented the loss of his valuable perquisites (sounds like modern times here).

As this story lacked talking frog ladies and kissing cobras, it was much easier for me to follow as what he explained seems that it could have been drawn from the morning news.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

Was this his trick?
Was this true or had he read this in the news from the capitol?
To this day, I am not sure he wasn't just playing us but, for what reason(s)?
Now back to the story before I lose my place...
Seems that the King wasn't that close to his son but why, is not really explained by the monk abbot but, one night the king had a dream that he been paid a visit by an "angel" a spirit from a heavenly region.
When he woke up, he sent for the chief judge...see, as I said not his son, what is up here? I found myself now interested in the back story here more than in the monk's main tale...was that on purpose?

Thailand



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Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

The king sent for the corrupt head judge and asked him if he could suggest any way of “realizing the journey, as he would very much like to visit those realms at his leisure.”

The judge quickly suggested that the king take an extended vacation while strongly hinting that such a trip “might be accomplished if the favor of the deities was first obtained by making them an offering commensurate with his desires.”

I didn’t get the connection between vacation and the need to make a sacrifice...I understand that trips especially for a king might tend to get costly...but, didn’t he have money? If he didn’t have money...this is the wrong story as this king who couldn’t

Thailand



Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

pay for the cost to go on holiday, he wouldn't have a vast treasury...

No treasure here!

I was about to tell Suttipong to move on as this must not be the right king but, I stopped and started to listen as he said that the corrupt judge suggested the sacrifice of the prince and all the members of his household.

What?

I guess that is one way to save a few bucks on the vacation but, really, kill the entire royal family?

Then I started connecting the dots and the abbot had told us that his son (the junior) judge had made a career of rooting out corrupt government people (an ancient version of the deep state?)

And since this king wasn't close to his

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DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

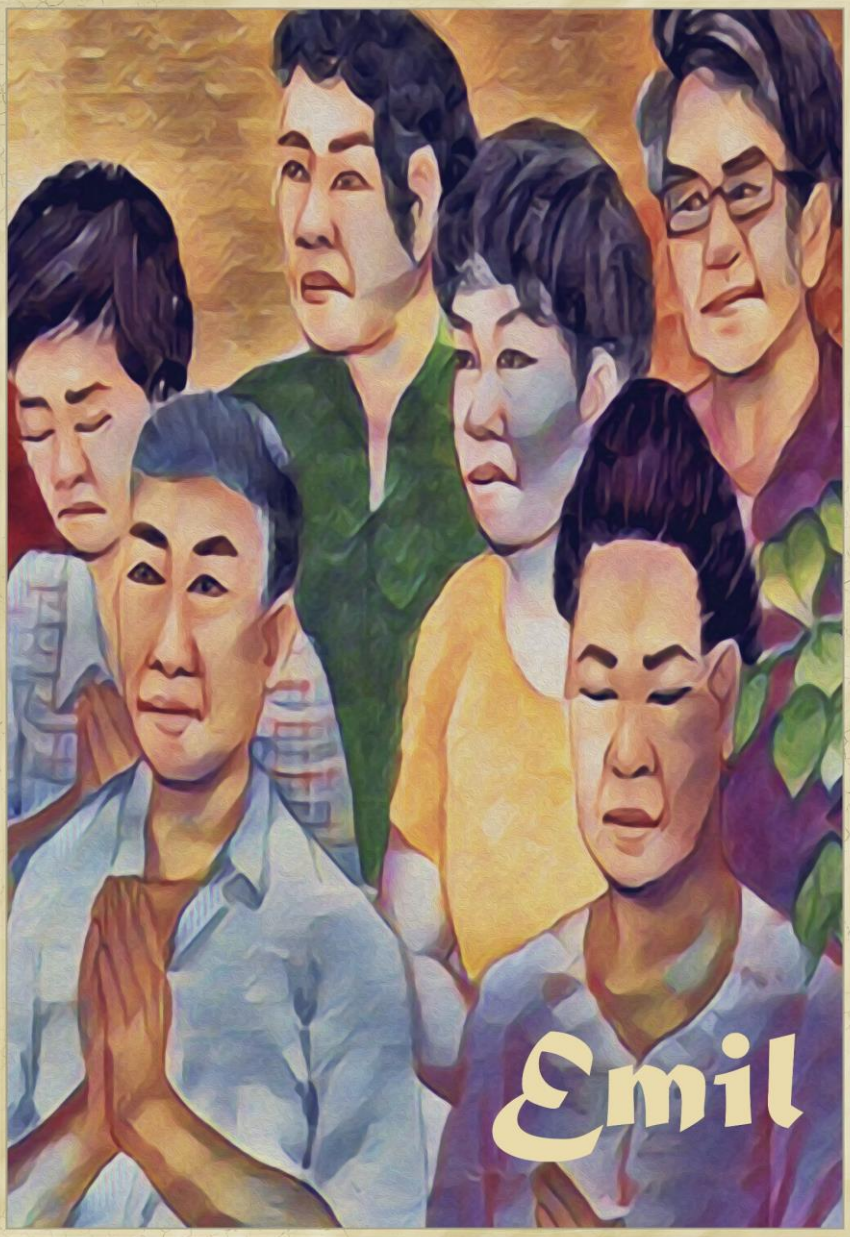
kid and one must assume that he might have thought less of the rest of this demanding, whining and utterly dependent family...it might have been that hard of a sell to the king...

"But the gods told me to do it...and see, the Head Judge agrees!"

The king accepted the idea, and the sacrifice was planned but, like in real life and modern politics...anything that could go wrong did.

But several of the king's more trusted courtiers who had numerous reasons to dislike the head judge not to mention that he had just got the king to kill them, they got the king away from the court and before they could get down to their normal deeds, they told the king that he had been tricked,

Thailand



Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

that the head judge had made a fool of him and almost a murderer in the eyes of the gods...not to mention that the king's son was about to have the head judge arrested for leading a corruption gang.

The king, furious at being the brunt of the head judge's trick and maybe, fearing that the truth of his agreeing to let the head judge kill his entire family before going on vacation...to save vacation cost...he instantly ordered the death of the 'wicked official."

There seems to be a bit more to the story that was left out or lost, forgotten to the ages but, it seems that the son of the king (what a real beauty if this is true...) pleaded with the king to spare his enemy and requested a remission

Thailand



Thailand

DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

of his sentence.

The king had then both killed, one for the fear of the truth coming out and the other because, he could not stomach the fact that he had raised such a sissy boy and the mere thought that one day he would be king...was too terrifying for the old man to stand..

Thailand



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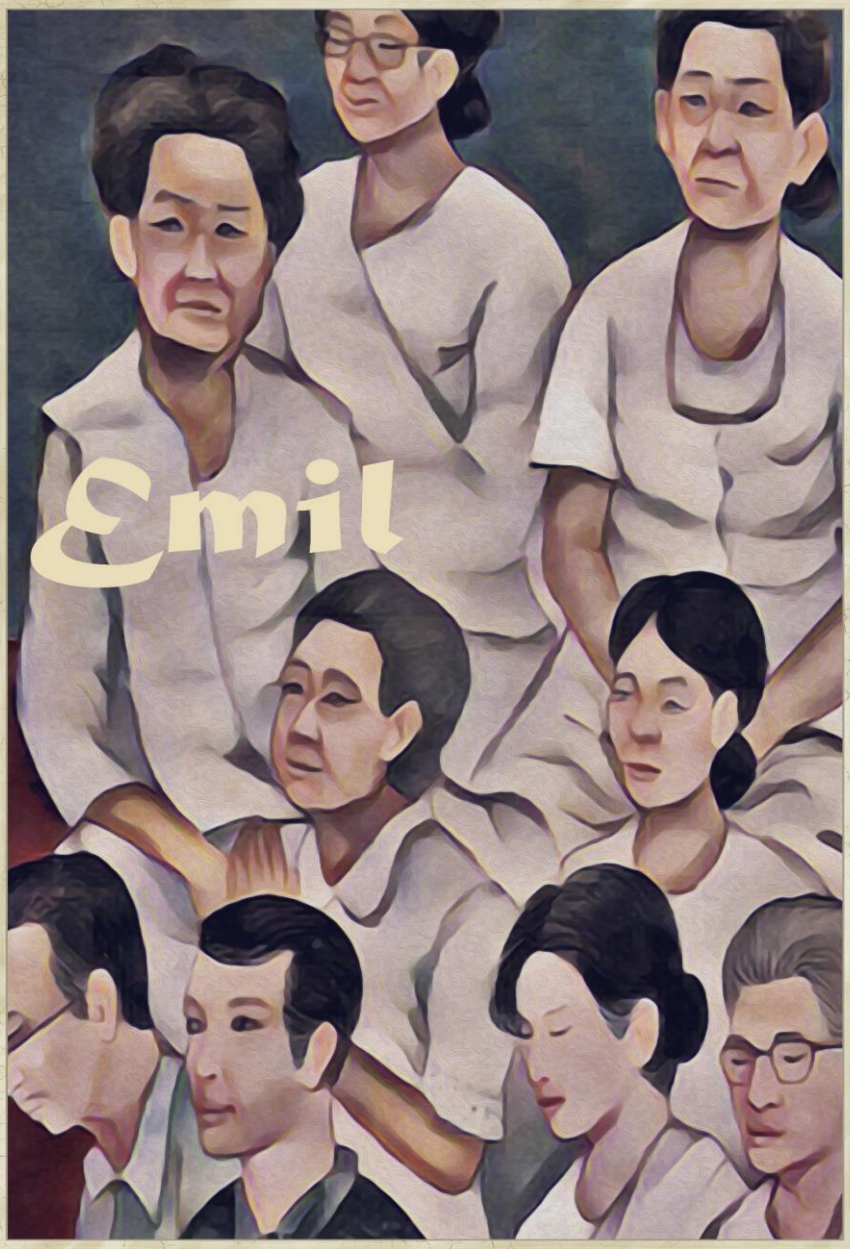


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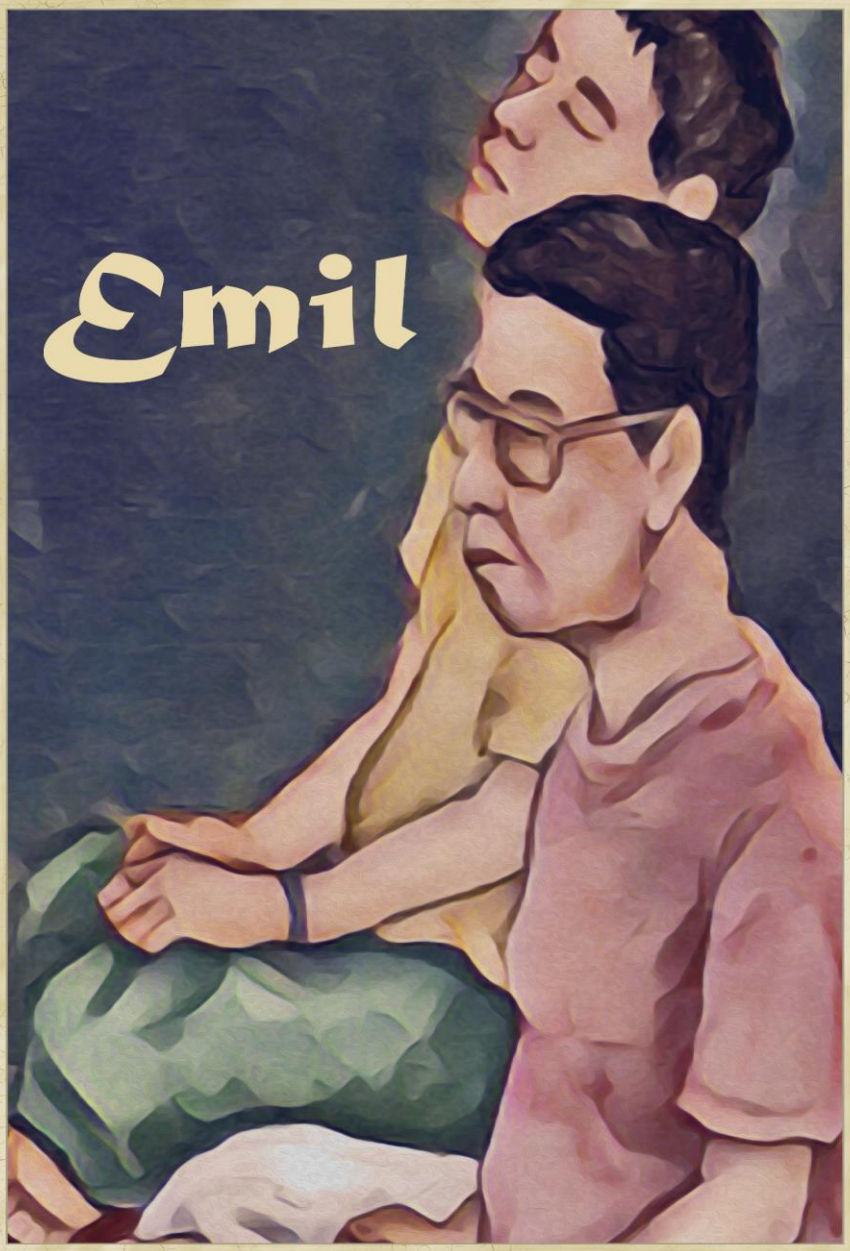
Thailand

DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

Over the passing days, we have sat through a range of stories, some completely over the top with talking Sea Serpents which seemed rather strange has we are over 1,000 kilometers from the nearest sea...even Noah's food would not have made it this far up in the north.

Yesterday, we had what I recon to be the eighth story in which he is now a king in his own right or as the Buddhists believe his eight reincarnation; this time he has decided to devotes hi life entirely to the noble practice of alms-giving (giving away his kingdom's money to the poor, unwashed and the hungry masses – whether citizens of the kingdom or not).

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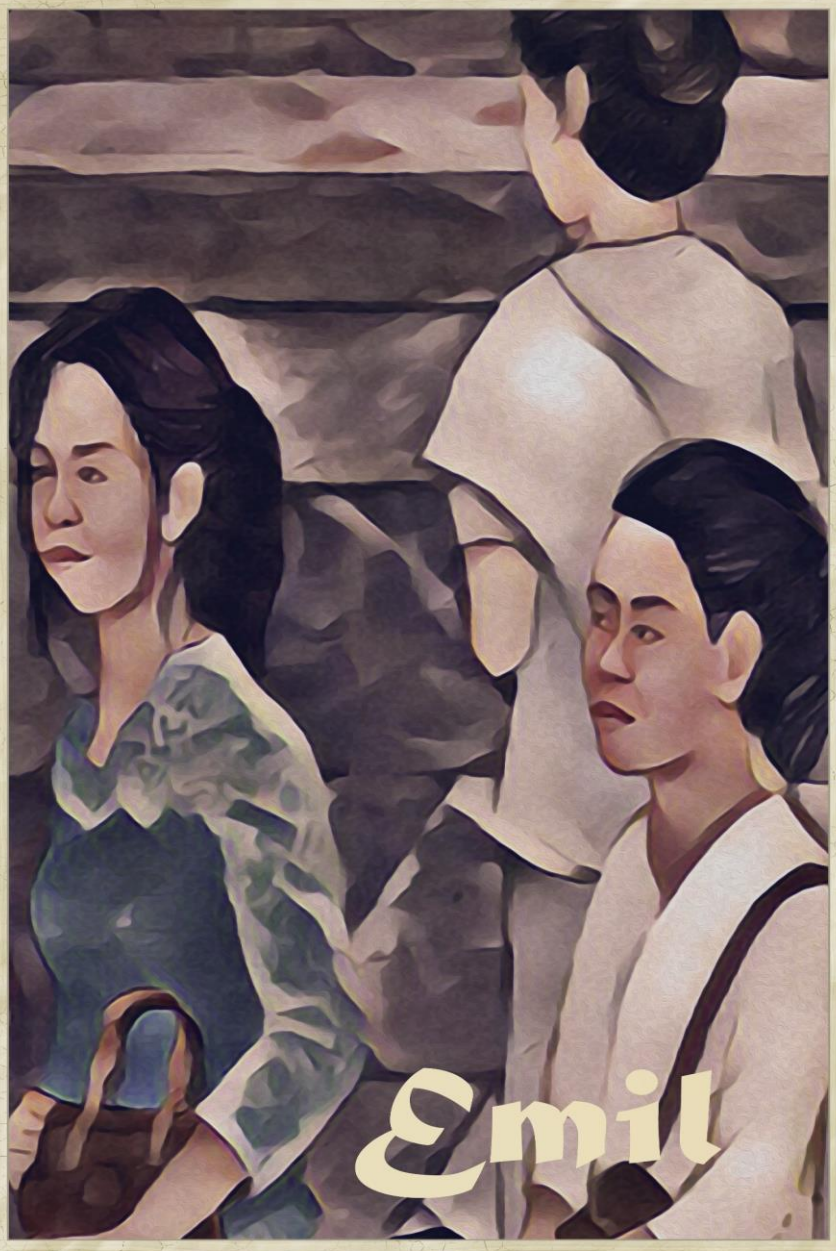
DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

So great was his generosity that he quickly went through the national treasury (Definity, he is not the guy we are looking for...thank you very much!), the kingdom was broke and his efforts to raise taxes upon the populous was unpopular, there was even an open rebellion by those who had come to only get his alms.

They didn't believe that all the money was gone, they protested that he was lying and then they rebelled again the king in what turned into a great civil war that quickly tore through the countryside like a raging forest fire of death and destruction.

The king now but a beggared himself, was forced by the people to go off, become a hermit which seemed fitting

Thailand



Thailand

DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

to the people of the kingdom but not so for the alms takers, having nothing left to distribute to those who sought to further profit by his benevolence, they conceived the idea of selling his body away in pieces to pay them the alms that felt that they had been cheated out of.

But the Devas (the gods), wishing to save him from the results of such a noble deed, brought him presents of nuggets of gold with which to satisfy the demands of those who daily asked him for alms.

This story was so full of holes and broken plot lines that I would have needed more rum to buy into the idea that any kingdom...any nation, would go bankrupt by giving all their money

Thailand



Thailand

DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

away...to just anyone...
from everywhere...
Against, the day was neither
entertaining nor enlightening other than
we were being delayed, stonewalled or
just being played by this most cunning,
cleaver sage, the abbot monk.
None of these stories, not without
deeper research by educated scholars
would be able to even attempt to
explain how they were related little-a-
lone, lead us to any treasure...
If it ever existed – which I doubt based
upon how badly this person
had managed his own or in the case of
this story, the nation's.
After the night prayers, Suttipong and
both agreed that this venture was lost
and we were, at this point, we were just

Thailand



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DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

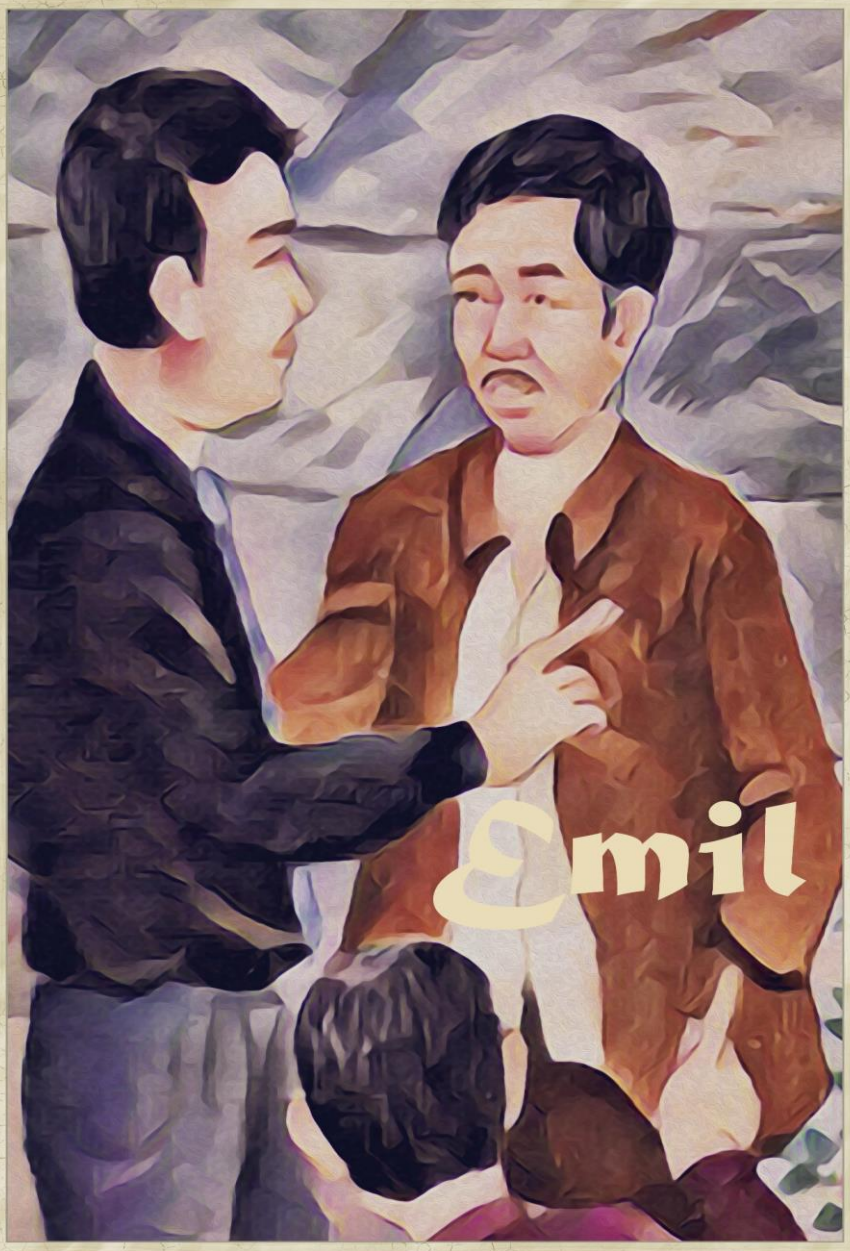
keeping this old monk company...

“Tomorrow we should end this?”

Yes!

We need to go home and beat Seine within an inch of his scamming life to playing such a joke on us!

Thailand



Thailand



Emil

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Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

Just as the monk abbot started his morning lecture of the ninth story and something about this guy now hooking up with the Queen of the Nagas... (actually, nothing much racy or the least bit lude here...just another story going nowhere)

He stopped in a sudden mid-sentence while taking a deep look into each of our eyes and bluntly asked us...

“Why did you come here?”

“What do you seek to find?”

“If you like the many before have come seeking knowledge of the treasure, let me put you at rest...there is no treasure...never was!”

What?

I am sorry but, what treasure?

Thailand



Thailand

DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

"You did not come and expected me to tell you where you might find this treasure, did you?"

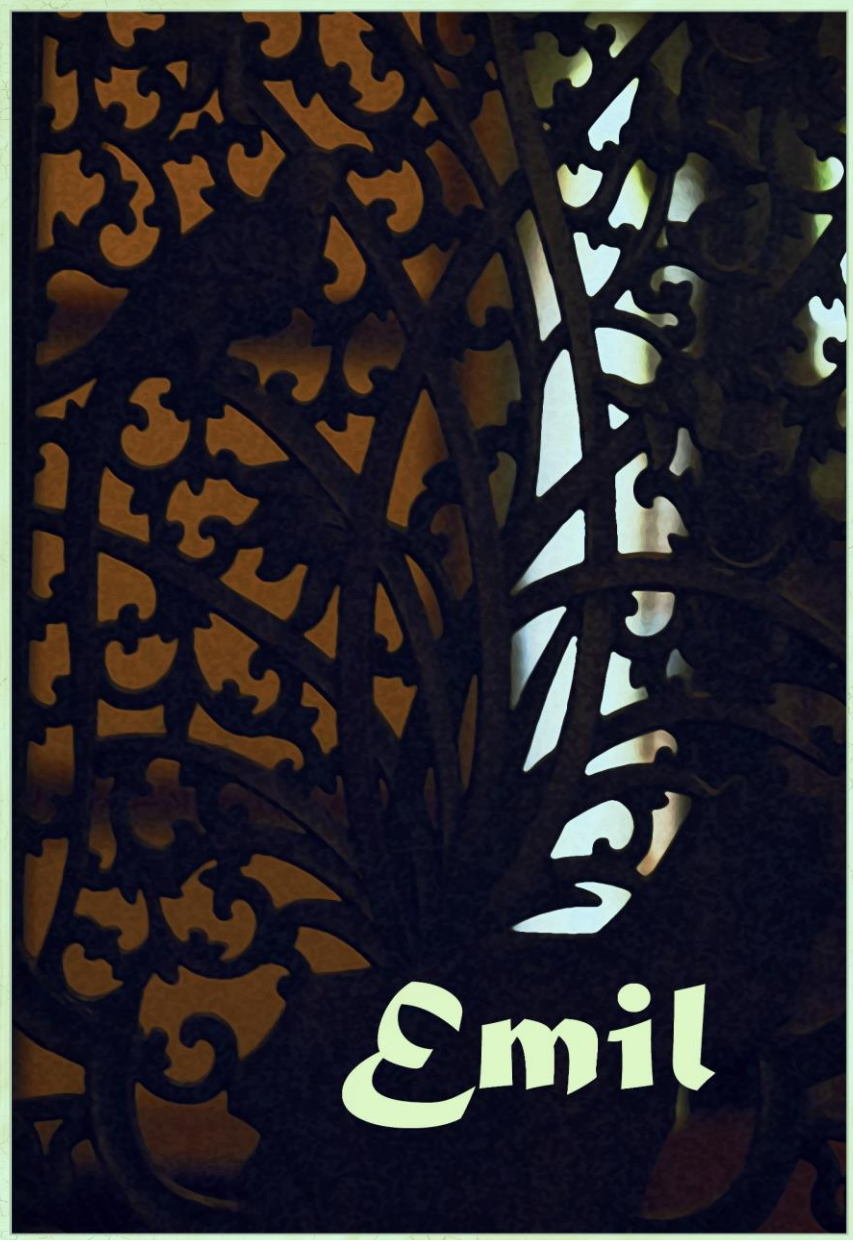
Wait, you said that there wasn't a treasure, so how could we expect you to tell us where it is?

"My son...this story is old, much older than your father's father...much further back to the Dreamtimes – when the gods lived here on earth with us...that, my son, that was the treasure if there was one."

I am sorry but, what are we talking about...what treasure?

"You my son are clever, more so than most that I have seen over the years and it is for this reason that I shall speak the truth to you..."

Thailand



Thailand

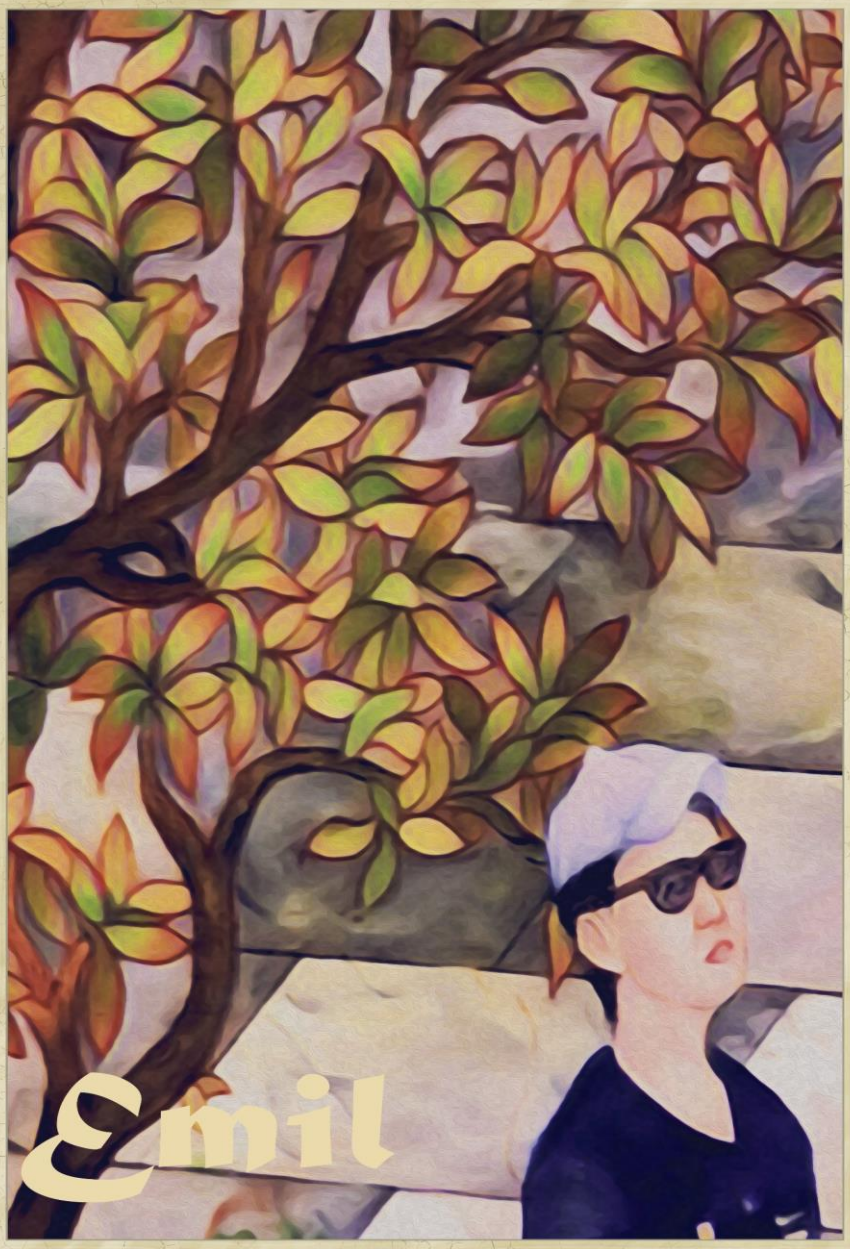
DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

I appreciate this but, this is not my
reason(s) for this journey...
I come seeking knowledge...
“Have you found any since you have
been here, my son?”
Much more than one would
have thought.
“So why do you now stay?
What do you still seek to learn?”
You keep talking about some treasure
and this has made me interested in
learning more about that now...

“OH! I see?”

“My son, the treasure was...
how to your say this in your language...
it was a fairy tale.
It was a fairy tale...do you mean a scam?
“

Thailand



Thailand

DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

It was a fairy tale...do you mean a scam?
"Yes, that was the word that
I was seeking."
"My ancestors once lived in a monastery in the great city and they played this game with travelers and rude visitors, they told of a vast treasure from the dreamtimes that was lost in the great northern forests...later, generations saw that these travelers were infected by greed and lust but, they had (what seemed to the simple monks) vast amount of money which they would pay for the details on how to find the treasure..."
They were the original con men?
"Not in the way you think, they did not do this for evil reasons or for personal

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

gains – as the monies raised were in the form of a donation to the temple... even the maps that my father and his brothers sold were not for their gain... all monies helped the poor people who lived near our temple. It allowed us to be generous but, not as the poor king that we studied the other day...right?"

Right...he was a special lot...

So, if I truly understand that the treasure was a great story from many years ago that the greedy and those with damaged souls so sought to be true?

"Yes, my son! Now go home and the moral you already know but, do travel safe and never believe a story that is too good...

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE

It is most likely, what did you call it? Yes, it is most likely but another treasure scam...”

We parted on good terms, packed and left on the afternoon boat back down the river and to where the trains now run...

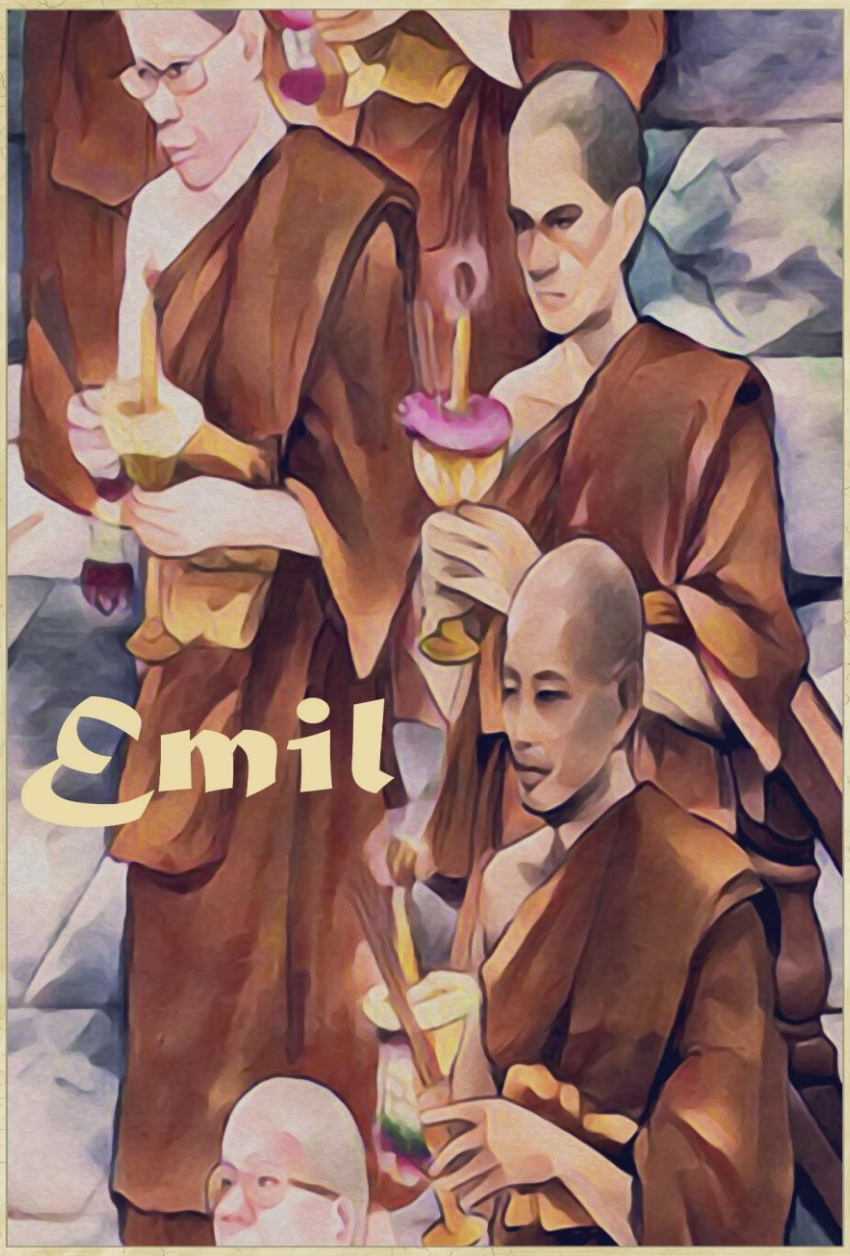
All the way back, it seemed that he knew us to be fellow scammers but, tried to teach me that their version was pure in action and our ventures were based upon the same greed and corruption of our customers...

How could he have known?

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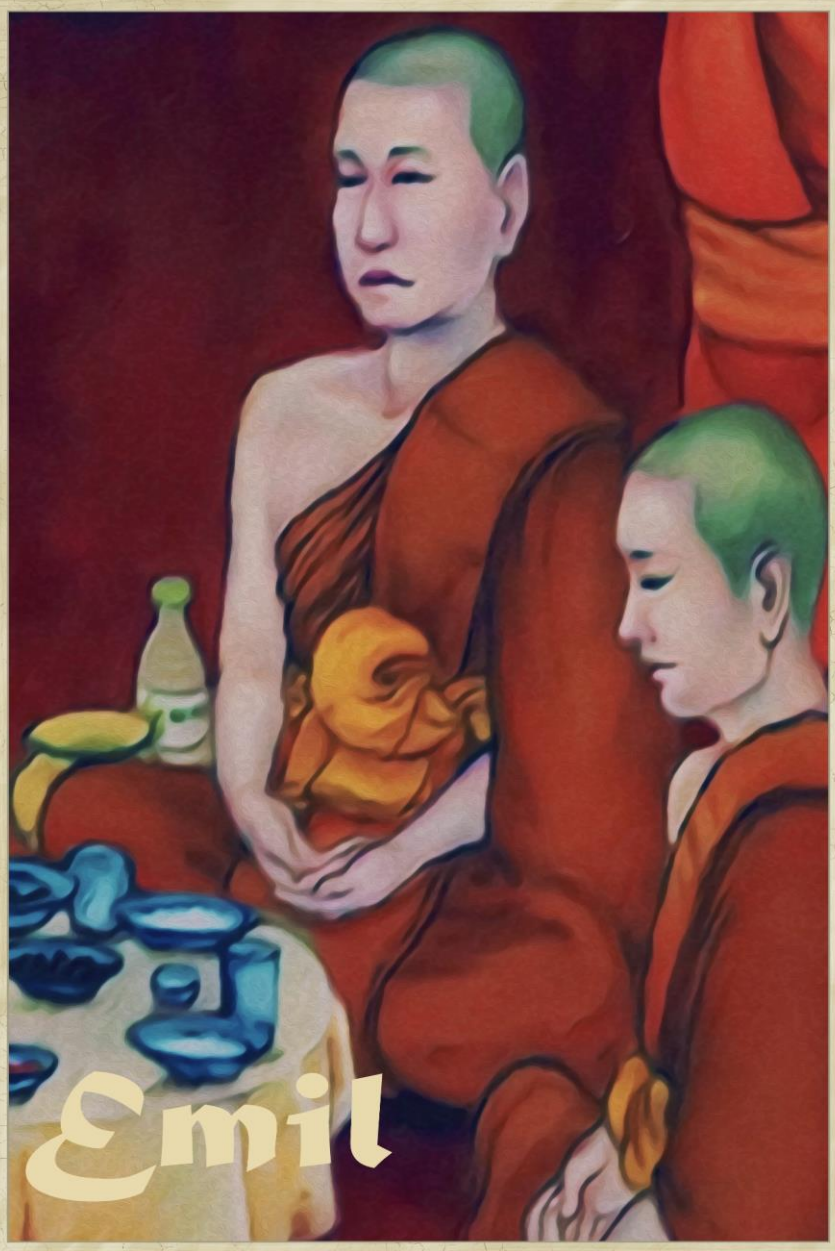
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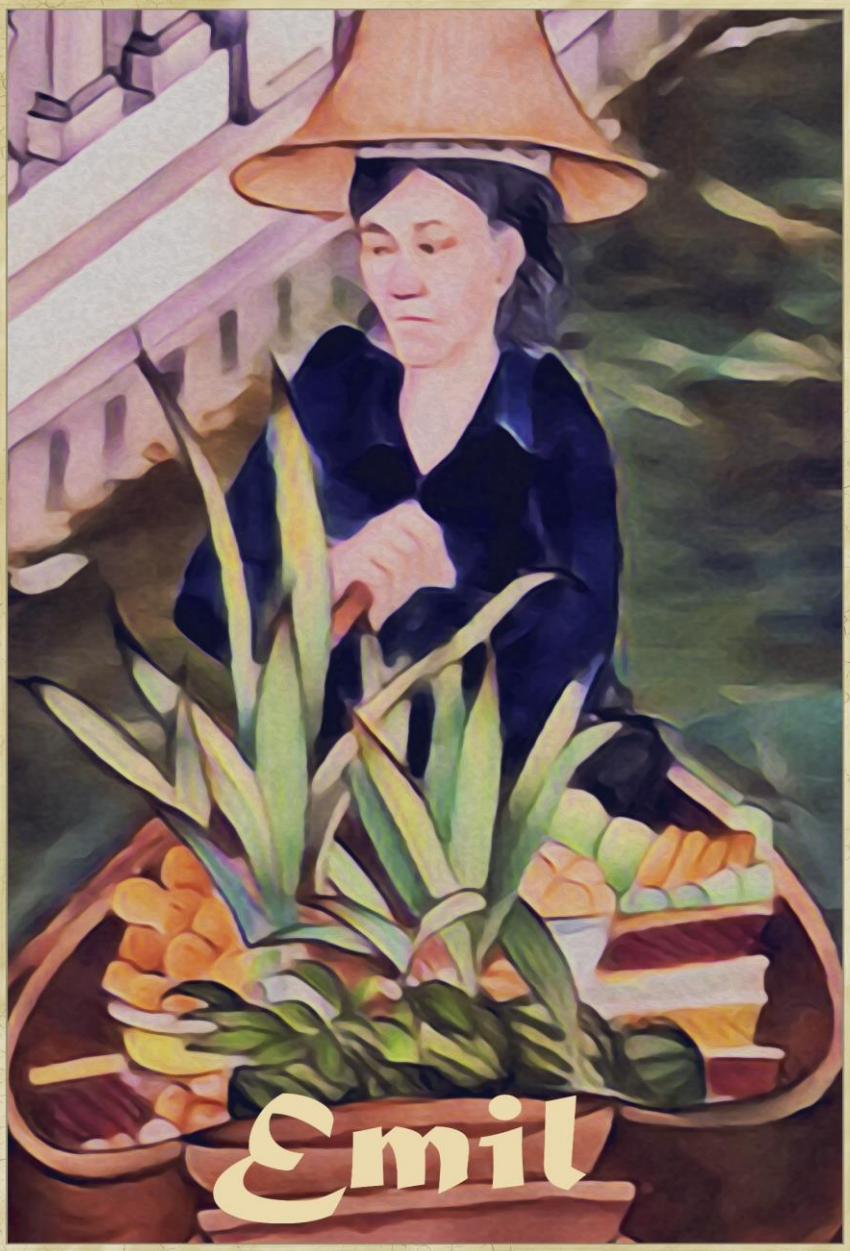


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“LINGERING AMONGST THE MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE…”

Recently, I stumbled upon the rational discovery that time has not been kind to me As I fell head first into the hockas-laced descend downwards through the bottomless spirals of the blindingly seductive rabbit hole of “what if” It was then that I cursed old lady luck and felt angry for the shitty hand that she had dealt me Lost in yet another evening highlighted by more than numerous glasses of Cuban Rum and firing up the last of the fine Cuban cigars that I smuggle across the border It was then that the guru’s words (originally lost on me) rushed into the wounded void and as I had once before experienced out on the open road to Damascus...

Thailand



Thailand

“LINGERING AMONGST THE MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE…”

As it was then, so as it is now, although they were wildly different venues but the shack cloth still fits as the truth that rains down on me not as expensive, scented ash but, rather it clumped down as dollar store purchased ashes, out of the wilderness of my empty soul, in a booming voice, reality spoke slowly and clearly

“That boat had a long time ago sailed”

…And I was handily reminded that I had freely cast up my lot to the alter upon which old lady luck ruled, begging her to erase the pain of that long remembered smile (Indeed) I had truly stranded my own self up here upon this far distant shore to live amongst the pages of La Confession de foi des Mennonites…

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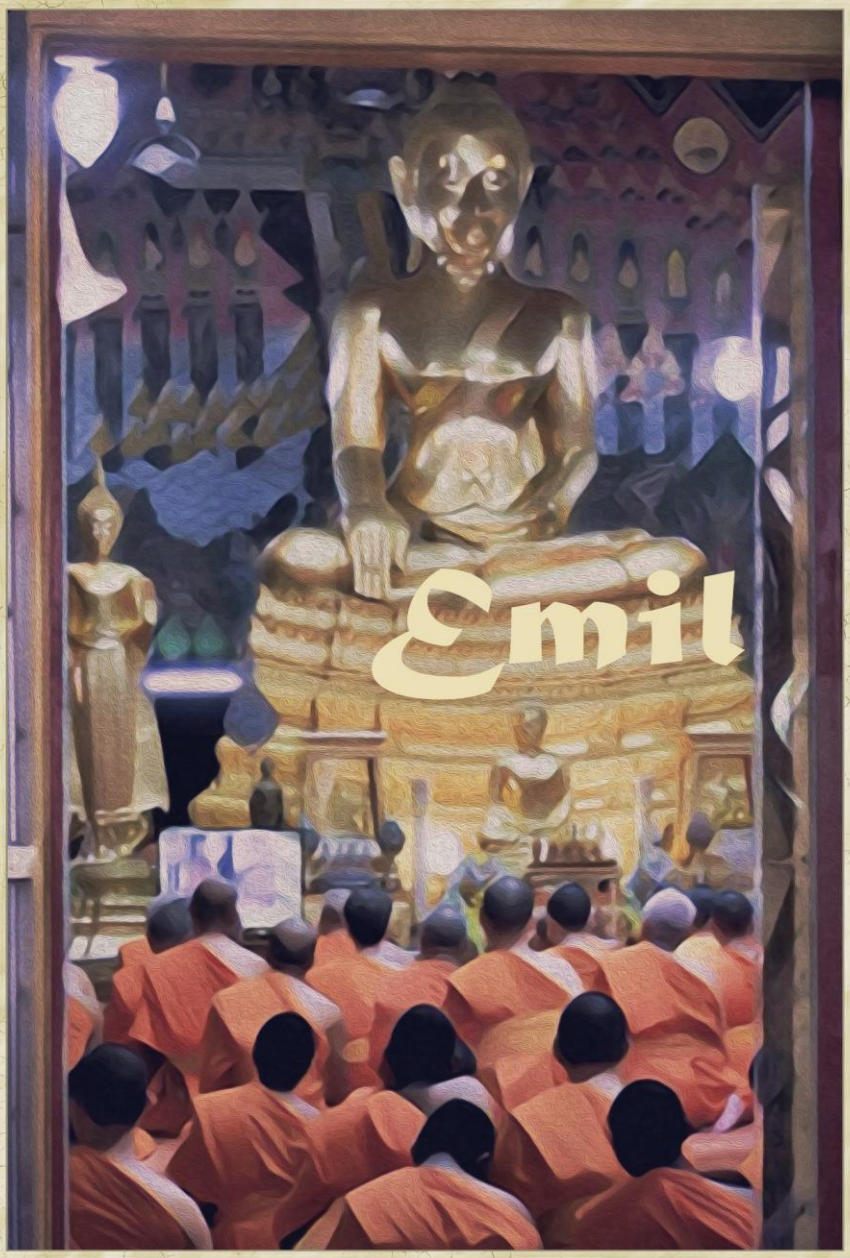
"LINGERING AMONGST THE MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE…"

Ego be dammed… along with my half-hearted effort to fraying attempts to regain a hold on my ragged reality of truth not tainted by that most potent opiate of "what if?" …

And all that is left, on this frost early dawn, is me, I am left alone as the crowd has long since thinned out and alone here I sit and pretend my pondering "what was I thinking?" "What have I done?"

The reality was nothing, I hadn't and didn't as that was the bag of the mantra of my being raised by the wolves of "been there…done that…" and sadly, regrettably, as with any other opiates, the power of "What if" fails me too and it waves me on as it swiftly faded into

Thailand



Thailand

“LINGERING AMONGST THE MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE…”

the light of the first rays of the upcoming day…and a distant bell rang calling me to yet another day of my ritual, zombie obedience to reality that has never been tainted by the opiates…

- Emil

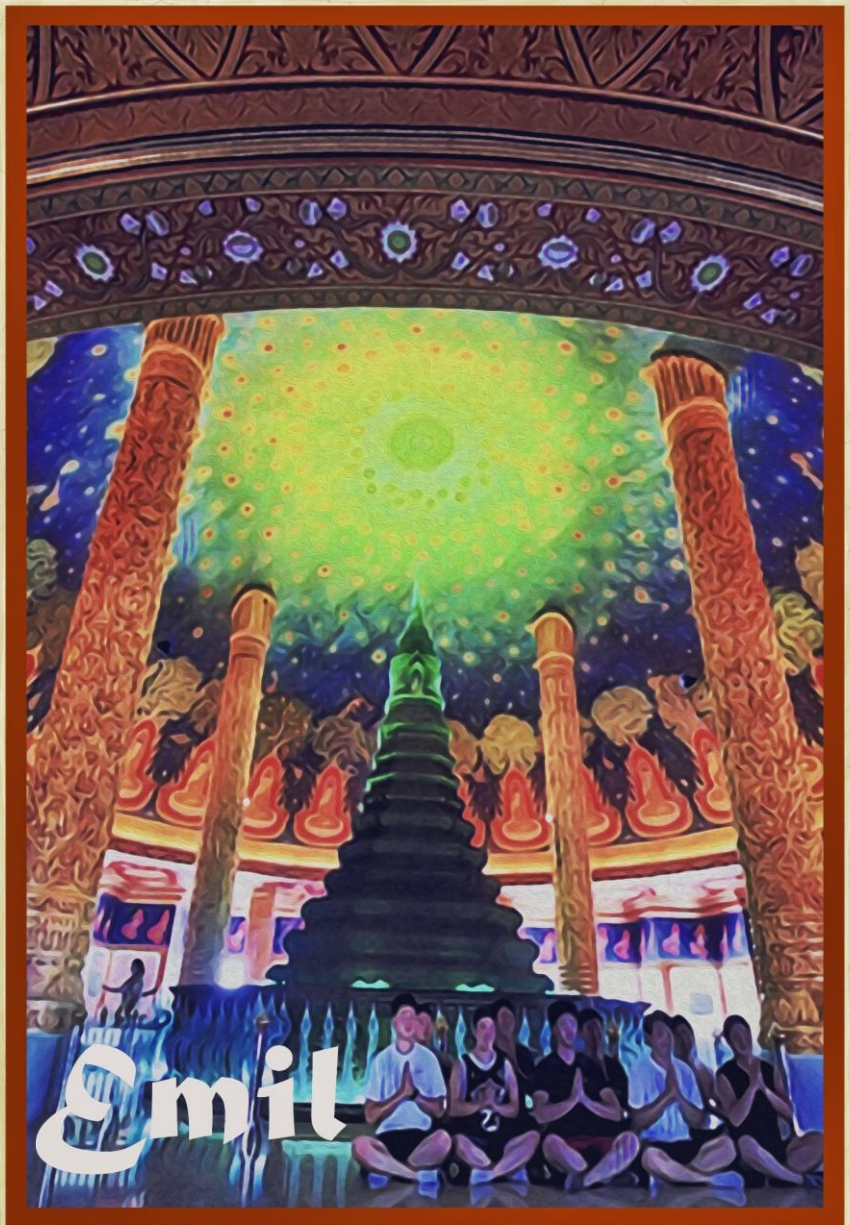
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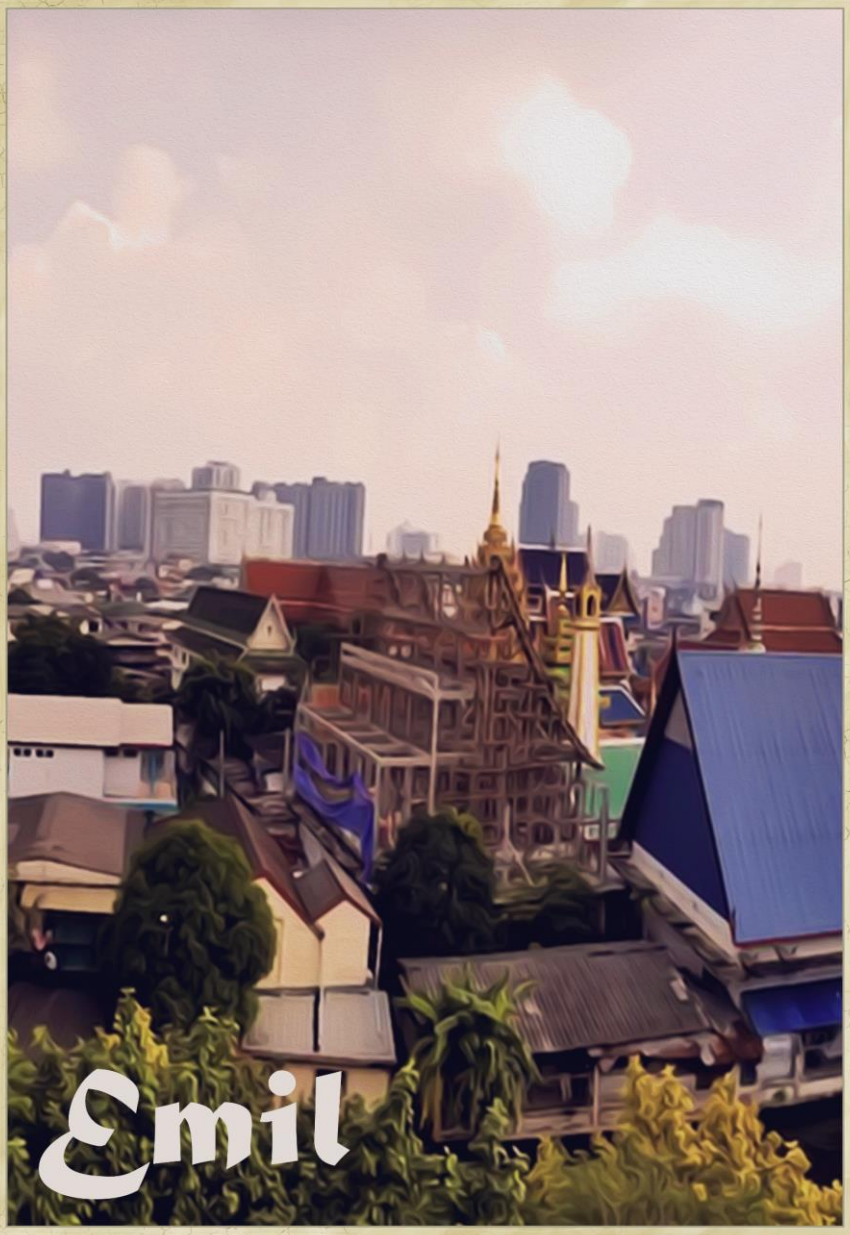


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"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

If I recall correctly, we were celebrating the year of the rooster and I found myself at an upcountry (ok…suburbs) temple dedicated to or had something to do with roosters…

Sorry!

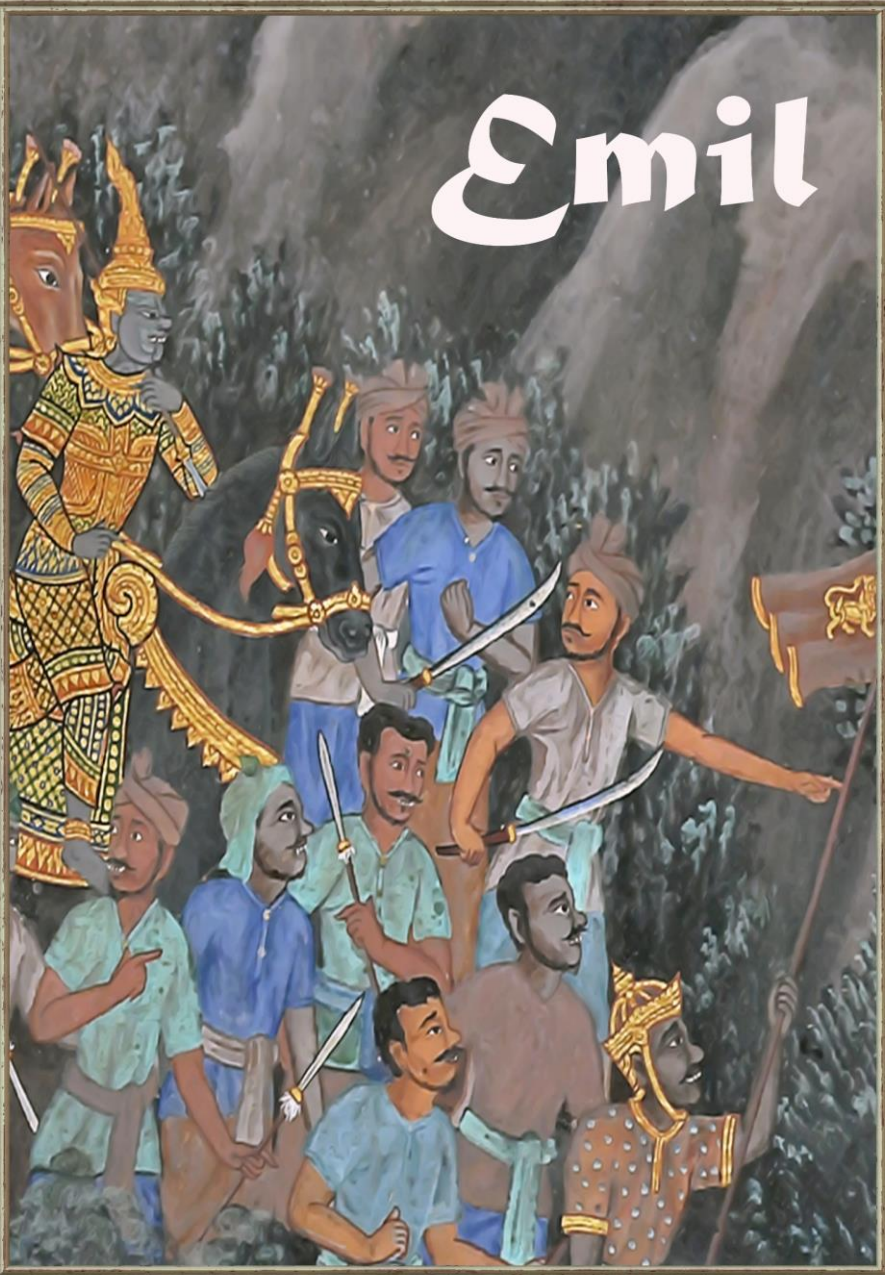
Our guide ditched us long before we could discover or even to think as to why there were (like a million) rooster statues and life size Kung Foo Warriors surrounding the main temples.

The above picture is from inside the temple that is built within a giant banyan tree and since there was a kid with an I-Pad filming…

I had no reserves about getting out the handy, fisheye lens to get this shot.

Just as I started taking picture, our tour guide was back and babbling something

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

about that tourist trap…
the Floating Market…
"We got to go!
No time to take pictures…"
He repeat a hundred times, hounding me, scolding remarks with a request to get back in the car and let's go to the Floating Market.
Sorry…
No disrespect to the merchants, touts nor to the awaiting sea of awaiting gigolos and their hawker cousins…
Hey…I truly understand that everyone needs to make a living…
I get it that there is a new, stupid and greedy tourist born every tour bus (who thinks that they did just bought a real relic from Angkor)…

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

Man…I get it! I would have rather spent the time marshaling the roosters to action and maybe they would fall upon all of those rude tourists that went out of their way to ruined my every shot…just like that little punk with the I-Pad… ruined every shot…he would be there…getting in every shot, him with that monster of an I-Pad…

The roosters conspired through him to ruin all of my fake vintage shots and force me over to the rooster-owned (I assume) gift shop…but, the joke was on them…it's called a close-up lens…

But, that was all done and I had time as we speeded over to the Floating Market and I festered, pouted and finally muse over the fact that I did get some good shots of that kid taking pictures with his

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

monster of an I-Pad…KID!
Get a real camera!
I have never been a fan of the Floating Market, too crowded with fat and drunk German Tourists getting ripped off by some lady-boy that they had been flirting with for the past twenty minutes. Actually…that was fun to watch…
The German was so smitten by the lady-boy and you could see from the manner of his aggressive, polka two-step (I have been told that it is a ritual German mating dance) as he hovered and circled in on the poor lady-boy and neither had the slightest clue as to how tragic of an ending was in store for them as the German waved yet another handful of American Express Traveler Checks in the air and then proceeded to

Thailand



Thailand

“ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…”

press in even closer. I decided to leave
before they reached the end
of their dance of “relic buying”
at the Floating Market.
It is hard to find a quit place in the
market and dangerous to retrace my
steps as each merchant remembers,
distinctly, all of my bad manners from
my original sweep forward and now that
I was winded, battered and panicked
into a full retreat much in the way the
Germans fled Stalingrad and the Ukraine
or Napoleon’s disastrous retreat
from Moscow.
To the Floating Market’s merchants and
vendors understood a simple truth that
the only thing worse than a rude tourist
was a poor tourist…
“No money? Time you go home!”

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

I heard that refrain more than once but,
I pushed on to a secret garden or
retrace my steps back to the stadium
sized parking lot…
By chance, out of being lost or
distraught by my routing and the fast
panic of my withdrew from the hum
of the Tourist Capitalism gone mad;
I crossed over a narrow and wobbly foot
bridge to the other side of the black
water channel without any thought to
where I was going or as to where it led.
Although, I had traveled only a few,
mere yards…if that…but, I had been
transported to a different universe,
a time so far removed and almost
ancient but, it was just the other
side of the channel.
I found myself over on the old side of

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

the market, the original Floating Market that had existed from center stage when the greedy, Bangkok carpetbaggers set up shop on the other side of the channel…the side closest to the road.

I was taken aback by the quiet, friendliness of this side of the market and how I could stand still and yet travel back fifty…

NO…

Maybe, a hundred years or a billion light years away from the drunken, dancing Germans and their lady-boys merchants.

I was invited to sit down and share a coke with several of the merchants.

We had an interesting conversation that I wished that I could have recorded about how they were like the small American town that was bypassed by

Thailand

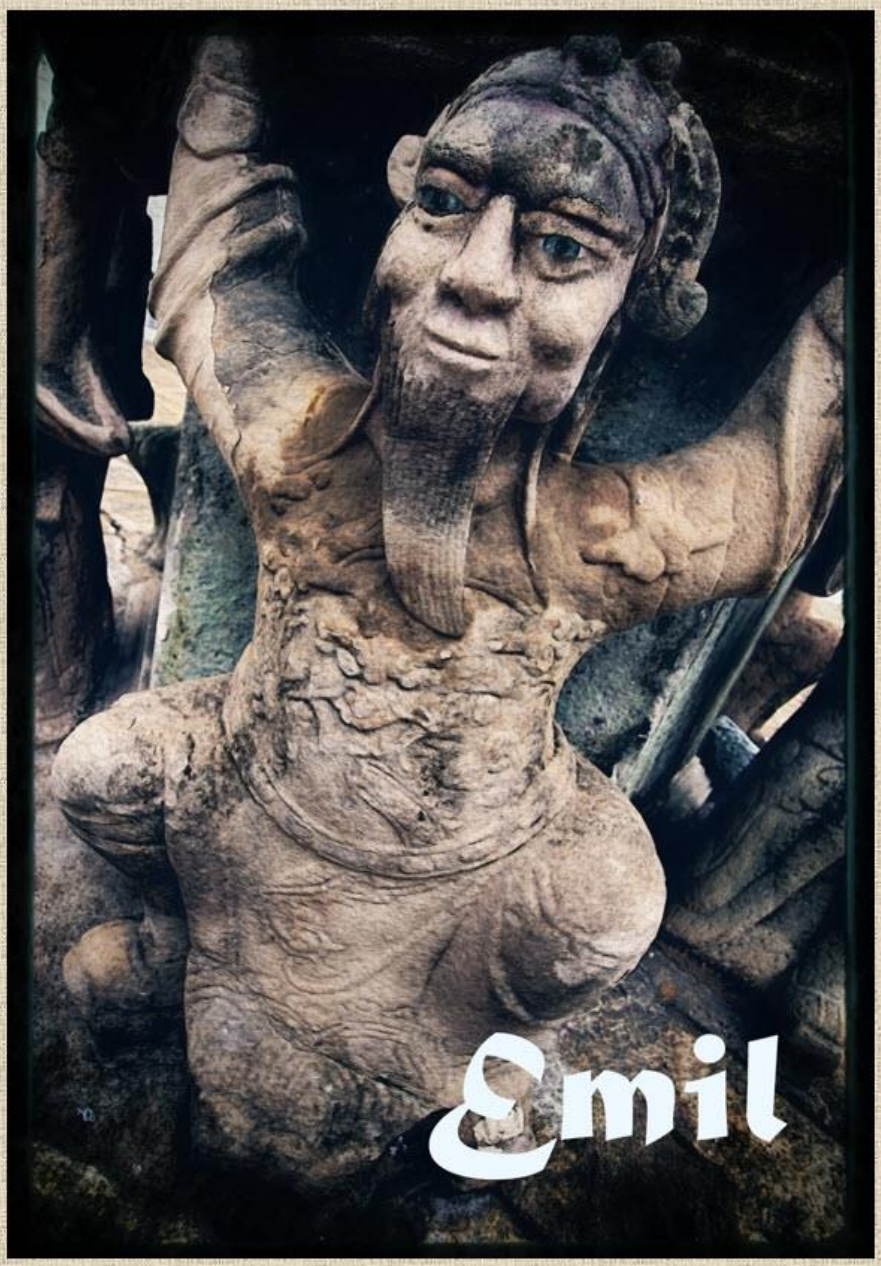


Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

the new interstate highway…
It was a sad tale, it was sometimes really funny (tragedy always becomes humorist with age and time) but always there was in a bitter side - a still raw nerve that had not faded and could still boil to the surface once you abandoned the middle path and let money sweep into the conversation.
One vendor gracelessly, invited me back to her shop not to buy her goods but, she wanted to show me pictures of the original market, back in its hay day.
You could see that the place hadn't changed, granted it was somewhat older, less up kept and a lot less crowded.
Seems that only one of a thousand of the tourists on the other bank would …)

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

ever find the foot bridge and even fewer would have the nerve to venture across it or would be turned back by their travel guide

(on the take…it true…

Hey…I get it…They need to earn a living and these tourist louts will be back in Frankfurt next week anyway…)

Back at the vendors shop, I almost forced her to sell me something because in my western mind sense of right and wrong; I had a missionary calling to assist and support the downtrodden and it seemed (at the moment) to be the proper…

NO…!

The just think to do.

Later, I realized, yet again…

What was I thinking?

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

How many times must I be schooled in the truth of the fact that you can't use your own culture's values to live out in or with the rest of the world?

I was sad because I felt that I had betrayed this kind vendor's courtesy and had so cheapened it by bringing money and business into an invitation made out of friendship and kindness.

See without thinking or reasoned thought, how quickly good turns into crude and everything that meant as good goes sideway and so quickly spirals out of control…much as I assume that the drunken German will discover upon his return to Frankfurt.

Across the channel from the other bank, I see people pointing and waving me to get my backside across the foot bridge

Thailand



Thailand

"ON THE ROAD AT THE ROOSTER TEMPLE…"

and back to the car…
No time to take picture…
No time!
"We must be going!"
I would like to go back and walk the wood decked sidewalks, stroll up along the channel or to sit and share an ice cream or a cold drink with my friends from the side of the market bypassed (thank GOD!) by the Interstate Freeway…
Only, here can you see what Thailand was once and to the simpler truths abandoned in order, in the rush to become like us.
This is a must stop for me now days…

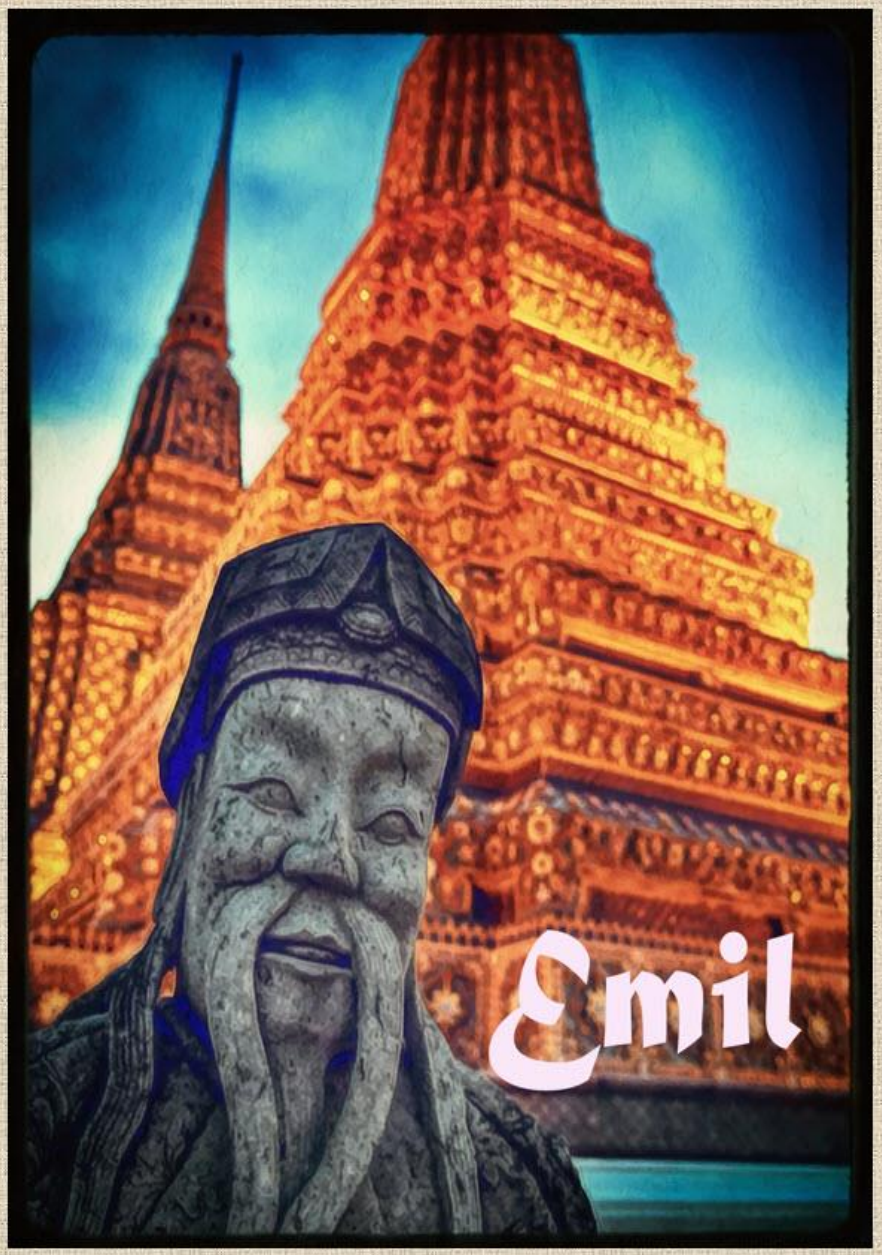
Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

Recently, I had a free afternoon and an extra 500 Baht, I was in the neighborhood and the Grand Palace was again open to the public, so I put my money down, rented a pair of long pants from a nearby vendor (as the Palace has a very strict dress code and seems that cargo shorts and Nikes were a no no) and started to wonder about the giant campus of the palace grounds.

In the past, I could always count on a nice, peaceful visit.

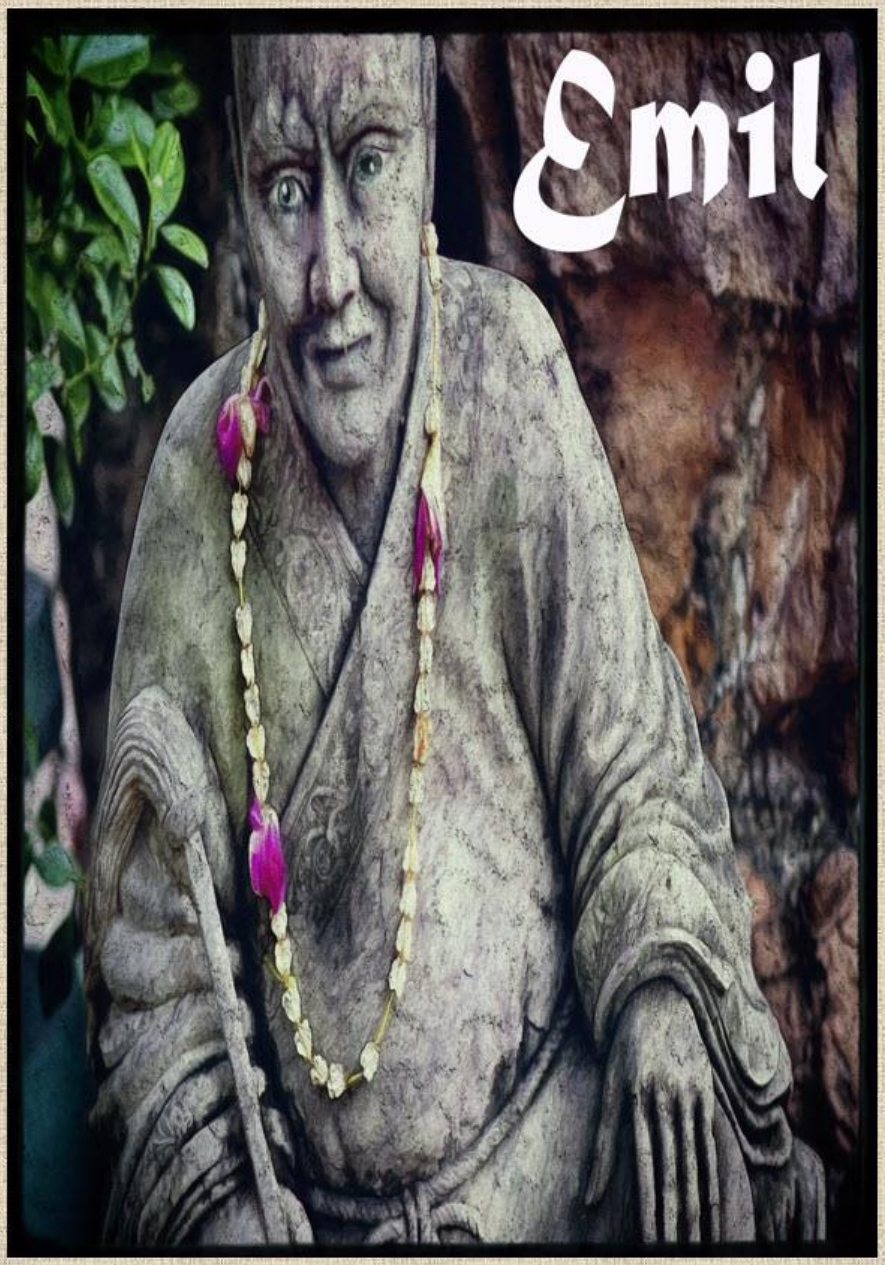
Even back in the day, there were large crowds but, there was a sense of calm and I also could sit down.

What had changed?

The change was not so much the number(s) of people as there have always been large crowds.

These new crowds were different, they

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

were noisier, ruder and they no longer saw this as a place of worship but, as a tourist trap much like a low rent Disneyland.

There must have been 10,000 Chinese tour groups, many of them what they call "Zero Baht" tours which means that means that the tour operators are Chinese, they only hire Chinese agents and only visit Chinese owned businesses and food cafes, all of which give the proper kickbacks to the tour operators.

The process is self contained with no money going to help the local economy and which is why these "Zero Baht" tours are so hated by the locals.

Share the wealth does not apply here and it has left many local, tourist related merchants on the razor's edge of having to close up shop and start collecting

Thailand



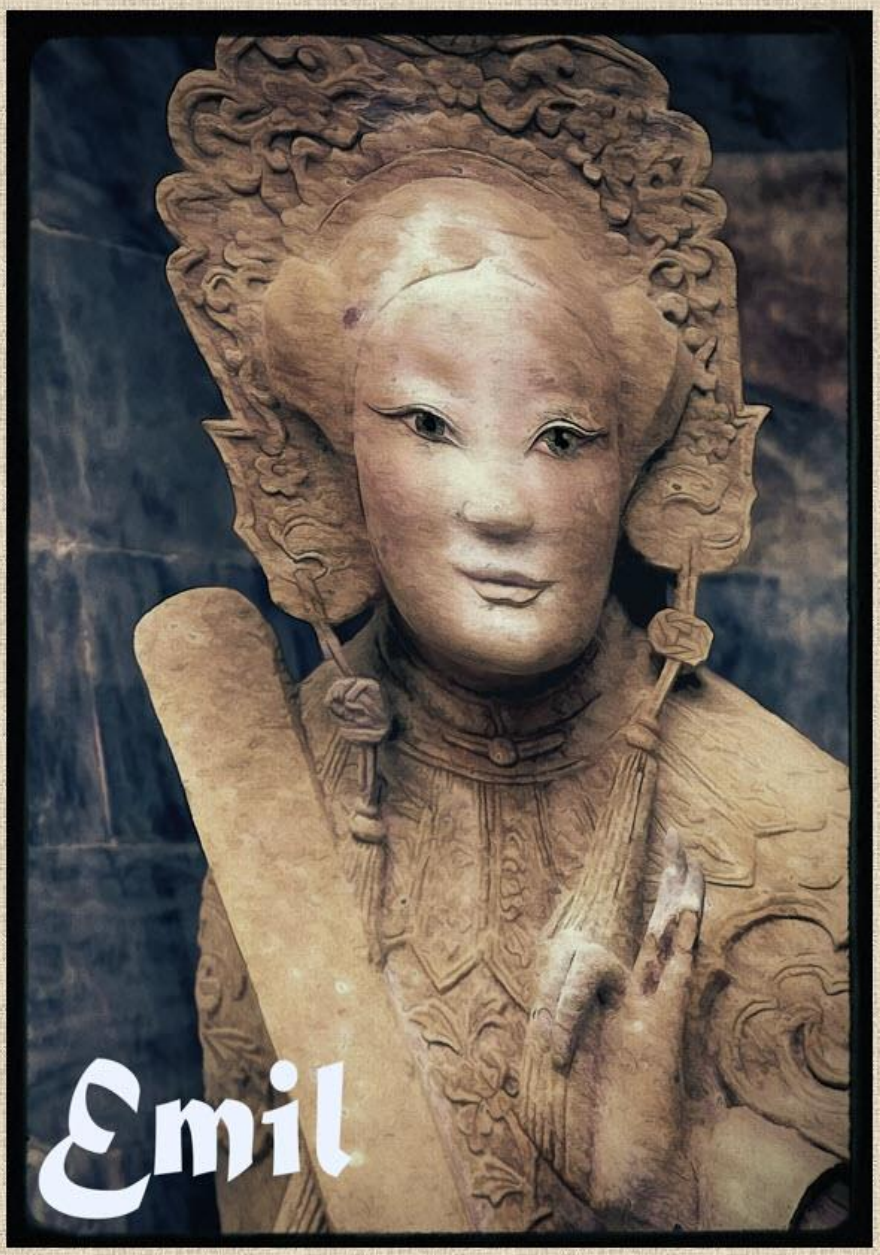
Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

plastic bottles at the train station.
Everywhere, there was yet another Chinese tour group trying to outdo the next in rude comments, in seeing who could shout the loudest...causing just as much disruptions as they could....
You could see, they were really trying their collective best!
There were several Chinese ladies that I saw washing their feet with the temple's supplied drinking water and several more doing the same in one of the fountains.
OK! Campers! I hear you!
How did I know that they were really Chinese?
Am I just being a racist, an Anti Chinese Lobbyist with the intent of bad mouthing the future leaders of the world?

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

I know they were Chinese as when I asked them to be respectful as this was a place of worship, they told me to piss off because they are Chinese and that they were free to do anything.

"OK!"

Not being the type of person to go softly off into the night, I went to find one of the many security guards that patrol the area to complain as to this rude behavior.

I complained in Thai, pointed out the offences and the security guard smiled but at the same time, he shock his head that there was nothing he could do...

"They are Chinese...they are off limits, Friend"

"Whatz???"

He explained in hushed tones that the Chinese represent big donations to all

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

the temples and it was basically, they were told to stand down, walk away if the offenders were with a Chinese Tour Group.

"If you got a stinky backpacker or a loud mouth Russian, I would be on them in a heartbeat...and I would be praised by my commander for executing my duty properly..."

The media strives on stoking the flames amongst the common folks and never day goes by where there is not yet another example of Chinese Tourists running amok, peeing on temple walls, destroying bathrooms and it was at one point so bad, the temples in Chaing Rai (the very north of Thailand in what was once the Golden Triangle) had for a time banned Chinese Tour Groups and only after

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

much politics, did they agree to build separate bathroom facilities for the Chinese at places like the White Temple in Chaing Rai.

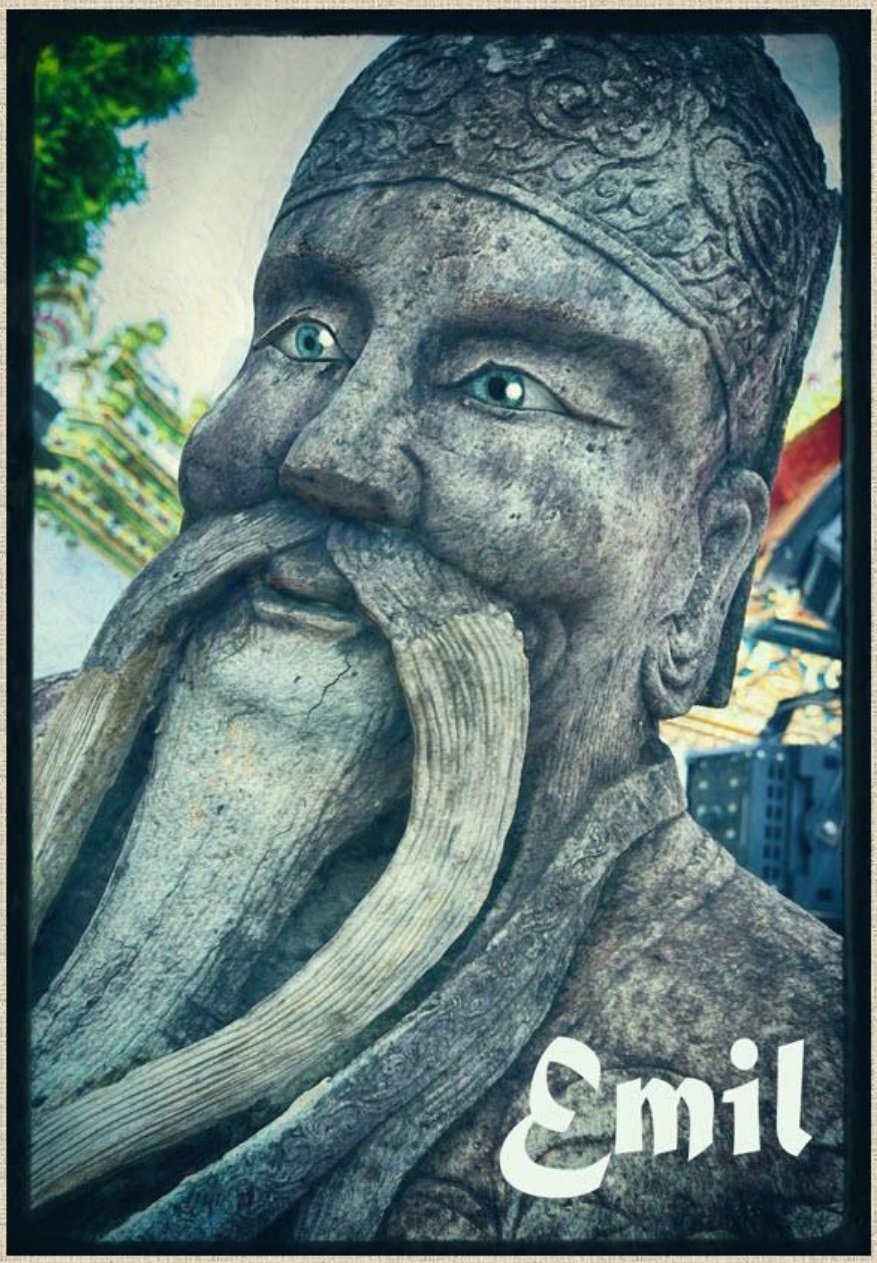
Sorry to get off on the tandem but, everywhere I go (here in Asia...Central Asia and even now, Africa) there are Chinese everywhere and their behavior is the same.

The same attitude that they are Chinese and the rest of us have better know our place or else...economics and money (investment seed money) rules and by the sure volume of Chinese money floating around, here in the second and third world...

Maybe we should?

The world use to make fun of the Ugly American Tourist (I might have been

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

one) but, I think in the not so distant future, the locals will look back fondly on America and truly miss us...but, by then, it will be far to late and the Chinese will completely own the world...

To add insult to the blame Campers, it will be on us all.

There will be plenty of blame to spread around between us and the locals and when we wake up to that day, to the day that the Chinese called in all of the trillions of dollars in loans after the locals can no longer make those outrageous balloon repayments.

See the Chinese have been extremely smart, they have combined the Japanese vision of a Commonwealth of Asia with the most draconian measures of English

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

Mercantilism to produce a brilliant business plan to world conquest and domination.

Where the Japanese tried to impose it at the sharp point of a samurai sword, massive armies and global war that lead to their stunning defeat in 1945, the Chinese who had for several hundred years been trained, tutored and inspired by how the English gained their empire through economic means set forth on world conquest with bankers, lawyers and limited holding corporations not to mention, locals

who are willing to do anything, sell out their nation(s) all for a tiny piece of the action, a slice of that Chinese Gold and the Chinese learned from American Industry the real importance of greasing that political wheel, so they look to

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

these transactions as a mere, a minor business cost...which they commonly joke off as mere chump change.

See, all this goodwill, trillion to invest is not FREE Money, they are simple high interest loans which most of these counties fail to see or properly overlook because they are too conditioned in getting these loans from America, Russia or the European Community's generosity and willingness to forgive and write off the debt.

The Chinese don't and wont, as the banker wave with their bales of money is followed at a later date by the lawyer wave that litigates as the loans fall past due or worse a country, community, a village defaults on the loan.

It is then, that they educate the local community to the fact that it was a loan

Thailand



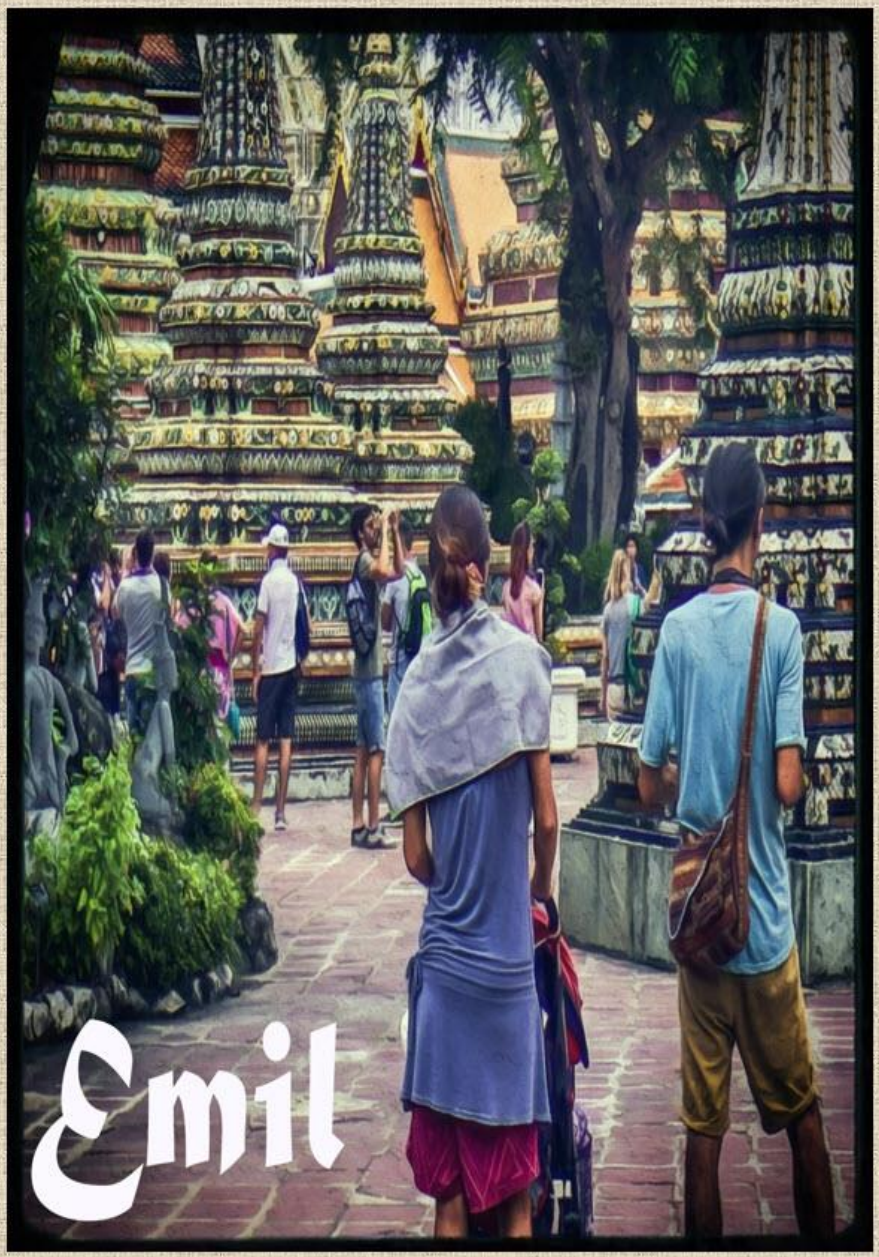
Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

and if they had read the fine print in all those contract, the loanee (the Chinese) has the right to foreclose and take direct ownership of the port facility, the railroad or the water treatment plants...no one escapes, no one gets free ride and in the end, the Chinese own your transportation system, your natural resources, more or less, anything of value all without a single soldier, a single bomber or without much protest or revolutionary disruptions.

The end result will be that Japanese vision of the Asian World with the Chinese at the head instead of the Japanese, they will own must major assists that allow them untethered access to raw materials with total control of the transportation systems to bring the raw materials over the Belt

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

road to the factories in China, who will then manufacture all the products to sell back to all the Commonwealth... Quite brilliant!

But, then this is how England, a little island off the coast of giant Europe with few resources came to dominate the world in the 19th and part of the 20th Centuries.

It is basically an updated version of the same play book that was taught in Hong Kong Business Schools for hundreds of years and you can sense that they have learned quit well and that we need to get on board now or to perish economically in this Brave New Age of the Chinese Century.

To insure that the Commonwealth supplies the needed raw materials to the Motherland and that they, in turn,

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

are forced to buy only from China in much the same way that the English Mercantile System worked is now being done so quietly, stealthy of one industry, one country at a time.

As the English destroyed the local industrial base in each colony in order to insure that the locals had no option(s) but to by from them, they will go into a country, target an industry and destroy the local manufacturers by massively flooding the market with quality products at a price far below the manufacturing cost(s) of the local industry to make little-a-lone to what the local owners can afford to price their own products without massive losses.

(Walmart does this like the CCP).

In a short period of time, the local

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

manufactures are toast, closed or bought out by Chinese companies for mere pennies on the dollar...
In Thailand this happened to the garment and fabric industries, once striving and flourishing in a global business and now, there virtual no clothes manufactured in Thailand, the once famous fabric manufacturing industry is all but gone, it no longer exists as it is much cheaper to buy Chinese Fabrics...where once, textiles were a major export for Thailand; today, you only find fabric catalogs and fabric importers from China.
What little of these industries that are left, if you care to look (most people don't), you will find that 90% of what is left is run by Chinese Shell Companies if not, just openly owned by them.

Thailand



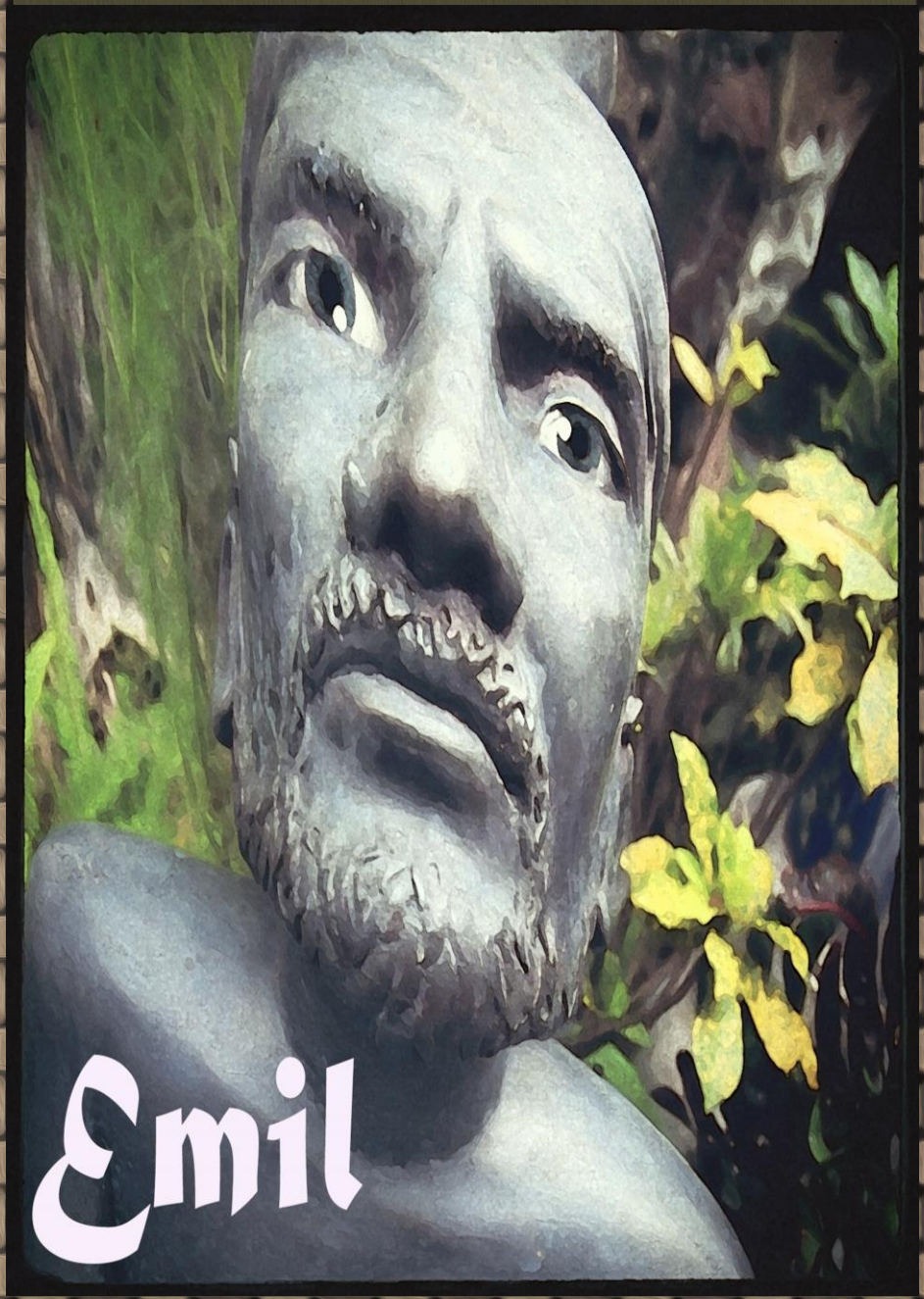
Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

Welcome Campers to the dawn of the Chinese Century...get on board now!
Don't wait too long or you will be cast upon the dustbin of History.
So Sorry!
Where were we?
Before , I so rudely shanghaied and forcible landsturm the conversation, trusting down my mighty wooden soapbox and launched a brilliant leuchtkugel of an open diatribe about Chinese plan for World Homogeneity without even a thought as to whether you had an interest or not?
Maybe, I thought that it needed to be framed and noted so that
ten years from now, you will say...
"Damn that Emil called it again!"
The world as we had grown up with and have in some form or

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

another, at least partially succeeded,
that we had so thrown ourselves into,
adjusted to, that we had spent all of our
spare time trying to better assimilate in
to this brave age, a world as we properly
knew it is about to disappear.
Look how much things have changed
just in your lifetime.
Change is ever increasing thrown upon
us, everything is rushed, and is pushing
us forever forward, away from our
cherished and fondly recalled norms
and how the main events of our current
age all seem merely staged to carry us
to next news cycle.
Back in the 1970's, I had a "Futurist"
a great thinker and seer of the future,
well noted and tenured professor,
I asked him about the future and as to
what course of action would give me

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

my best advantage in the future.
He waxed on about water (I know)
which made no sense to me...
"Bottled Water ?"
Who in their right mind would get
anyone to invest in a plan to
bottle water and then, sell it?
He went on further to say that the wars
in the 21st Century would be fought
over water, access to water...
"No doubt to bottle it..."
Even then, I was well known for my lack
of proper manners and
my name was often mentioned in a
string of observed patterns of my social
norms like "smart ass"
And most often, "jack ass!"
I will stop there as the other terms,
many of them are not at all
suitable for mixed company.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

"No! Access to water and as to
the coming worldwide shortage of
affordable, drinkable water..."
He asked me about the West Bank
(Palestine) as we had just
recently returned with many heralding
tales of rude, scary Palestinian Taxi
Drivers, and he wondered what
I thought was the root core of the
conflict between the Israelis and the
Palestinians...
"It is an ancient conflict, religion and
ethnic differences" I smartly answered
and he sadly shook his head ...
Pulling out a geology map of the West
Bank and he started
marking the Israeli Settlements and
then, he went back and
placed a cross to all of the main water,
well heads in the region.

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

"Do you see anything odd?"
I studied the map and after a few moments, I saw what he was trying to teach me.
Everywhere there was a well head there was a settlement or there was one being planned.
Thus, showing very clearly that the Israelis had gained access to all the water rights and this left the local, Palestinian farmers at the mercy of the kindness of the Israeli settlers.
"Future wars will be fought over access to drinkable water..."
I look back and say...
"Damn, he called that one!"
The bottle water industry is a trillion dollar industry controlled by a small group of secretive, corporate triads that are literally, as we speak,

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

they are draining the world's remaining aquifers and then, forcing people throughout the fourth/third world to buy their stolen water back from these greedy triads or perish from thirst...

"Damn he called this one!"

The most important thing I took away from his lecture was an added tidbit and most directly related to my initial question... He merely said,

"Start learning Chinese!"

He did go on to explain that one out of every three people living in the world (then) were Chinese or of Chinese Ancestry.

The business possibilities of the newly opening Chinese Market and the mere thought of being able to acquire one billion new customers was beyond any

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

of the numerous thoughts of morals or political considerations of what one would need to do in order to gain this market access...

"How many bottles of Coco Cola do you need to sell to become so super rich and then, you can openly and jokingly refer to Robin Leach's "Life styles of the Rich and Famous" profilees as mere chump change, slumers?"

"Damn, he called this one too!"

He was amused that Americans feared China so much in those early days as he explained that we had no need to be concerned about those old guard around Mao.

He said that they were too old, tired and had grown accustom to living in their Peking (now called Beijing) Mansions, being driven about in

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

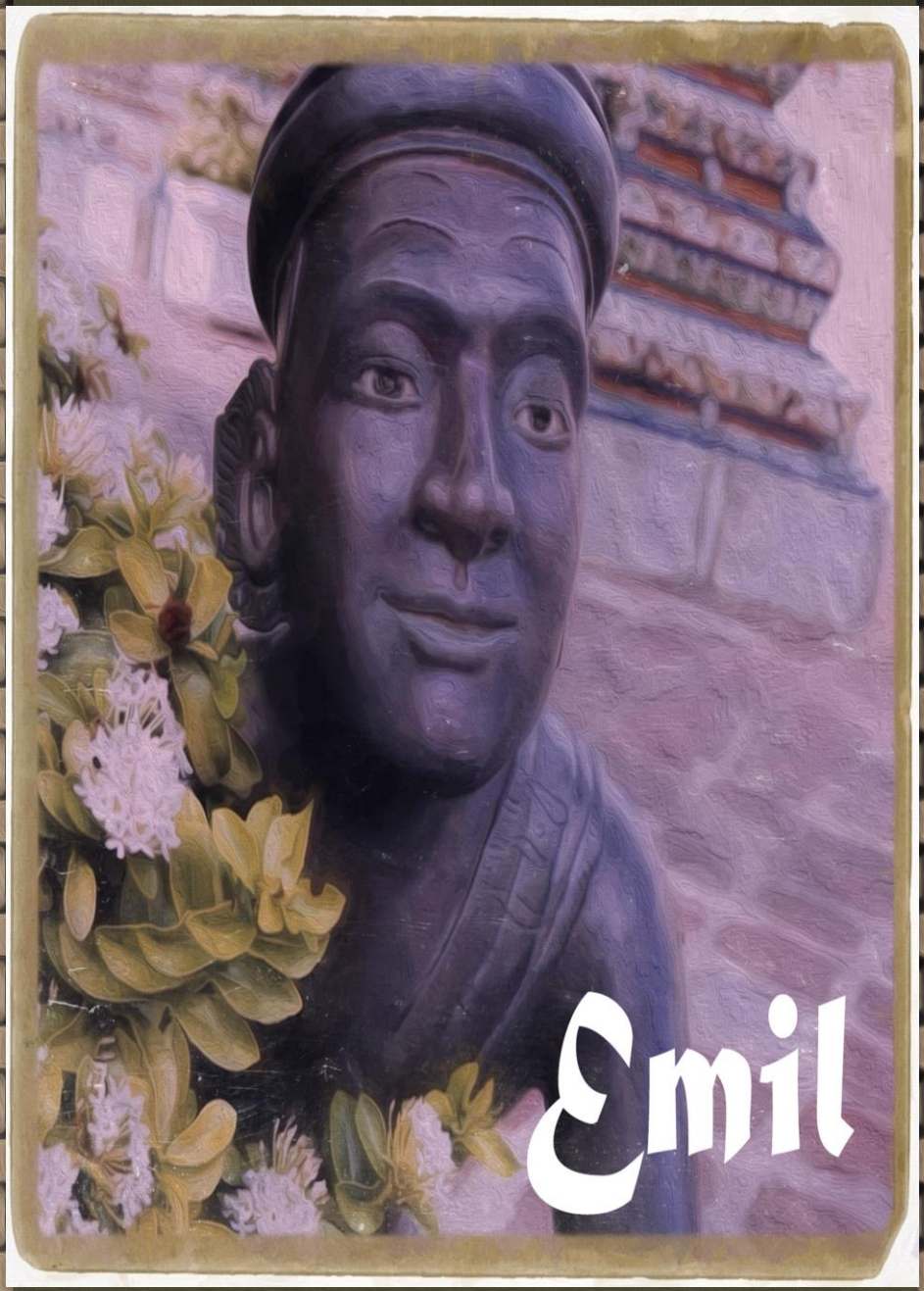
"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

their Mercedes Limousines...they liked the good life...they weren't the threat. Even then, they speculated about the return of Hong Kong to China in 1999 and what that would mean.

"The real threat is after 1999 and the multi generations of Hong Kong Chinese flooding to a backwards China with their solid education in the finer points of the ruthlessness of the English Mercantilism and within mere years, they will run the whole of China and it is this new Hong Kong Business Cadre that We truly need to fear!"

He went on for a great deal of time explaining that this new generation will not be happy living off the carcass of Imperial China but, are hungry, greedy but, very talented and trained in the finer means of world dominance

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

through the exercise of economy
instead of massive armies.
He assured us that they would
transform China to be once again,
a Great World Power and that if we
wanted to be successful in the
21st Century...
"You damn sure need to be learning
Chinese now...as it is a very hard
language..."
"Damn...I think he has called yet
another one!"
In retrospect, I wish I had taken more
notes... This wasn't the purpose of this
month's edition but, I felt a need
to sound the fire bell as I am confronted
by the professor's prophecies coming
true, right before my eyes and I can now
see that he was correct about the
passing of the torch of world

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

power westwards.
He had called that to as in the 20th century we saw the center of world power transfer from the old world (England, France, and Germany) to America...
In my lifetime, I have stood witness to the transfer of the center of power, culture and money from the 19th Century's World Economic Capital of London to the burrows of New York.
In my later years, I saw how the financial and economics move on to Tokyo in the 1980's (fuel by Chinese Gold and ultra stupid real estate prices in downtown Tokyo) and you now see it beginning to settle in to its new home in the Shanghai Exchange as China out produces America,

Thailand



Thailand

"MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT..."

consumes more oil and
has more cars plus they are sitting on
mountains of money (much of which,
use to belong to us).
The main purpose, my main commission
was to tell you about a strange,
prehistoric tale that I stumbled across
while at the Grand Palace, here in the
lovely city of Bangkok or so, that was
what Seine thought that he
was buying...
This tale was one that I had not heard
before but, after going back and
studying the numerous wall murals...
"Damn, that Chinese Tour Guide
(the one I had overheard) was right!"
He told to his extended group of walking
gaggle of routees about this mystical
hero "The White Monkey" who was
some kind of really kick ass, super hero

Thailand

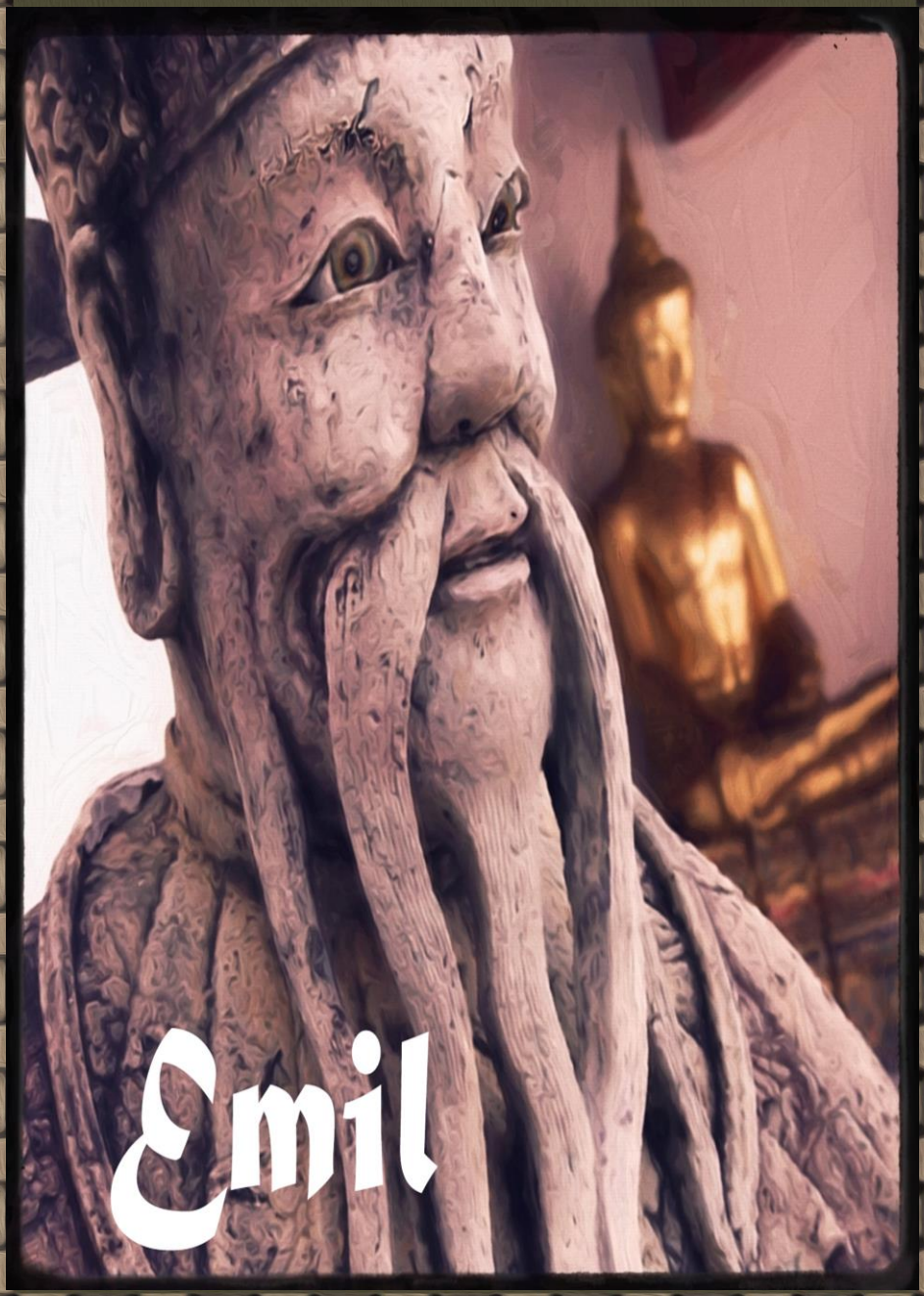


Thailand

“MY SUNDAY AT THE WAT...”

long before Stan lee came along. Seems that he was this unsung hero of what turns out to be a verbal, first hand recalling of a terrible inter galactic war fought with advanced technologies right out of any episode of the History Channel’s “Ancient Aliens” which seemed to be and was at least, partial fought here on Earth and recorded in the collective memories of the earth’s primitive people.

Thailand



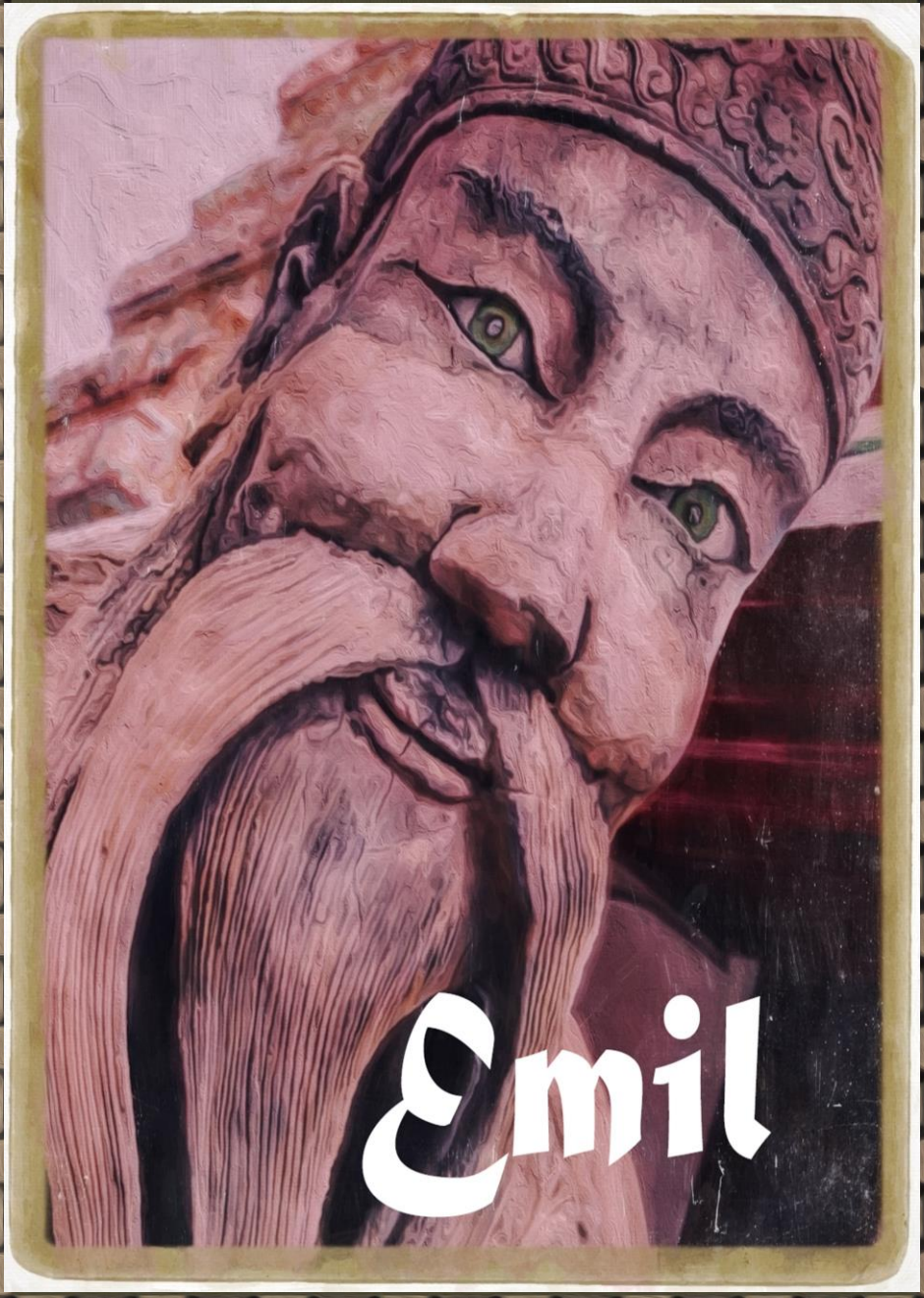
Emil

Thailand

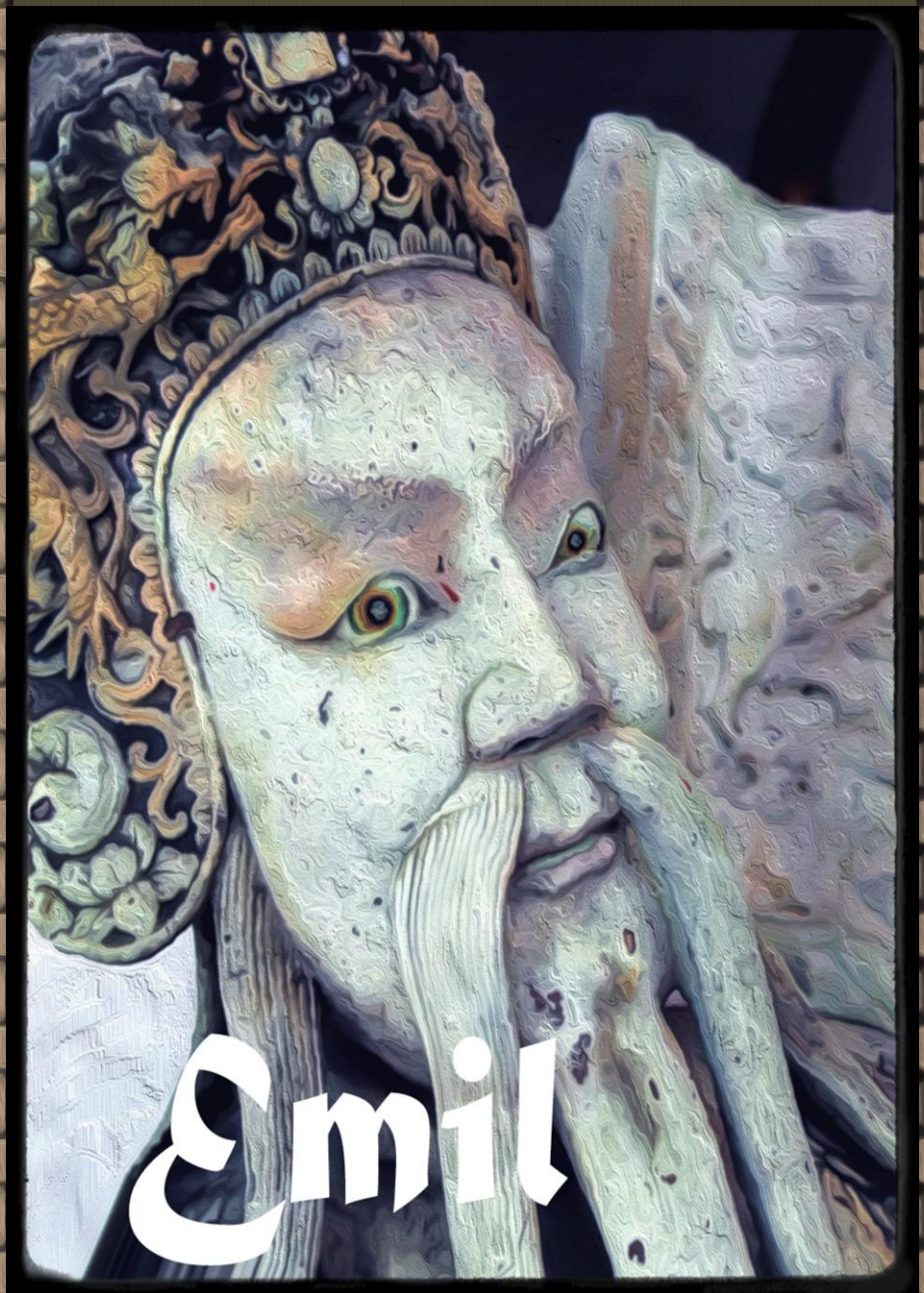


Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

“FINAL STRETCH HOMEWARD”

Emil is at Bangkok International Airport, Suvarnabhumi, Thailand.

9 December at 02:06 · Bangkok ·

Final stretch homeward, flight to Singapore in a little while...
Camped out by the ticket counter...
Nothing much to do but, to just sit and wait...
Easily hacked my way thru the 45 minute restrictions here @ de airport with WIFI to keep me occupied thru the night...
Food court in the basement is an economic place to eat although, it is mostly used by airport staff- but the presence of money over comes any protests especially at 2 AM...
So, I am good to go...
Open seats are a premium as seating in the International Section are sparse. ..

Thailand



Thailand

“FINAL STRETCH HOMEWARD”

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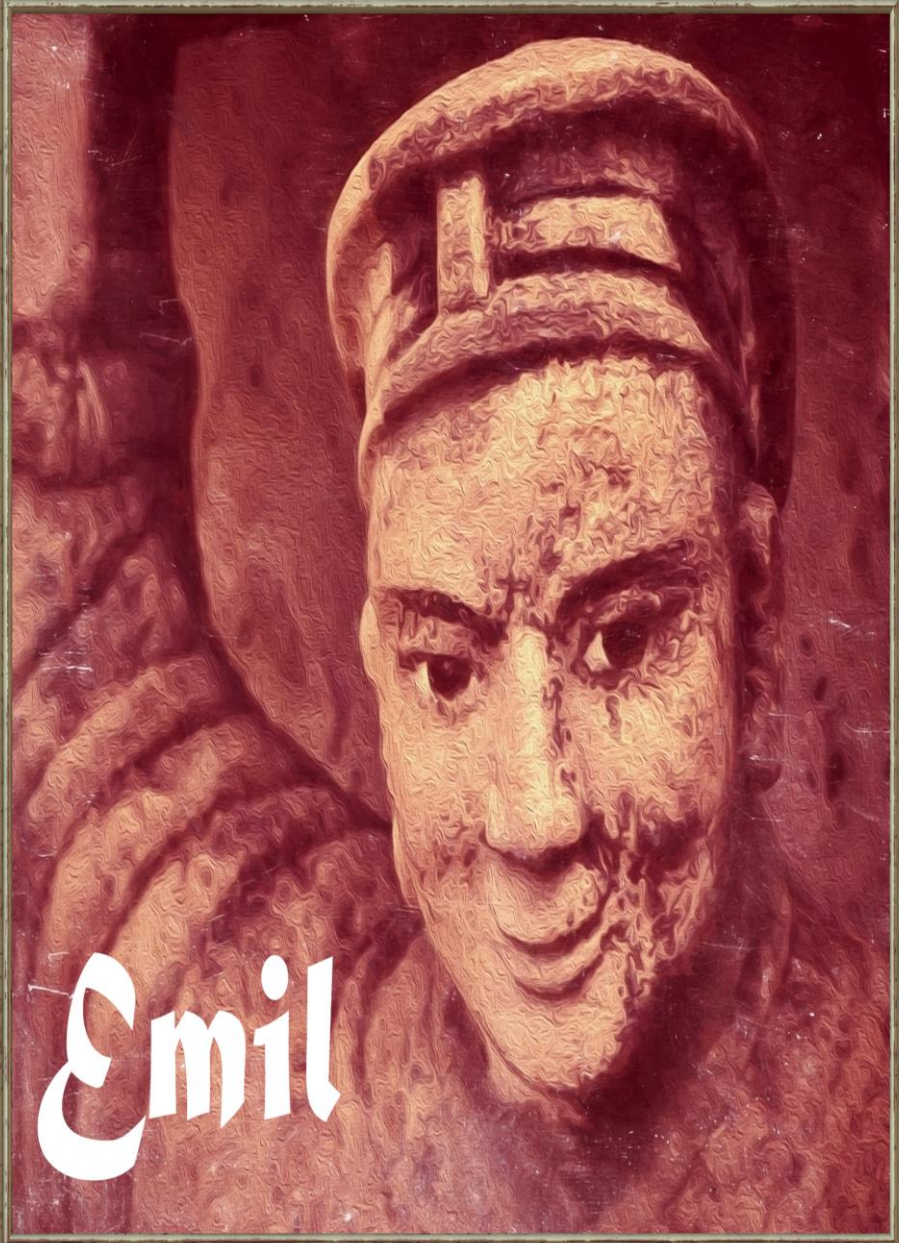
Word to the wise, the Family Mart on the second floor has been closed as the cafes complained about how Family Mart's fair prices were hurting their business...Again, another meaning of the ancient wisdom of money talks...and the consumer has to walk down two floors to the better administrative connected 7/11...

All that being said, I am crushed as they had Gatorade...So now you have to go all the way to the sub-basement/light rail platform to 7/11 to get...

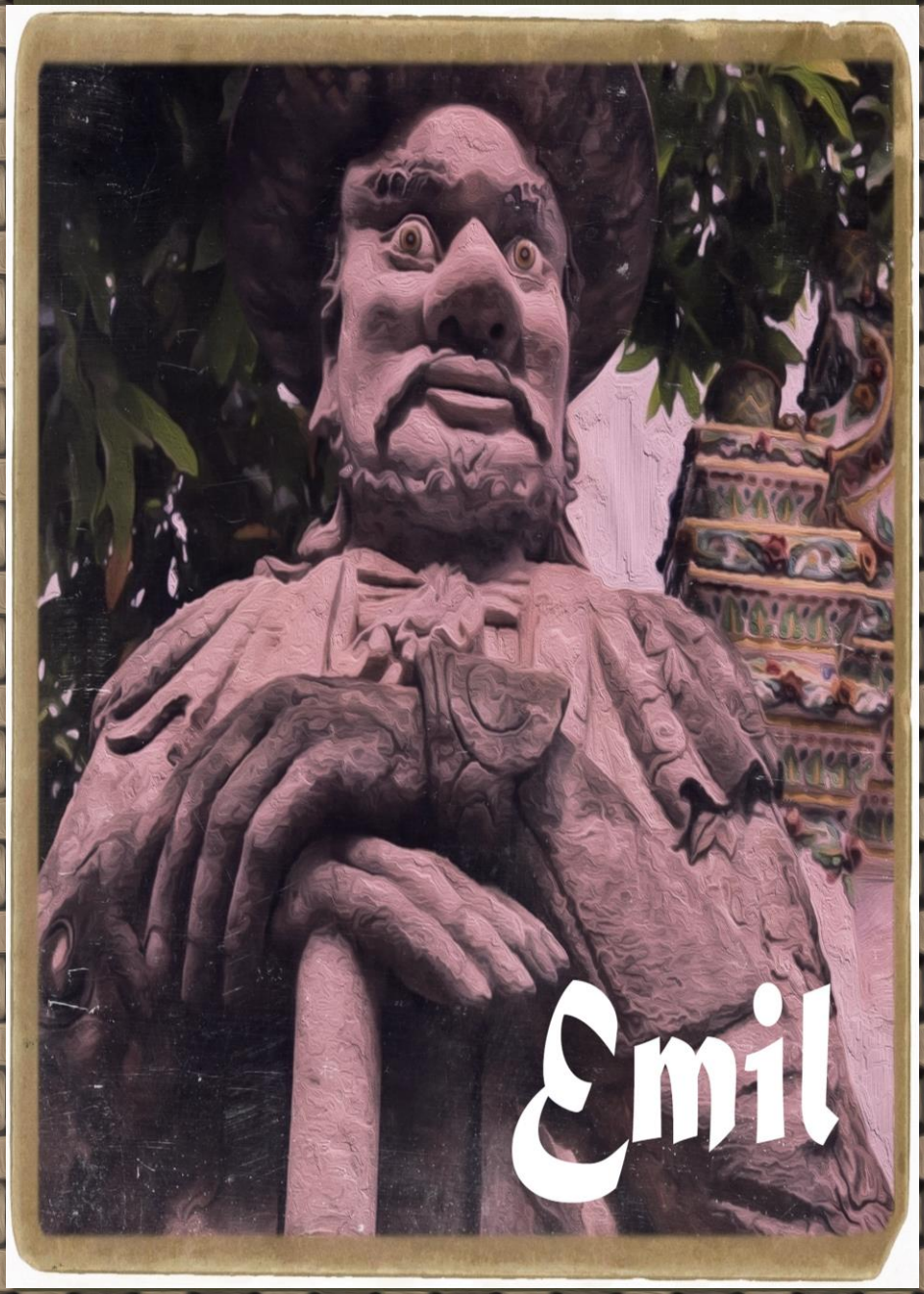
Take the elevator if you have baggage... I meant luggage not any personal hang ups that might be traveling with you...

Try to Thai flavors on the Lays’ chips.

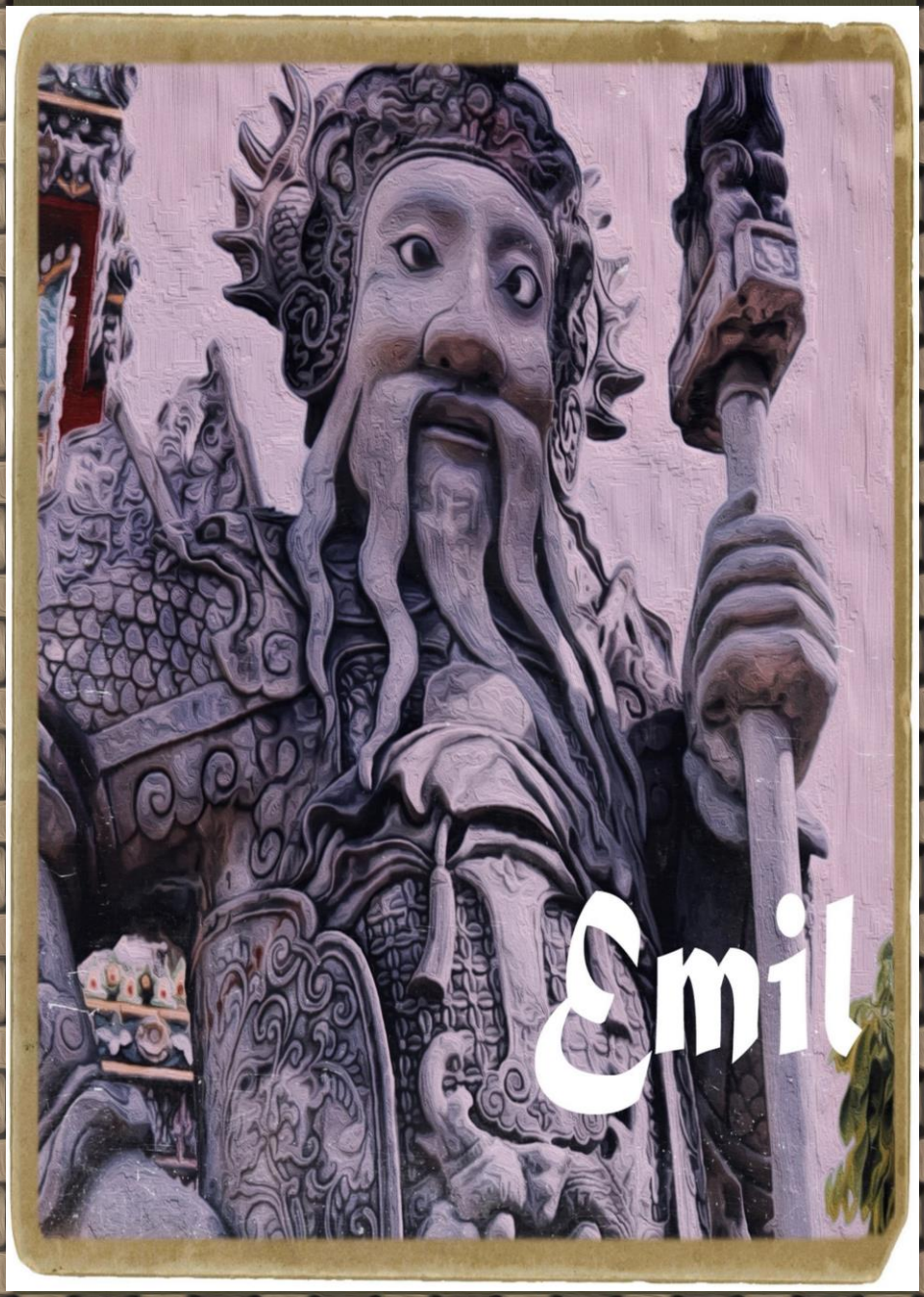
Thailand



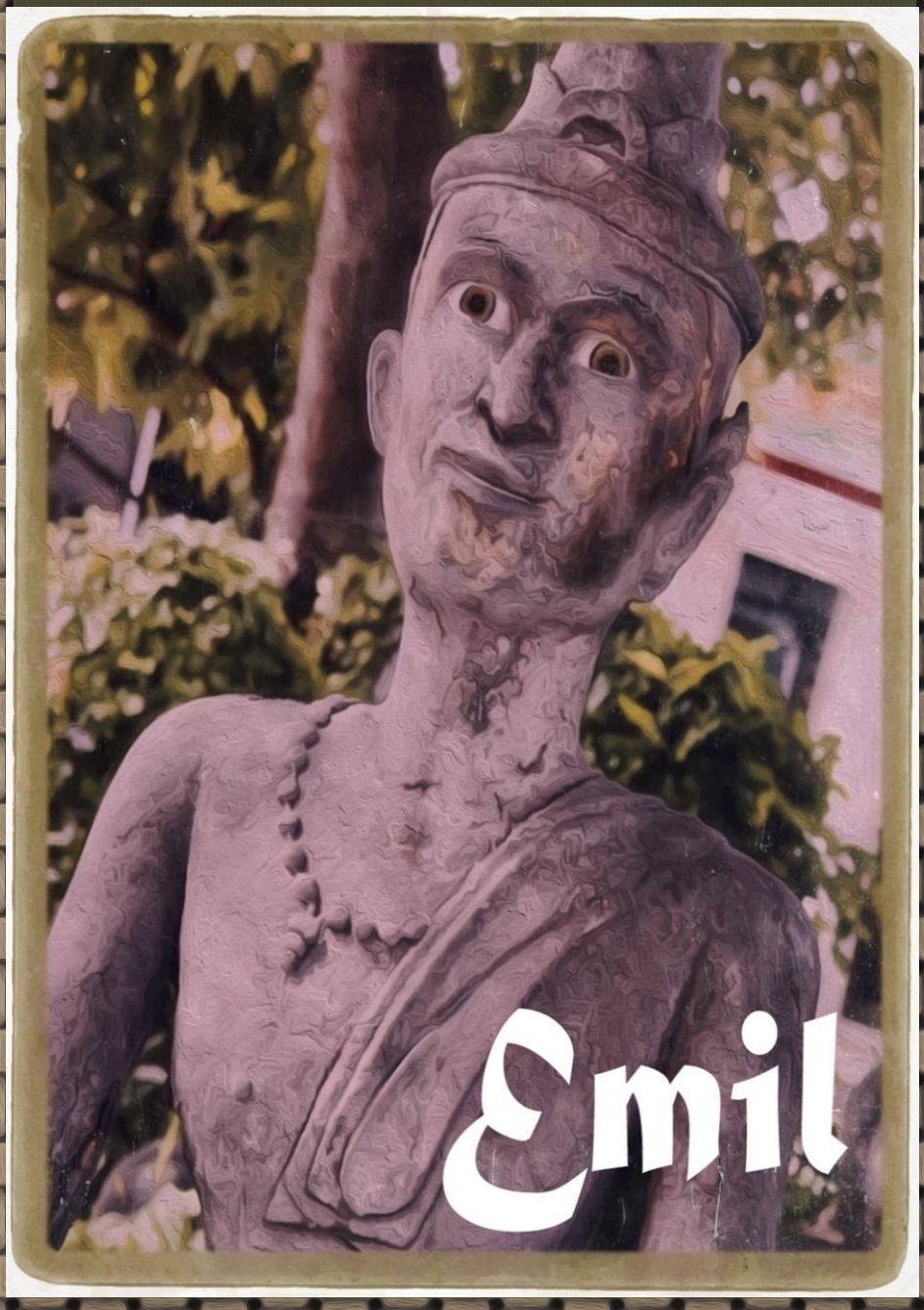
Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand



Thailand

“ON THE SKY TRAIN...”

Had a small kid (or was it a midget) on the subway today ask me in rather good, private school English...

"Do you really think that Santa Claus believes in you?"

The little thug!

If it wasn't illegal and not polite (and you would not believe how important that is here) I would have grabbed him up by those big, floppy ears of his and would have gave him a toss all the way across the subway car...

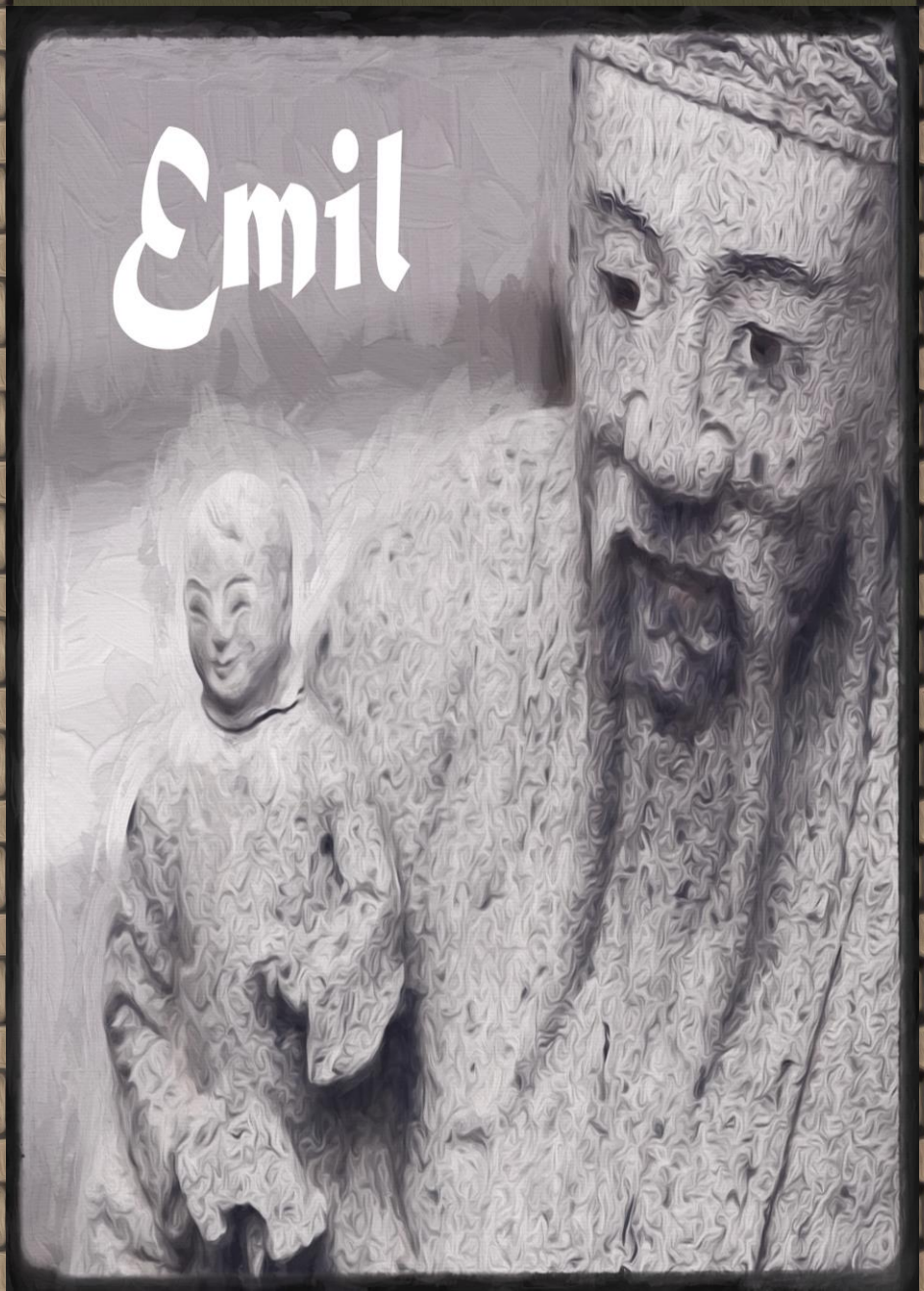
Instead, I answered in Thai,

"I don't speak English!"

"Does Santa Claus believe in me?"

To be truthful, I never gave it much thought or concern...but, it would explain a lot that has happened to me, over the years...like...

Thailand



Thailand

“ON THE SKY TRAIN...”

I really wanted that Johnny Quest five-action pistol for Christmas when I was more or less about ten years-old...
Who wouldn't?
It was a gun, it was a radio, a missile launcher, a flashlight and a bottle opener...but, it was also sold for a utterly princely price and as you all know...my family wasn’t known for the generosity...
I lusted for that for what seemed endless months of x-mas waiting... only to find under the tree, on X-Mas Morning, instead of my dream present...it was a lame "Underdog" cape and pajamas...
Like...I was ten...not five...
THANK YOU VERY MUCH SANTA!

Thailand

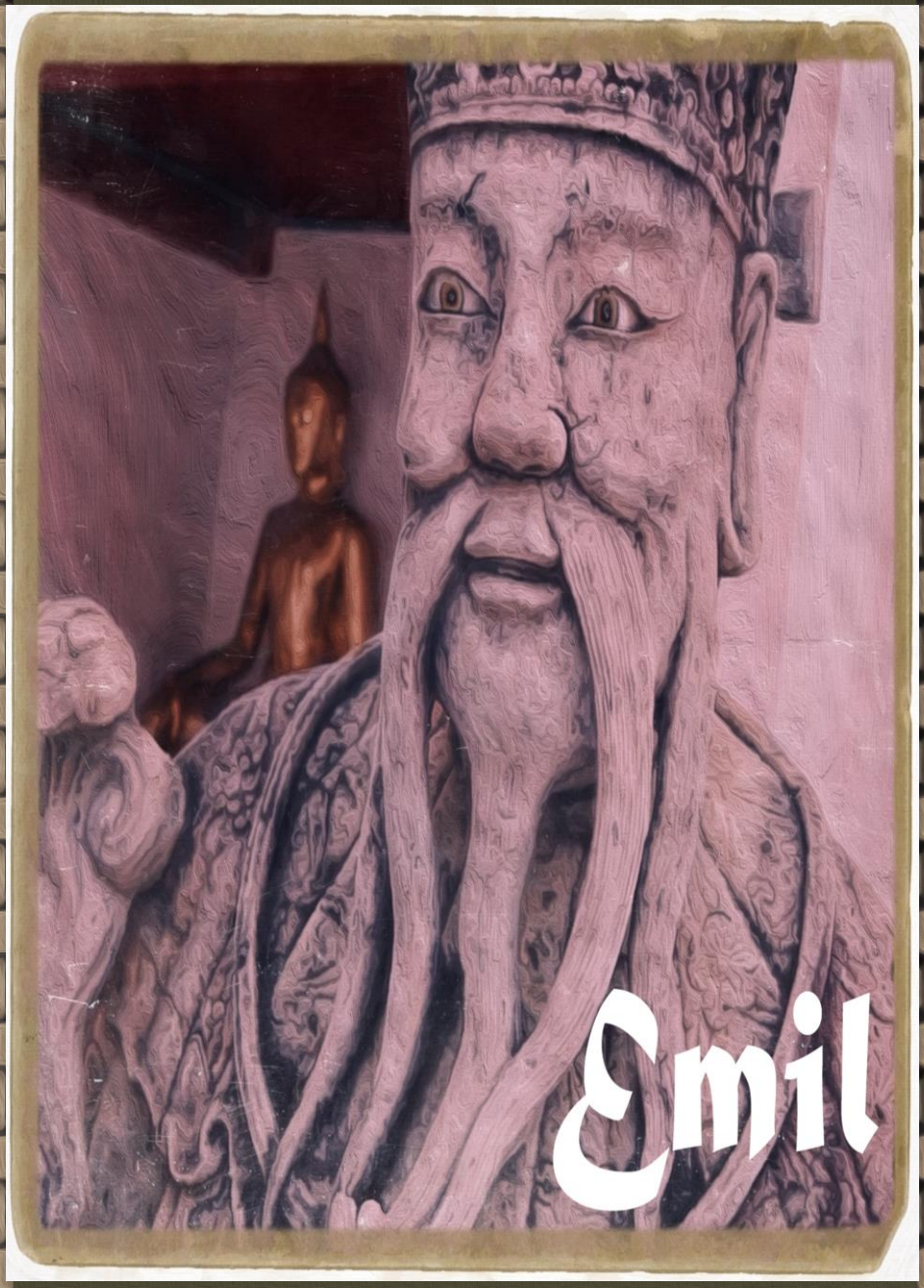


Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Thailand



Emil

Thailand

“BEING A REMEMBER!”

You will seriously need to set aside a good chunk of time and bring yourself some good walking shoes...
Leave the damn watch at home!
We will not be on the clock here and most defiantly and quickly ditch anyone saying
"Hey! Let’s go shopping!"
Remember that in, only, a few more years, most if not all of these cultural treasures will be gone, these faded icons of the old culture will be lost forever to the average man...woman.
What little that may remain will be antiquated, greedily sold by snooty art merchants from out of their home fortresses, all of those “Richie Rich” galleries.

Thailand



Emil

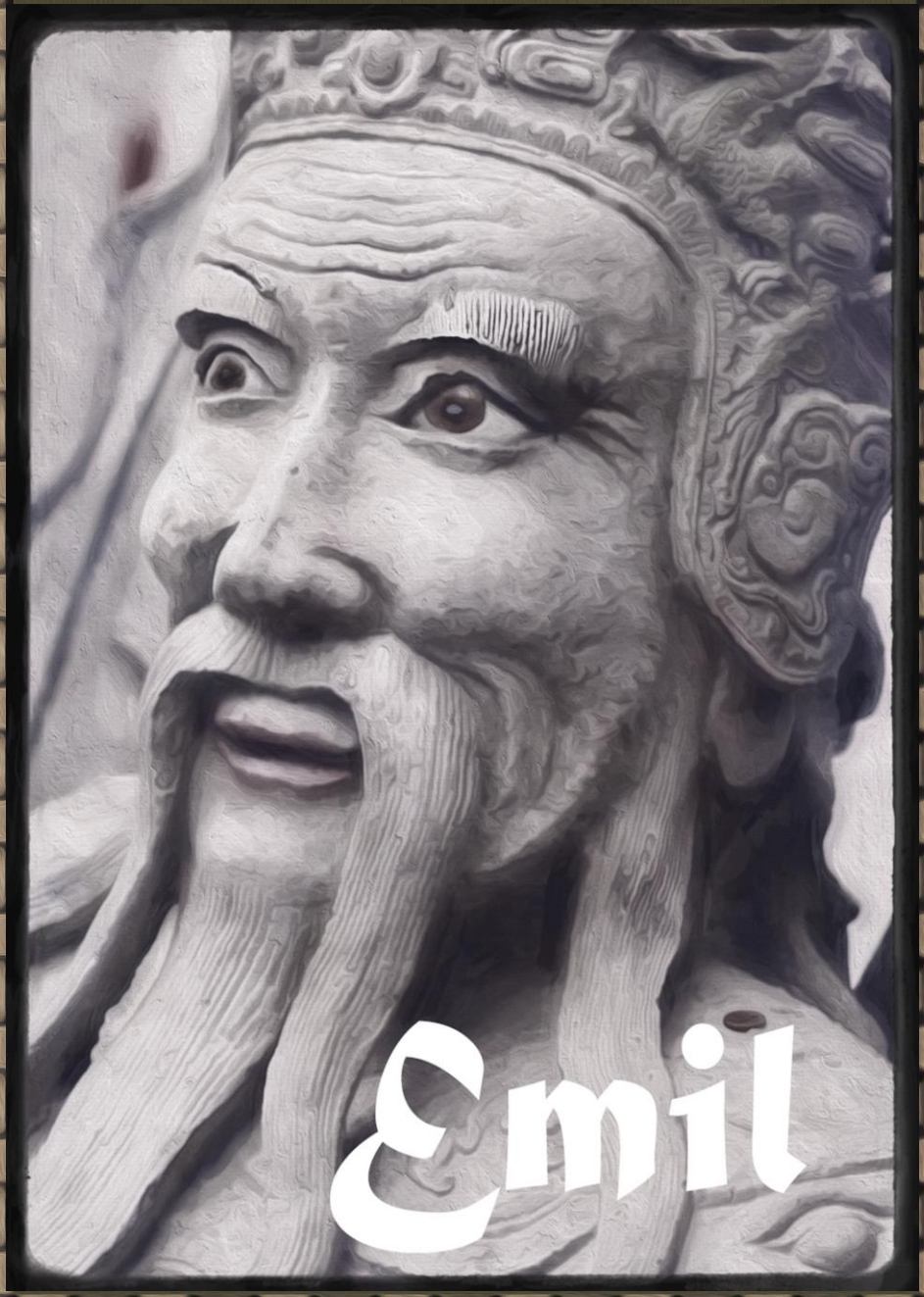
Thailand

"BEING A REMEMBER!"

These rare treasures will be offered up to their exclusive art investors and scooped up by their discrete clientele, all will be auctioned off at very ridiculously and stupid prices, offered up and served for only the super-rich who know to smartly invest in this native, this primitive art form and all pieces will by squire away, hidden away from plying view of everyone except to those privy to these stately, hillside, pleasure domes of spectator treasures or in the loft of their, oh so, trendy "infill" condos!

This may well be your very last chance to live real history, to get all up close, feely and touchy without fear of being trashed within an inch of your live by some over-zealous, rent-a-cop at some

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

"BEING A REMEMBER!"

snooty museum.

Indeed, these wall murals and street paintings are virtually all that remains true to the old culture that made Bangkok such an icon city, it is still hiding here in amongst the rapid, urban redeveloped of the city which caters exclusively to the whims of the Starbucks drinkers and the imported cheese eating crowd...and all those foul, urban exploring, selfie snatching tourists beasties!

Most are these murals have already been ravaged, they have faded and in general, they are in a very poor state of repair...

Once they are gone...that's it!

Who will there be to remember?

Thailand



Thailand

"BEING A REMEMBER!"

Who will there be to retell these tales of adventure?
Who will there be to continue the call for the celebration and freedom of worship?
Who will be there that even care?
This is your mission, here today, you must commit these priceless treasures to film, etch them deep into your memory and take up the calling, to become the caretaker that faith has called you to be...
You are here, all of you, to become a reteller of the stories that the murals tell.
I liken you to the old women in Southern Mexico and the Yucatan who I met while in college who, after every Sunday's Mass, they actively sit out on

Thailand

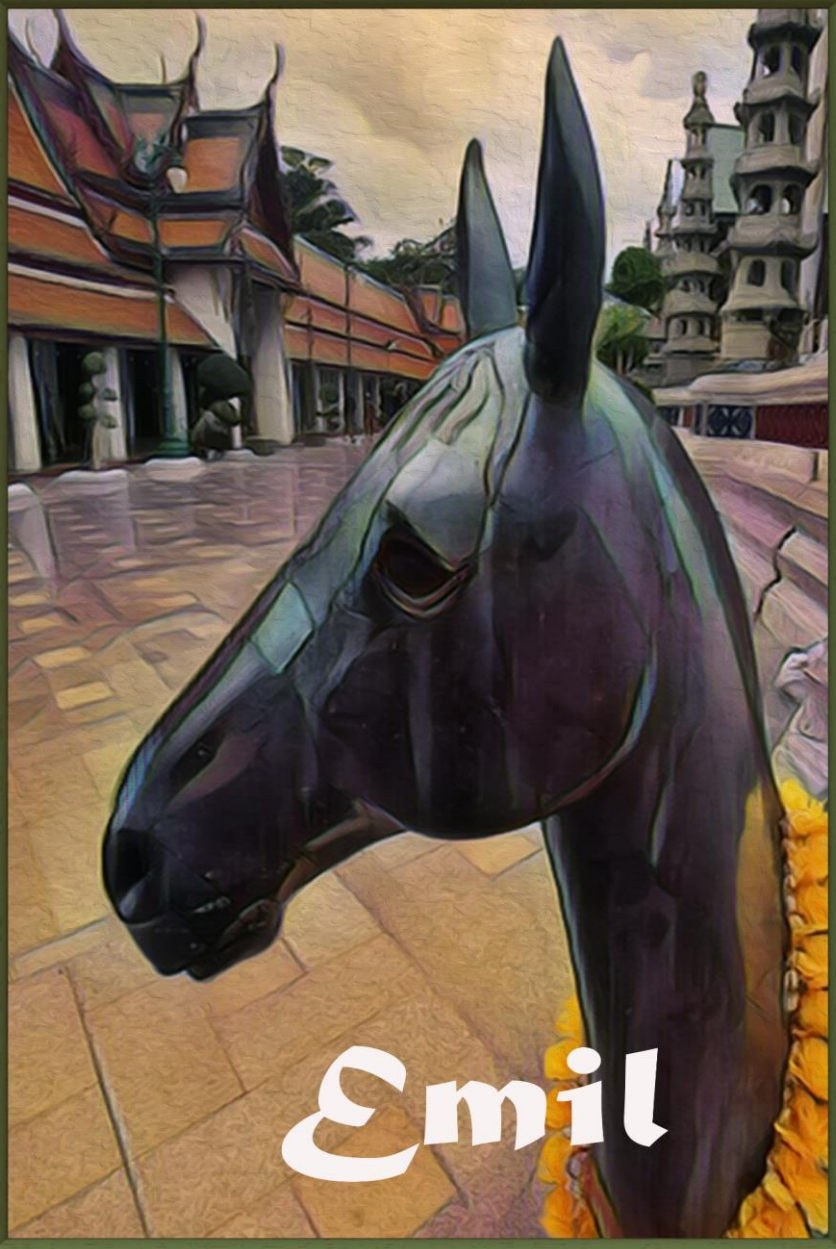


Thailand

"BEING A REMEMBER!"

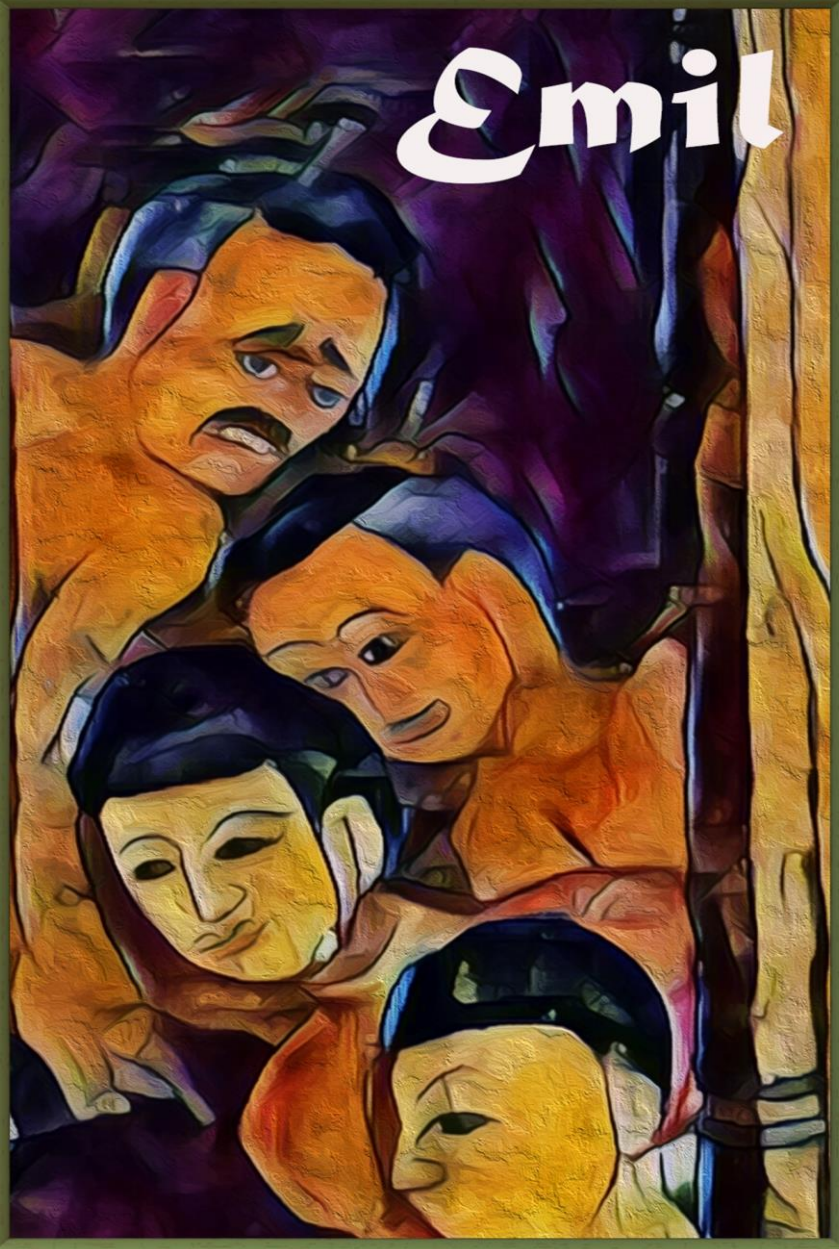
the empty benches in the village park
and there they offer up their memories
to educate the youngsters of the village
to the true richness of their long faded
legacies, the past and their culture...
Think about this, as you walk the alleys
and stroll through the pathways of
Bangkok's rich, past culture...
Remember your mission here today!

Thailand

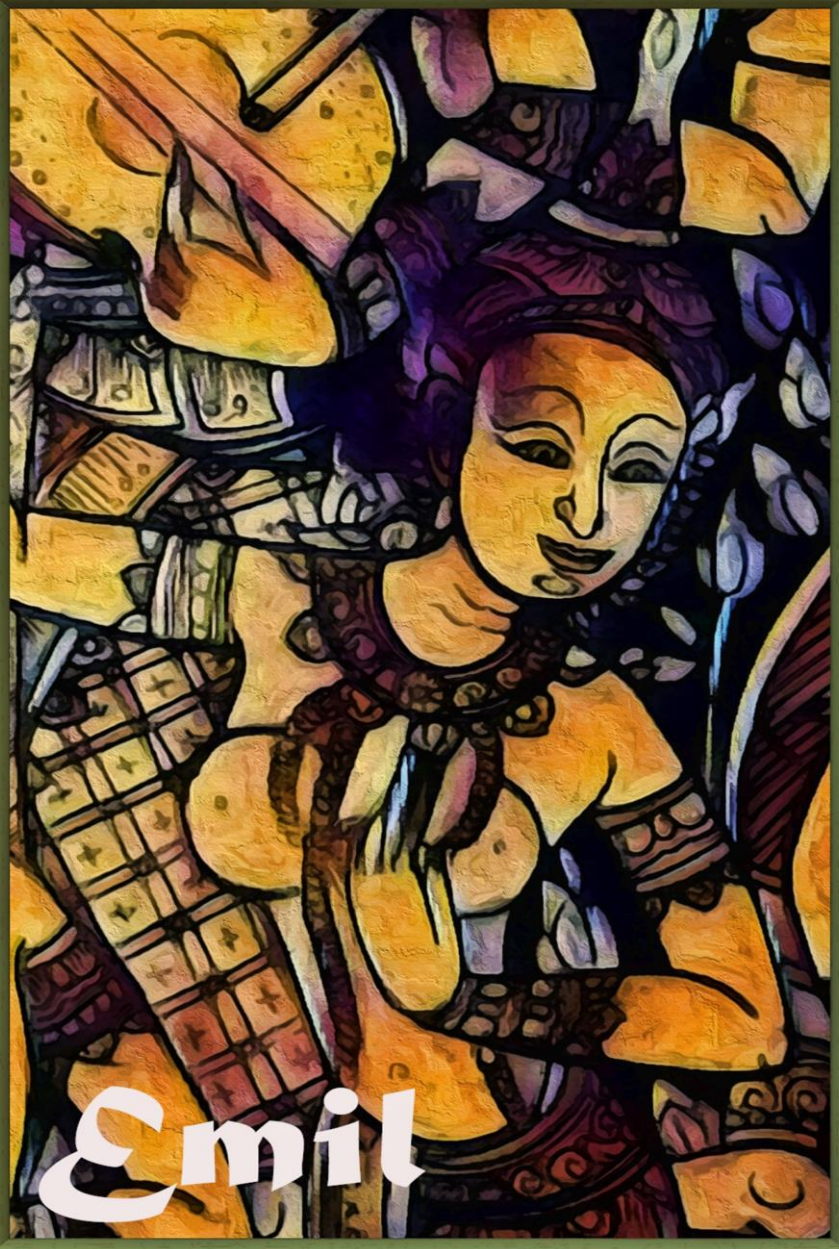


Emil

Thailand



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Emil

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Emil

Thailand



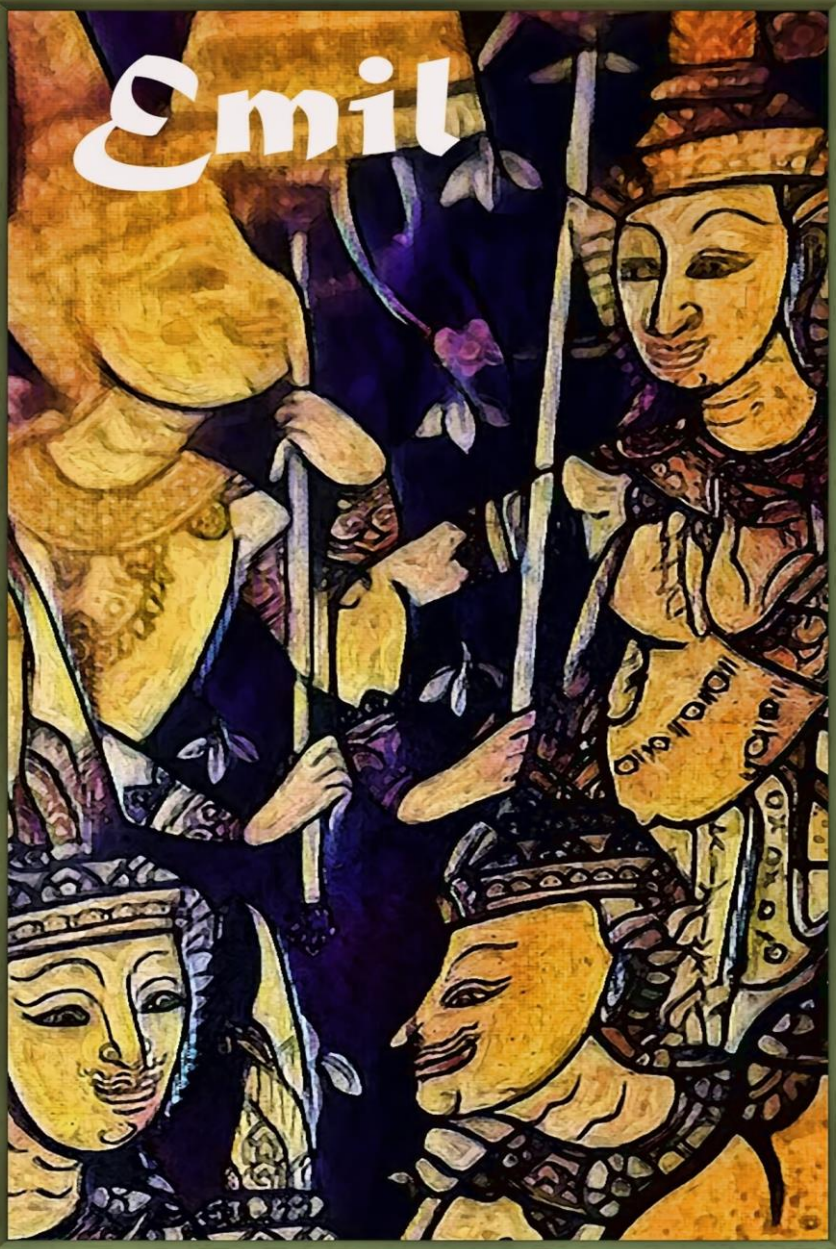
Emil

Thailand

"GOING UPRIVER: OLD SIAM"

Up the Mighty River, the heartbeat and blood of the Central Plains..." that was the way that Emil sold this issue to us and it did seem like a good idea and reminded most of us of those adventure tales we so digested in mass volumes when we were mere kids...
back in the day...yes it was!
It goes without saying that our accounting team was rather concerned as to the marketability and interest in yet another volume on Thailand back in the Dream Times.
This may well be true and against their better judgement to commission this volume but, then again, when did Emil ever let the idea of profitability get in the way of an early advance and to ever shy away from such a easy task...

Thailand



Thailand

"GOING UPRIVER: OLD SIAM"

All you need to do is drop a hundred or so fotos in a basket, add some chatty complaints about how evil WWWG is and then, ship it all postage due, to us, here in Singapore with no other options offered!
I know you too well...don't I, Emil?

Seine Lagone

Thailand

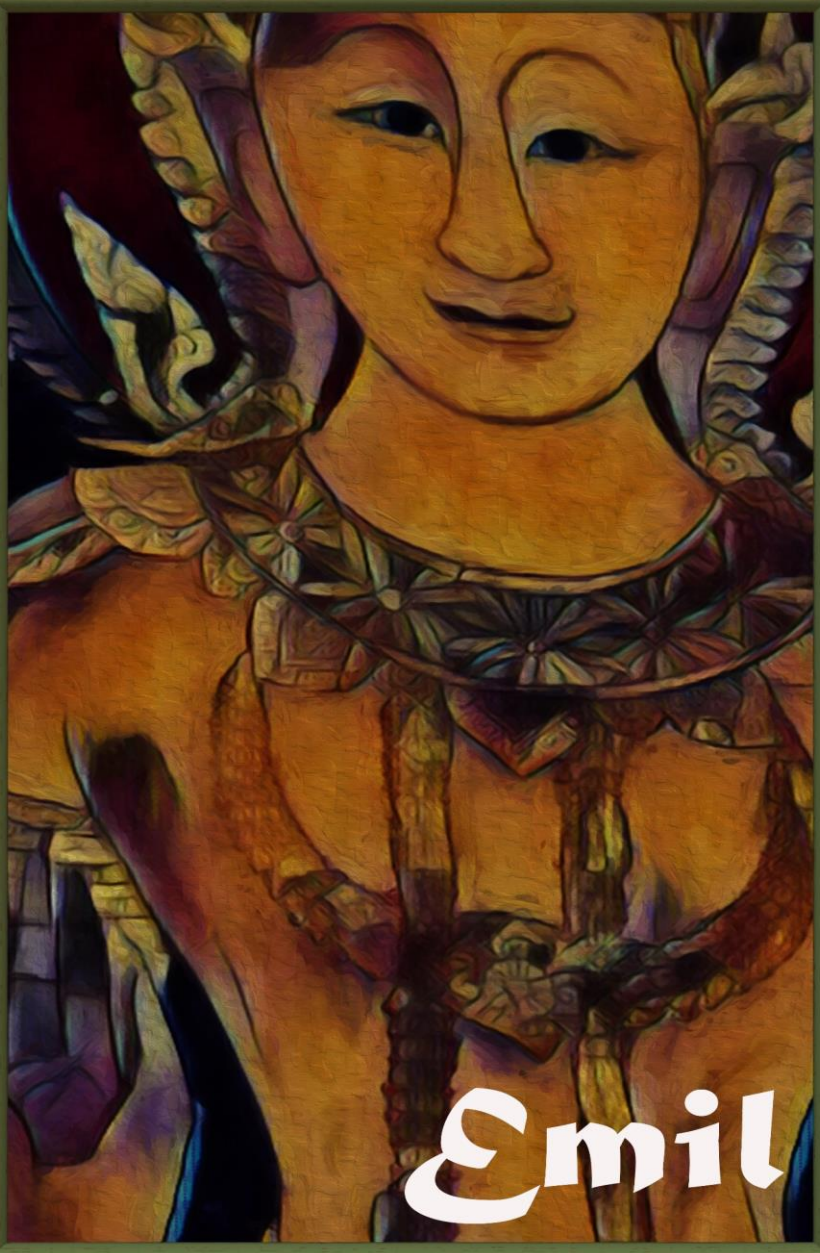


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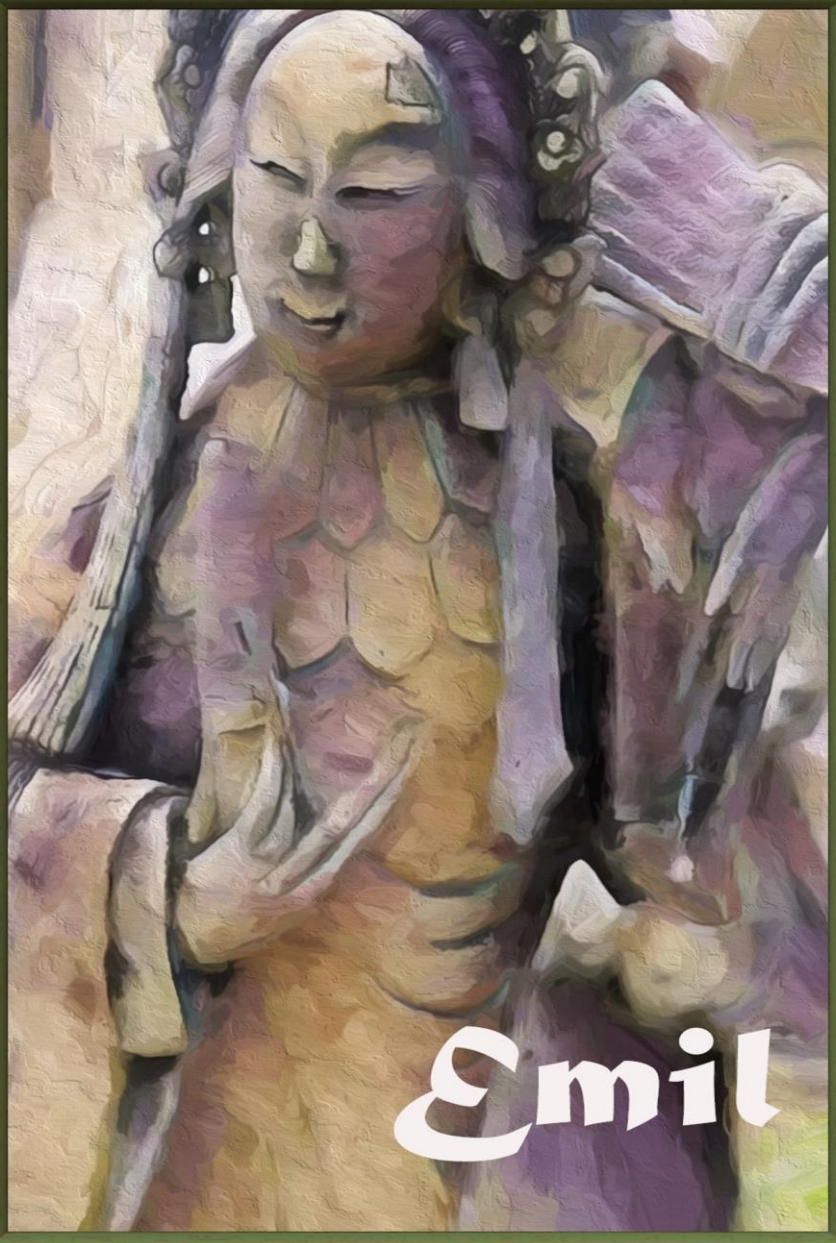
Emil

Thailand



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Thailand



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Thailand

“NEED I SAY MORE???”

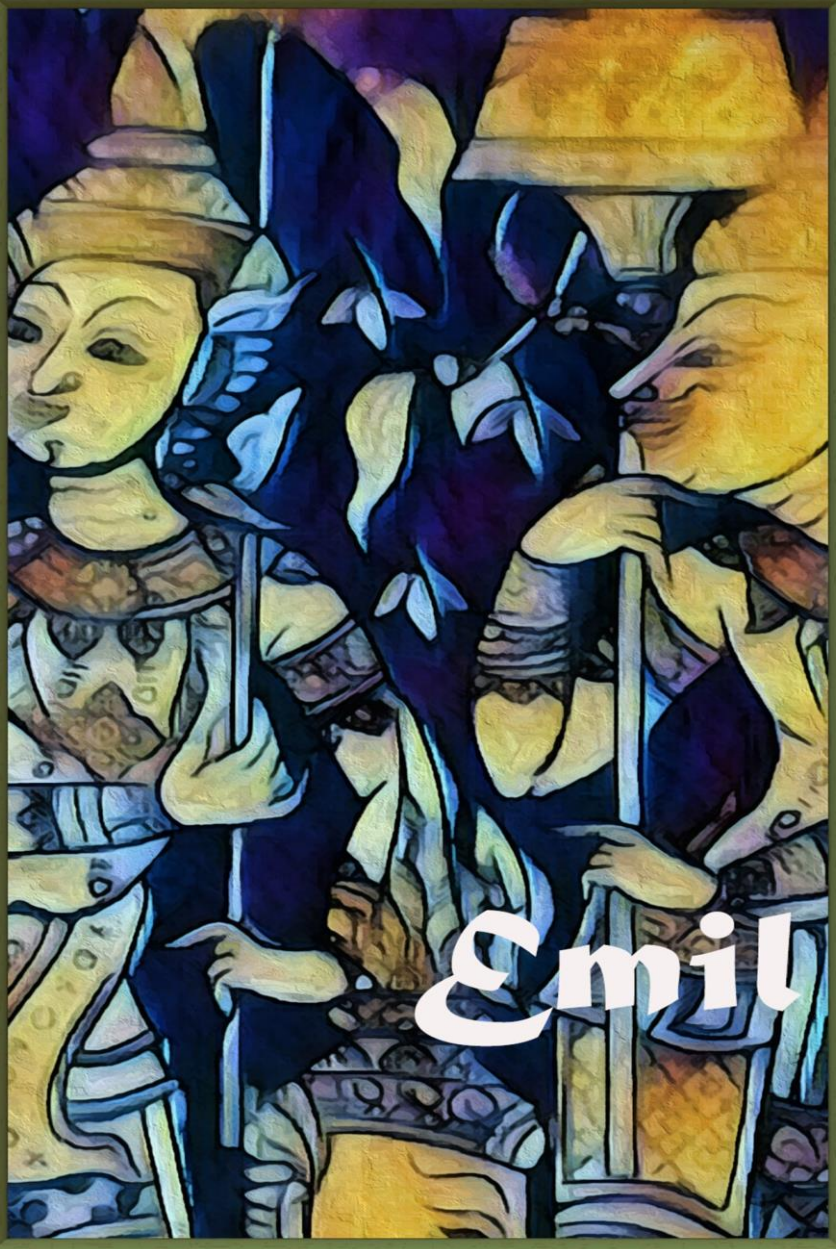
I can see the disappointment in your collective expressions as you opened this new offering...this new volume of Emil’s collective (???) wisdom and still with a bold, straight face and a sly grin for measure or maybe effect...

I look you directly in the eyes then without even a moment of extra thought or pondering – not ever, the slightest hesitation...I explain that you must take care, as here comes yet another in what seems like an endless string of self-promoting and shameless plugs from my other website...

If I could pick your pocket...

I would but, I quickly add to the conversation that “I would truly give a full 10% to Saving the Whales"...

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

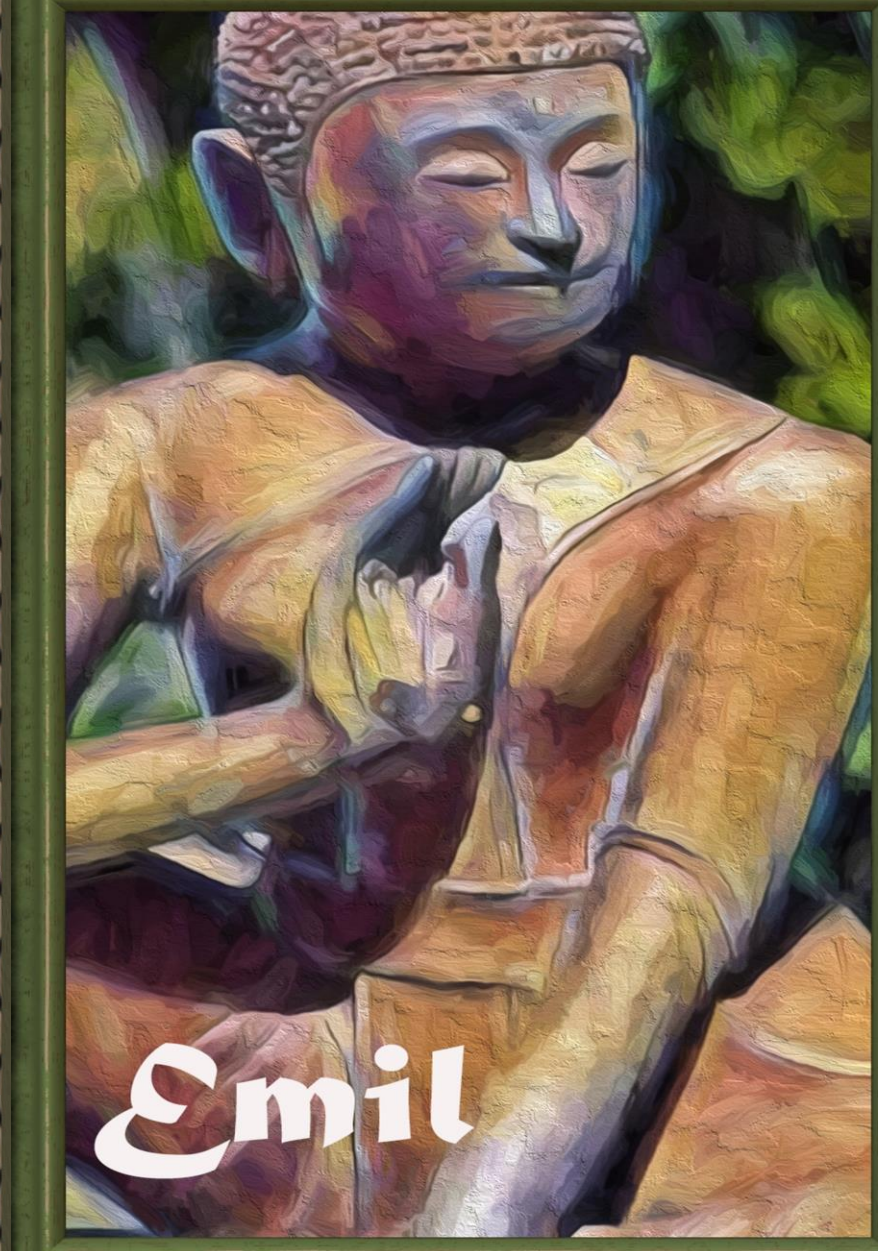
“NEED I SAY MORE???”

10% too little??? Net or gross?
Please understand that I do have operational overhead and a rather long list of expenses to consider...
Campers...You are like sooo...correct, without even a slight challenge from me...I will not tap dance around the issue with you as I am unable to evade and are unable to duck your charge(s)...
But, at least I warned ya...didn’t I?
"Guilty your Honor...But, I am a rather sick man...toxic...yes that too!”
Looking down towards the dirty tiled floor, I continued to near mumble
“Did I mention, I am white of the pale persuasion, also...and so...it is out of my ability to control...I was born that way!"
I do have no shame to invoke WOKE.

Thailand



Thailand



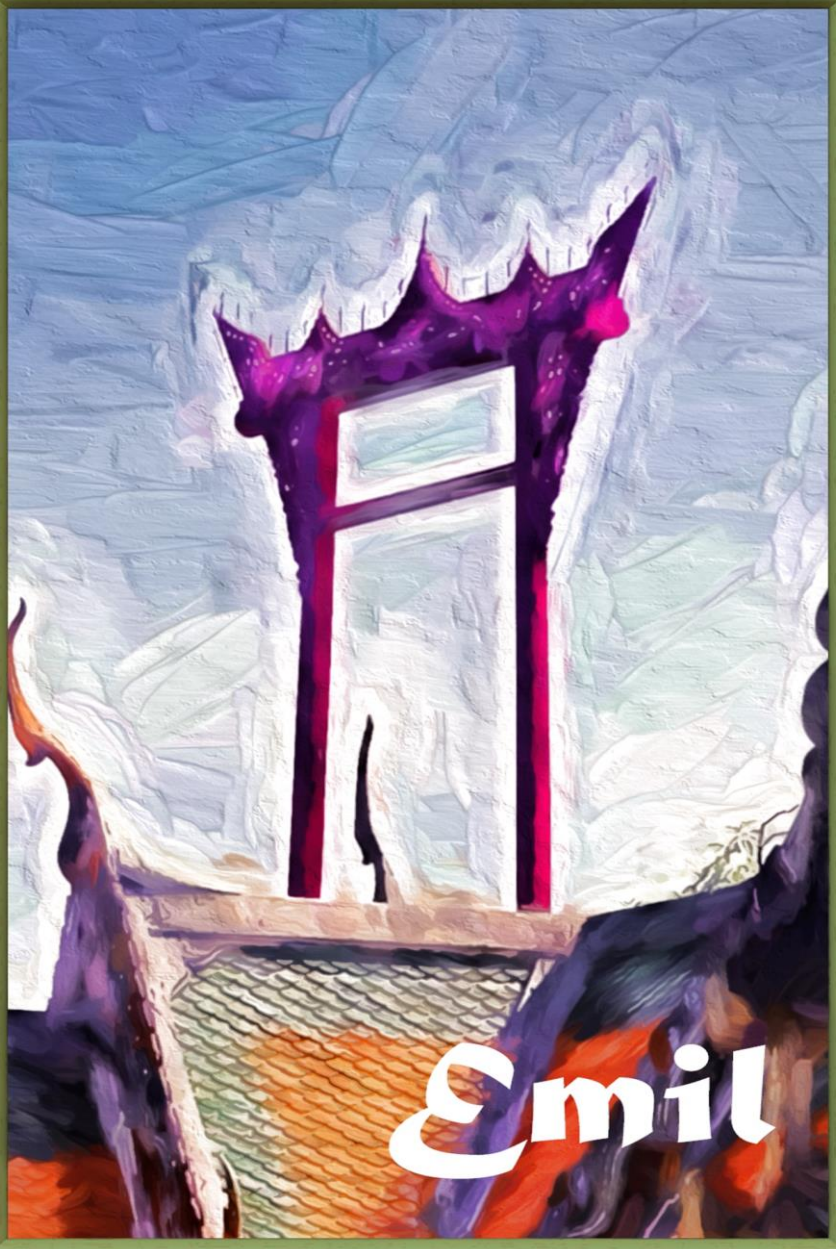
Emil

Thailand

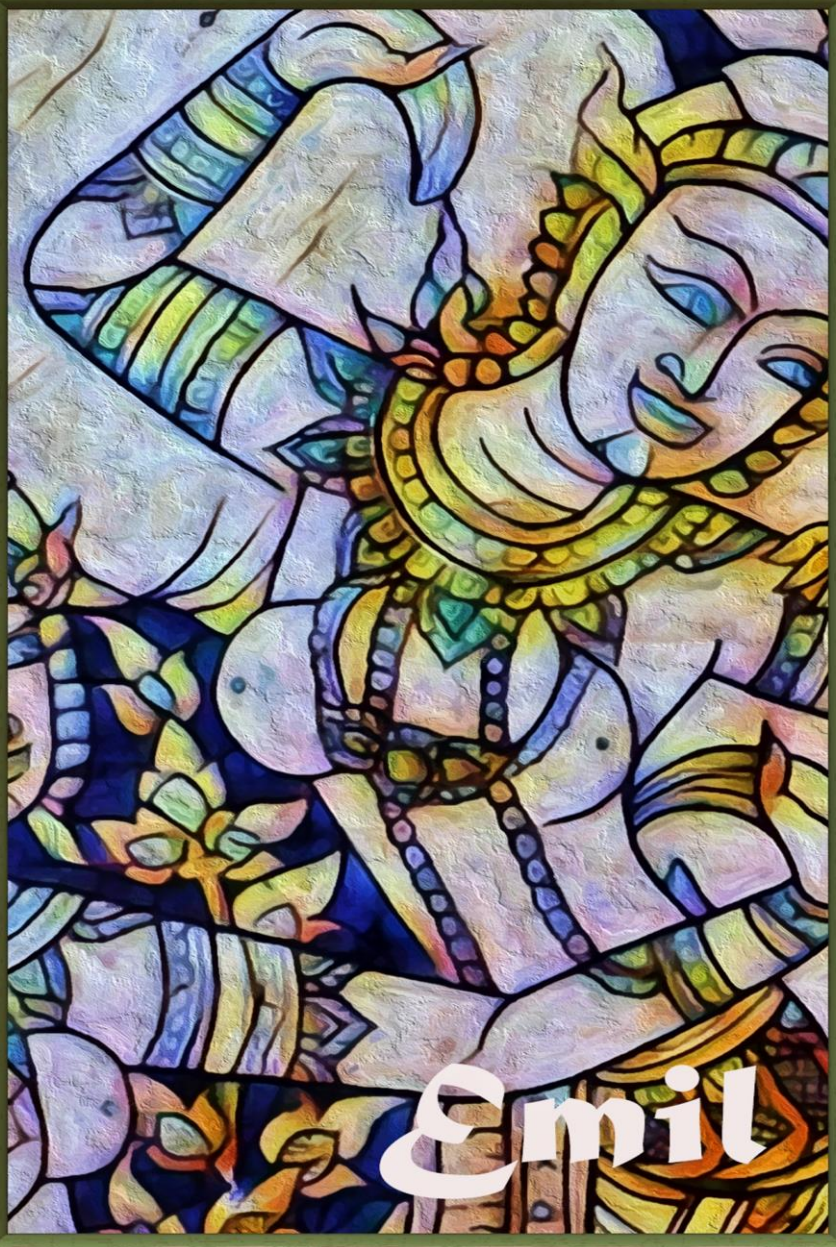


Emil

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Thailand



Emil

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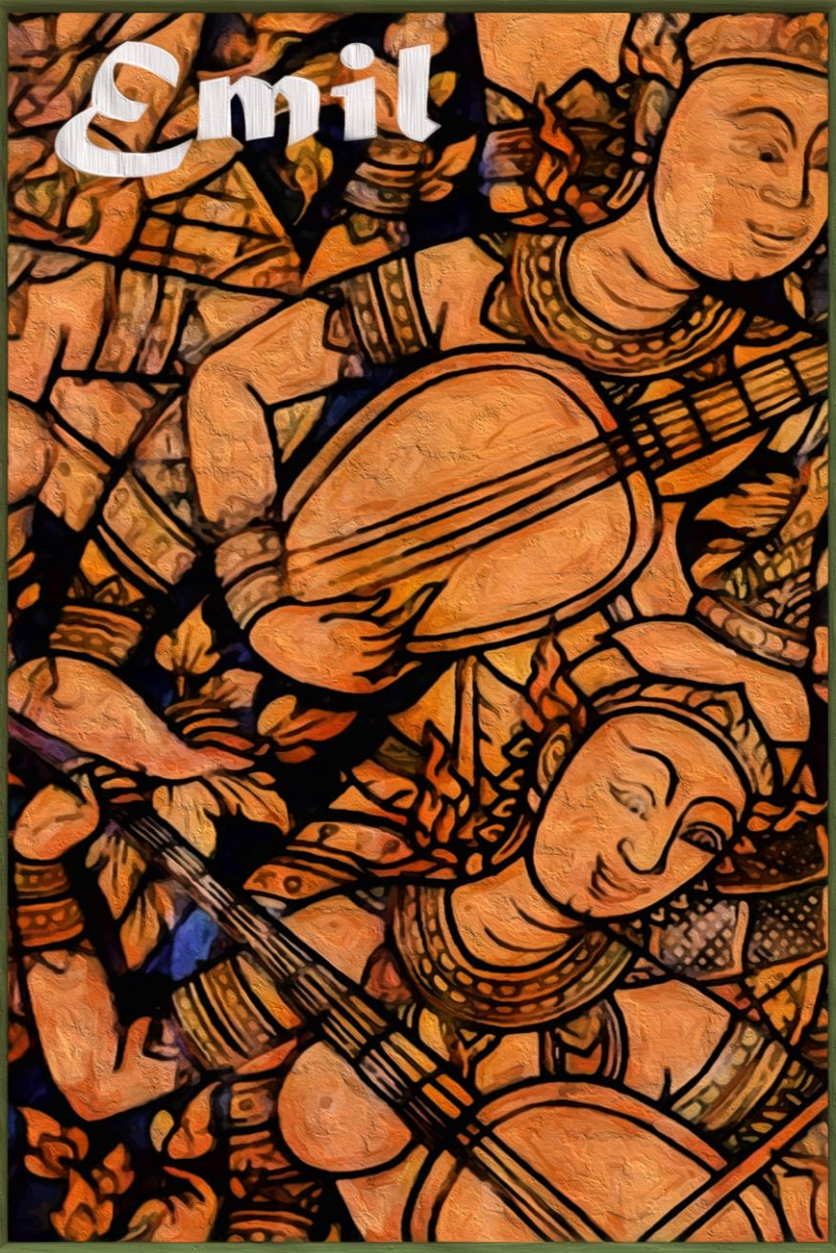
"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

I was sitting in our favorite pub – which I will fail to name as Seine and the rest of us regular patrons would prefer it to stay that way...I am sure the pub owner would be extremely upset by my lack of a courteous promotion as he sees all of us as undesirables, sad-sack deplorables with no sense of decency to do right by him and that each of us processes too fat a bar tab – which, given our current economic resources, he may never see a profit...or refund on.

I was reading Facebook Messages from our web page and a couple of messages took me back...

"This new story seems like it is a good story teaser but, DAMN! I needed to get a dictionary to look up all of these

Thailand

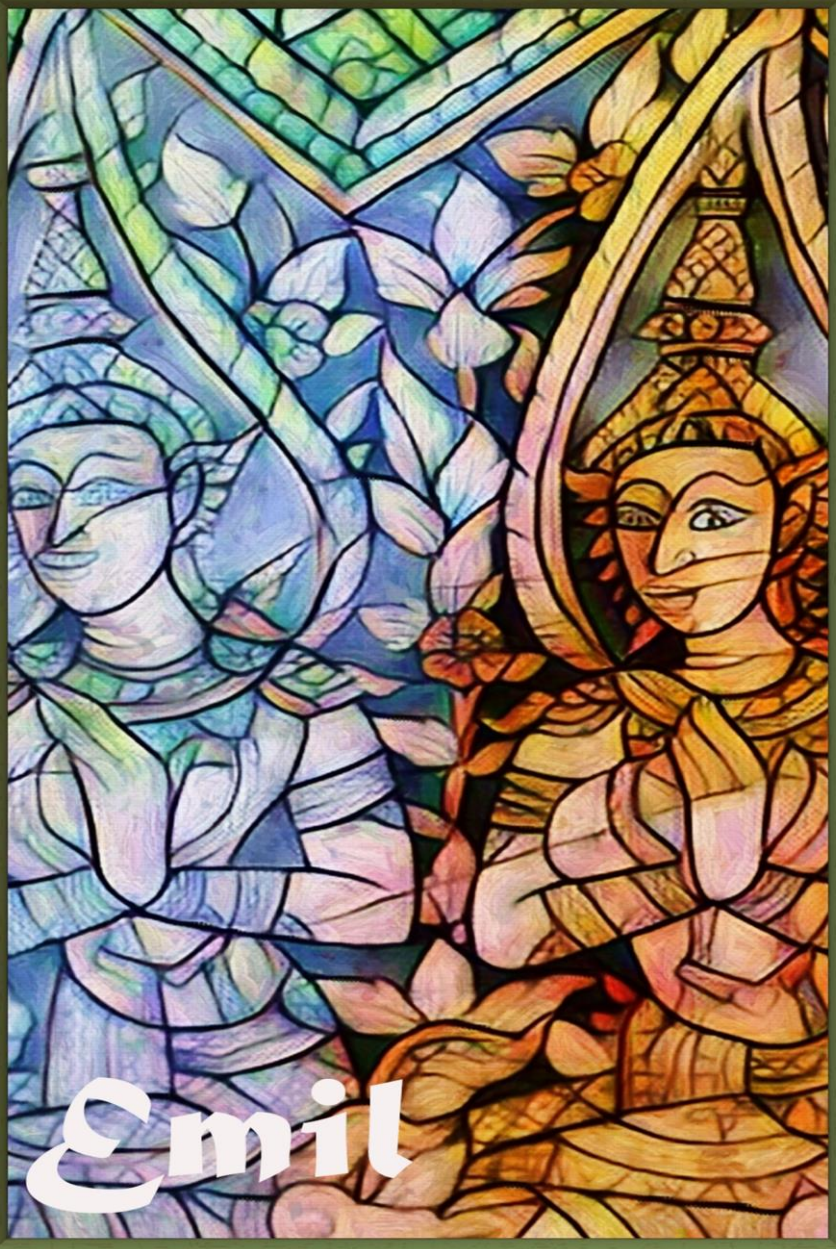


Thailand

"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

phrases you peppered into the story... I looked some up and it was interesting but, it took a lot of work and thought that I normally don't need to get through any of your usual postings..." This was the general consensus on the story you just read (I assume you read) and I like totally agree with all the kind readers who took the time to comment. See...this story was written back in the early 1980's and in those days, I was attempting to become the next Max Kailua...based upon real events but, with a need to "save my skin" from some serious, bad people who didn't want the story told, I hid it very well...none of them were ever the smarter that I exposed their mass

Thailand



Emil

Thailand

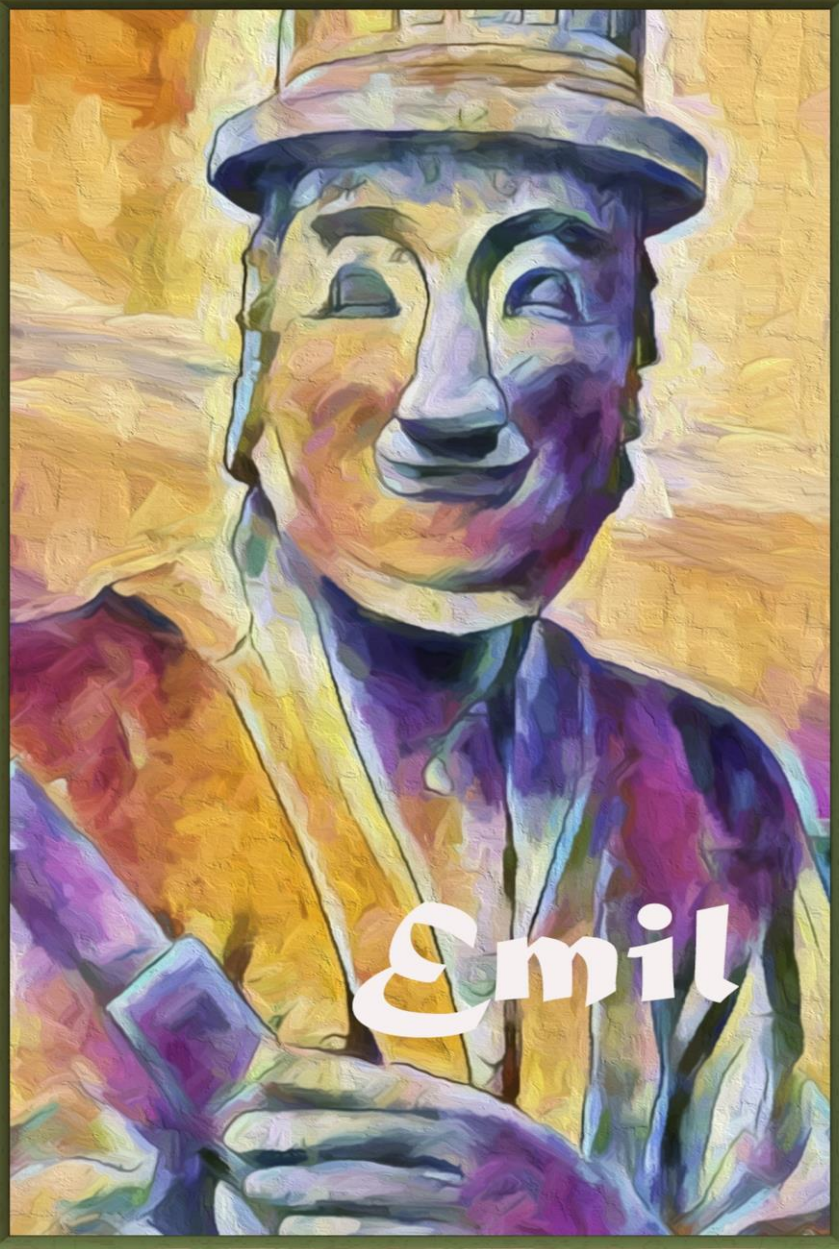
"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

genocide, murder all in the name of political corruption and industrial level(s) of greed on all sides.

Regrettably, I did such a good job, that nobody ever really figured out the truthiness in the story or at least, if they did, I hope that they were smart enough to let it go, in order to live a happy, normal life.

This version comes a little bit, somewhat more direct to a followable story line...sadly, it is still not safe to come out with a normal Emil retelling of this evil event...mostly, because some of these same butchers, they are still amongst the living, seemingly, more powerful than ever... There are a few of the senior players that wrought this human tragedy...

Thailand



Thailand

"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

Many of them have escaped humanity's punishment...seems like, even God seems uneasy to call them to even a final judgement.

They walk freely amongst us, boldly as the power brokers that they went on to be and more than a few, took to the cloth and now lecture us in early morning mass, they tell us about brotherhood, the need to respecting your fellow man and an somewhat eerie call for universal forgiveness...

Go figure!

As time and decades of having history rewritten, mixing and matching with the ever changing social norms of each descending generation; the story may forever be lost and if recalled, it with be twisted, spin and dried to make a

Thailand

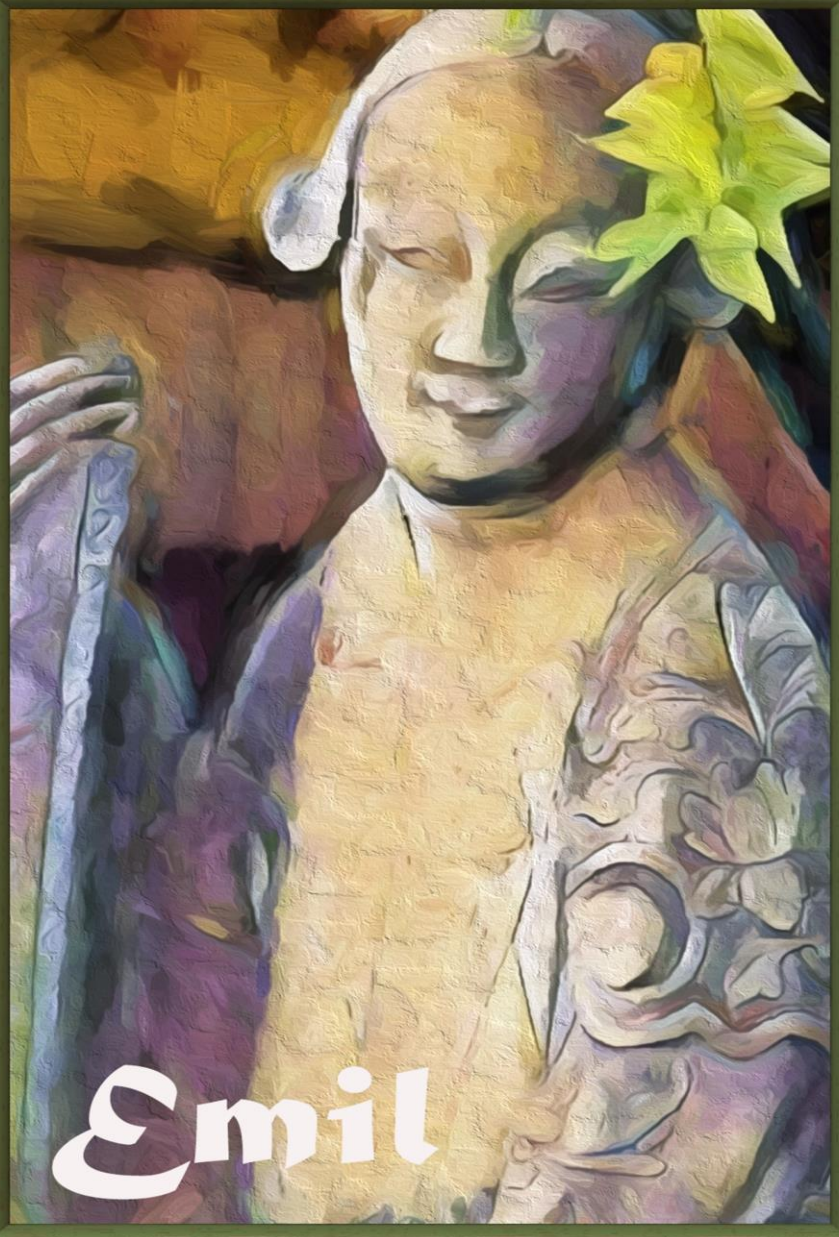


Thailand

"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

even the worst butcher, mass murderer,
in the final telling they always end up
being made into a national hero...
Why don't I let this go?
Why don't I just tell the whole story
without the added, mumbo-gumbo, all
those stupid and pointless verbiage that
only a Lit Major would appreciate...?
There is no simple answer as I have
spent all these years torn between what
my grandmother taught me as a youth,
"If you see evil and you fail to raise your
voice in protest then, you are more
guilty as those who did the deed!"
The need is to, really; mine was a simple
desire to stay alive...and like any old
soldier, die at an extremely old age in a
warm, soft bed with a young girl
(a mere quarter of my frail, old age)...

Thailand



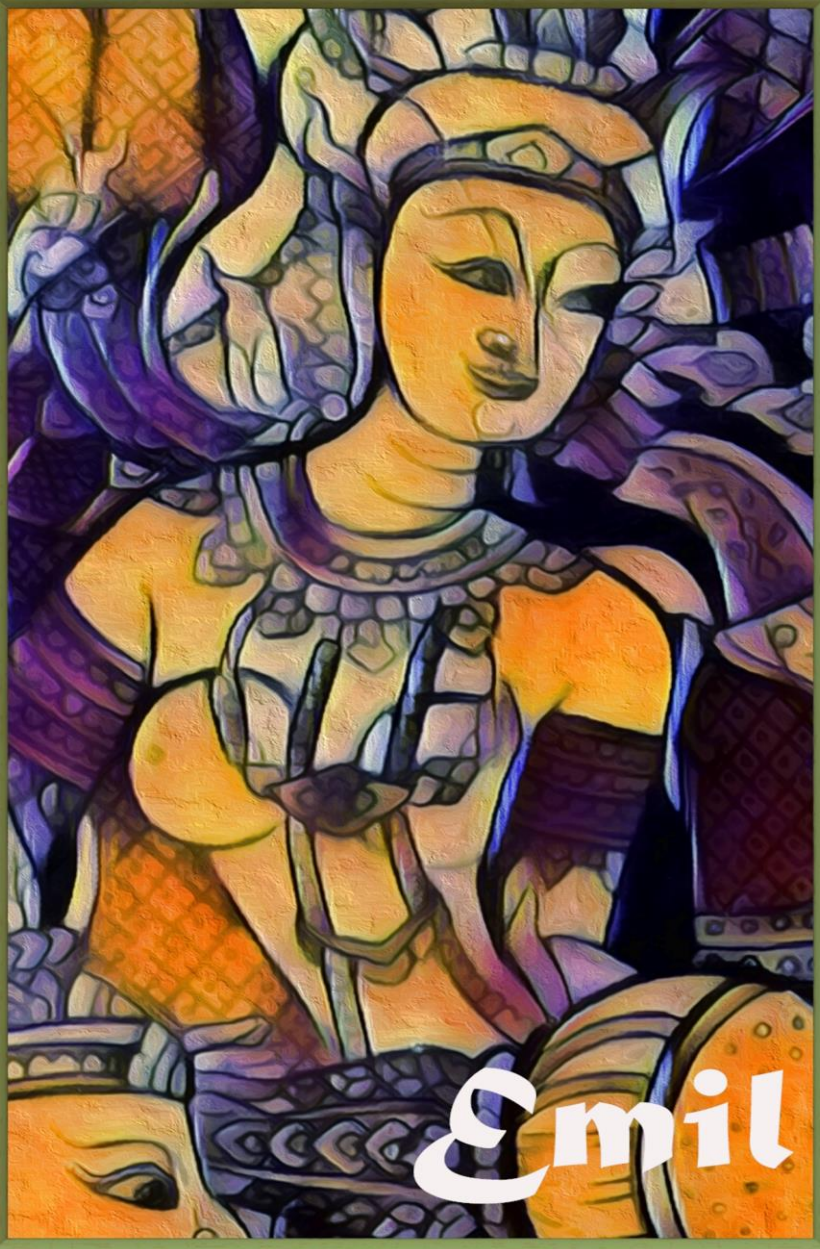
Emil

Thailand

"I WAS READING FACEBOOK MESSAGES..."

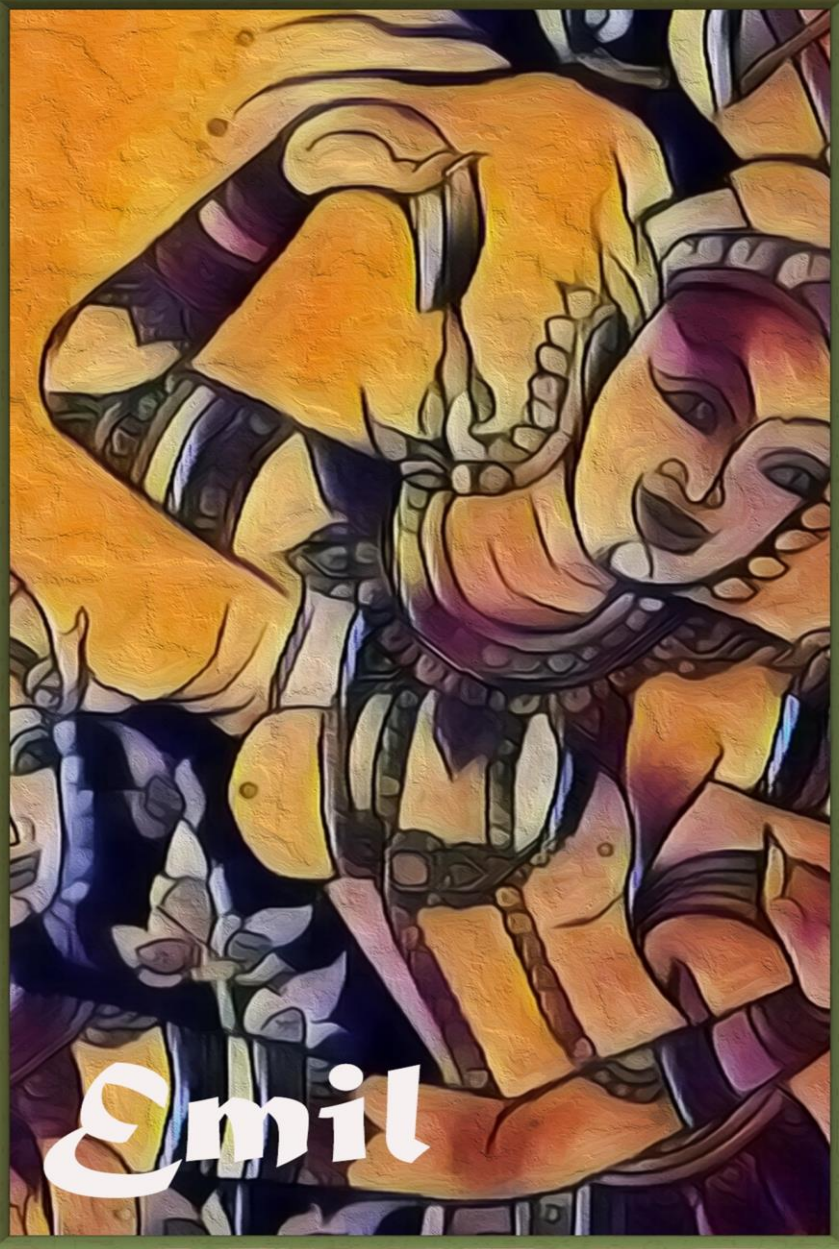
Many of you would say I am a true coward, yet more will dismiss me as "Bull-Shit," still others will call me just another washed up, old hack without any proven ability to write in proper, the verbiage of the King's English...
Yet more will quickly and forcibly dismiss my well hidden tale as just another West Texas Tall Tale and will remind each of you, that the adage of any great, West Texas Tall Tale is that you don't let the truth stand in the way of a good story...
Right Beto?
OH Well!
Make up your own mind, see if you can decipher the story, embedded in the dictionary, munbo-gumbo...
Let me know what you find...

Thailand



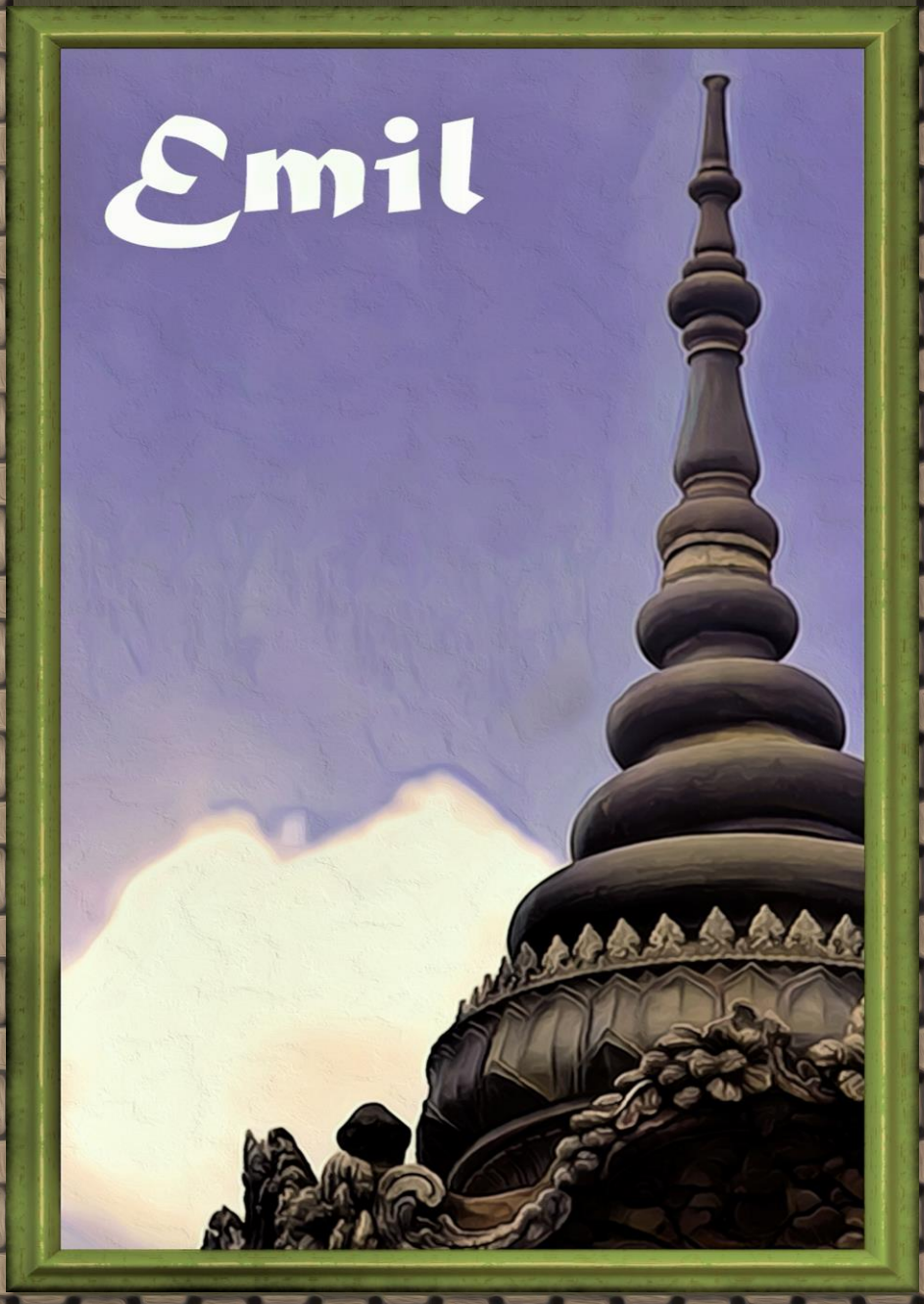
Emil

Thailand



Emil

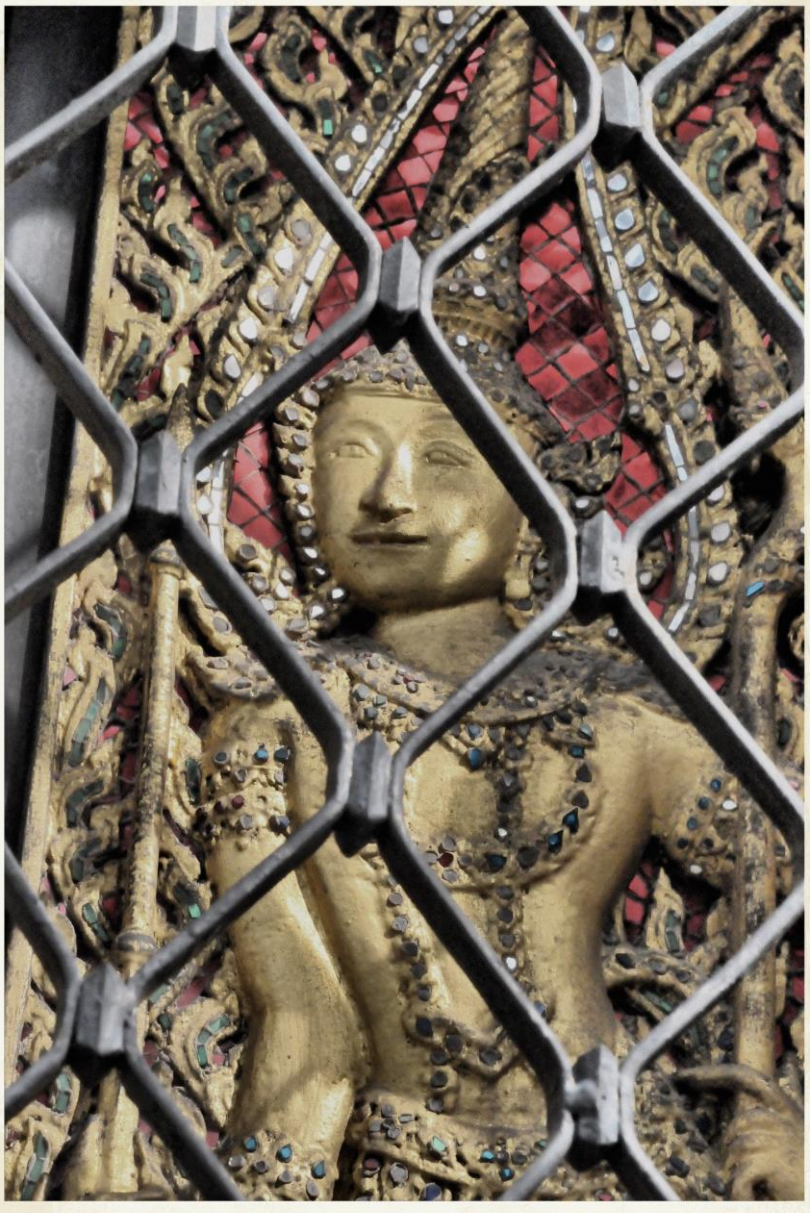
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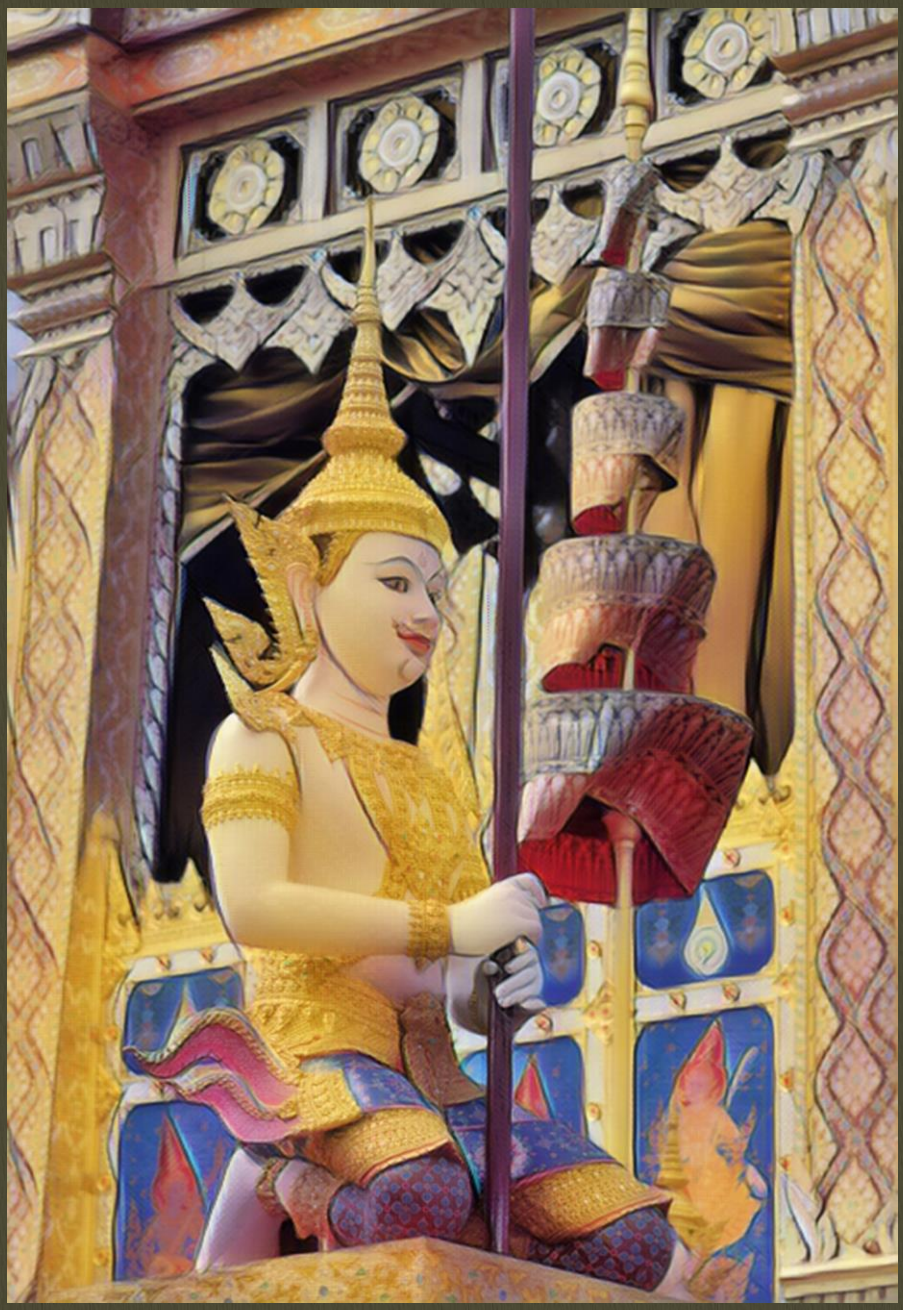
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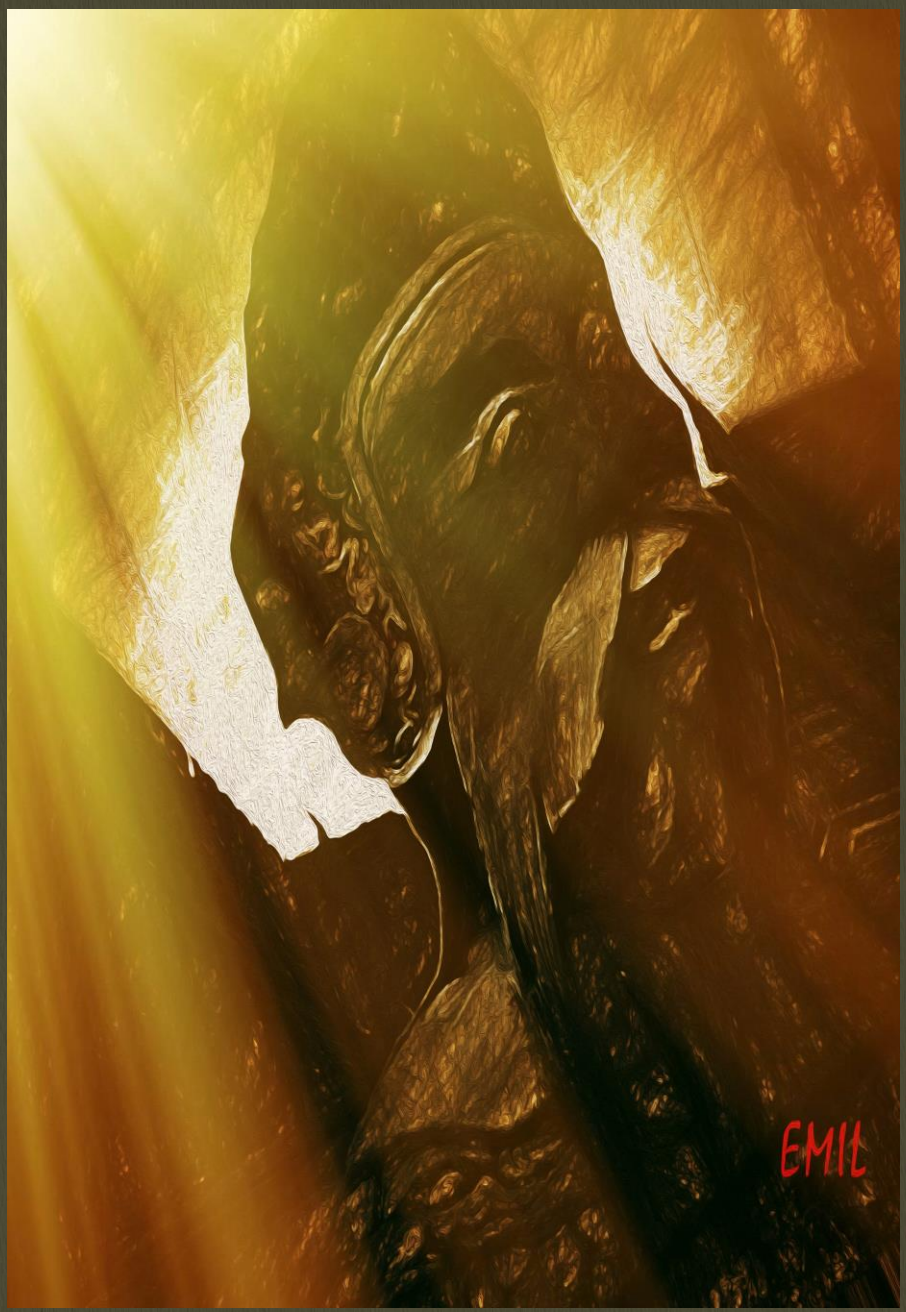
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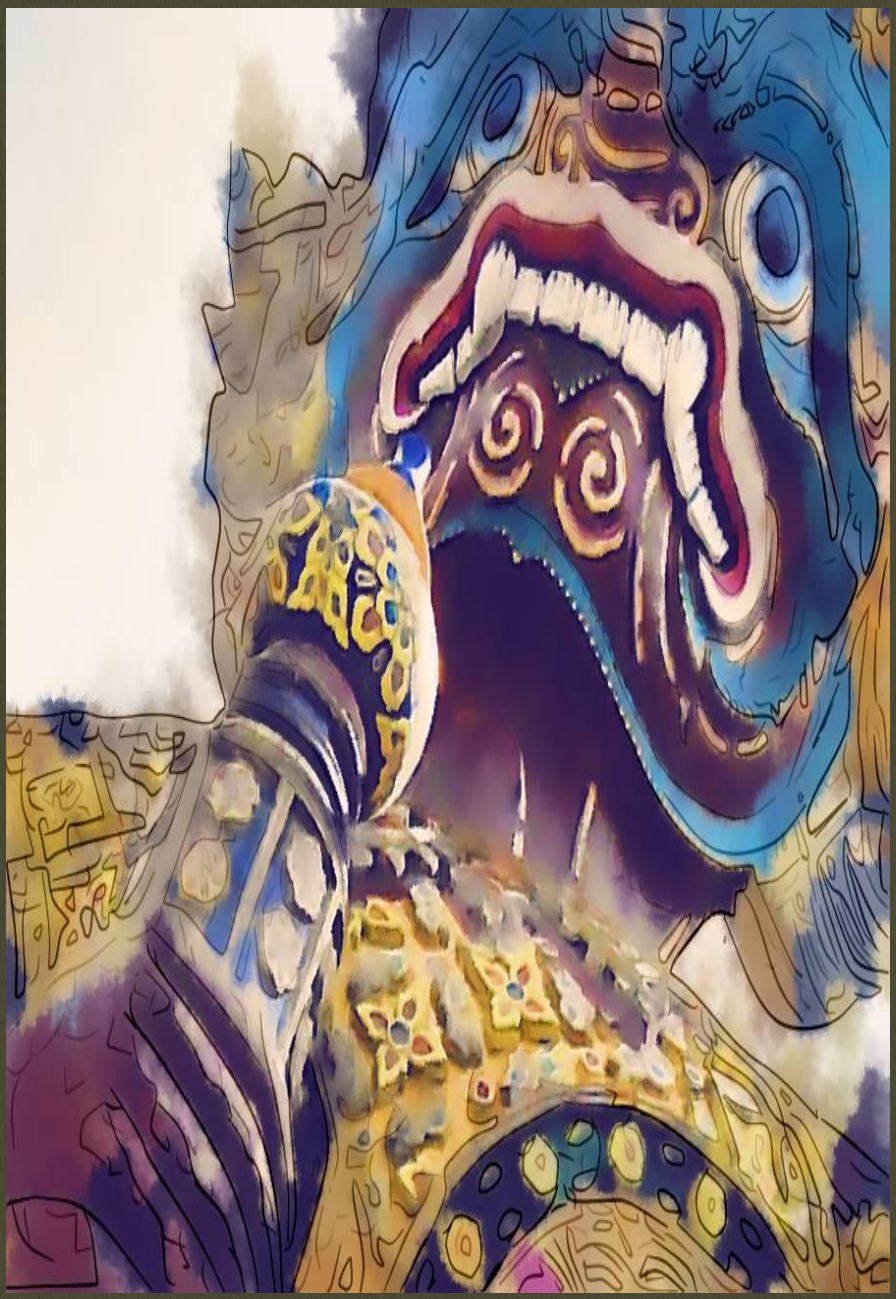
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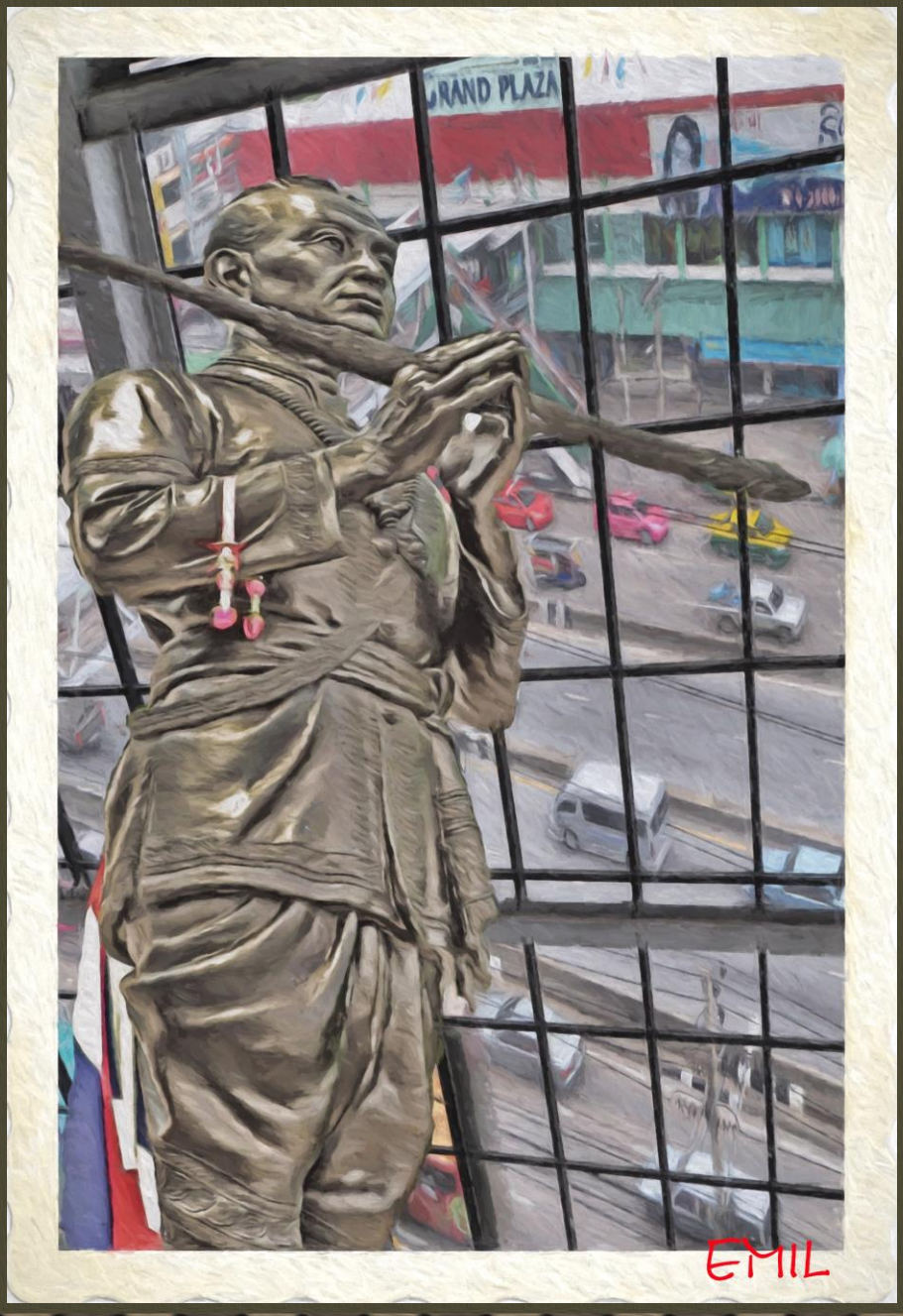
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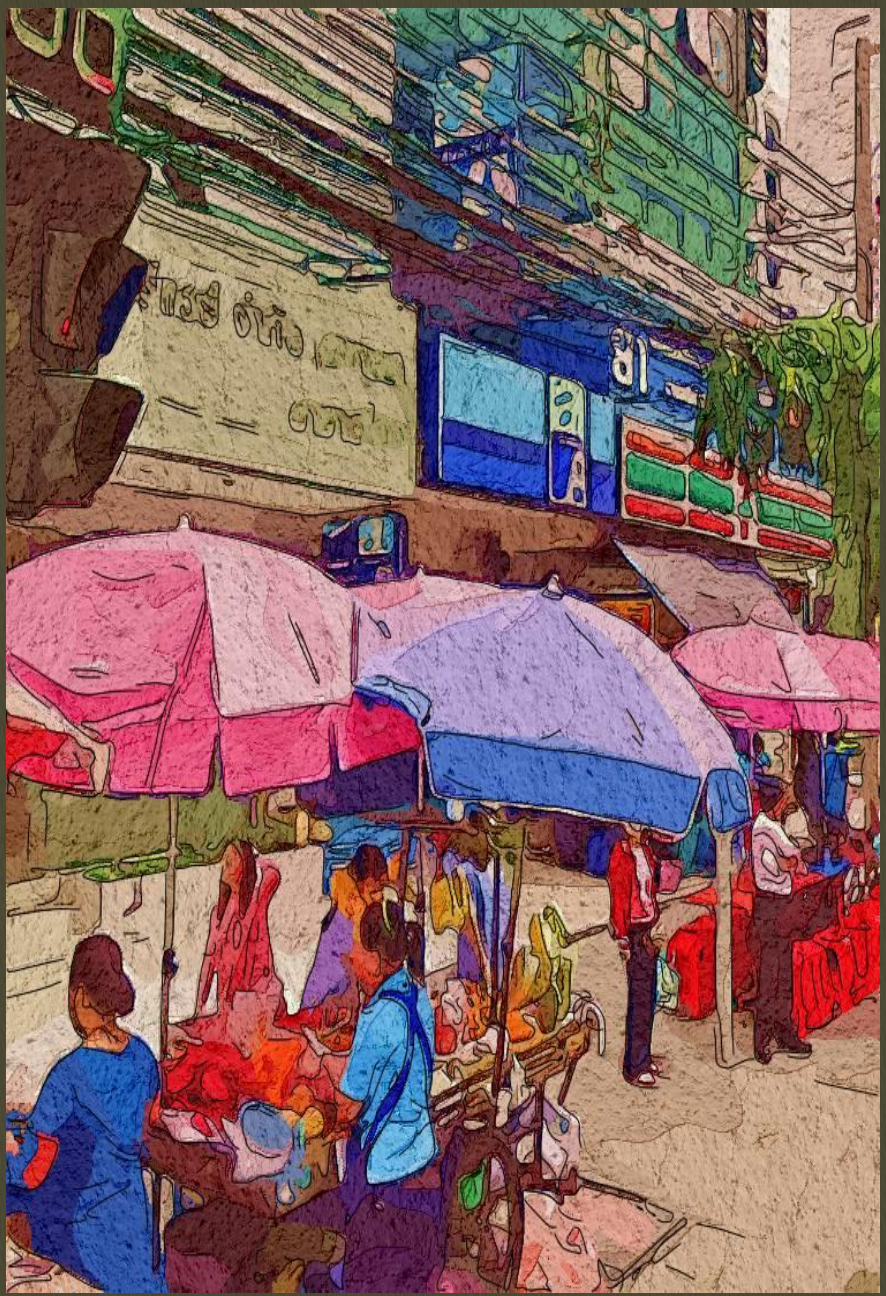
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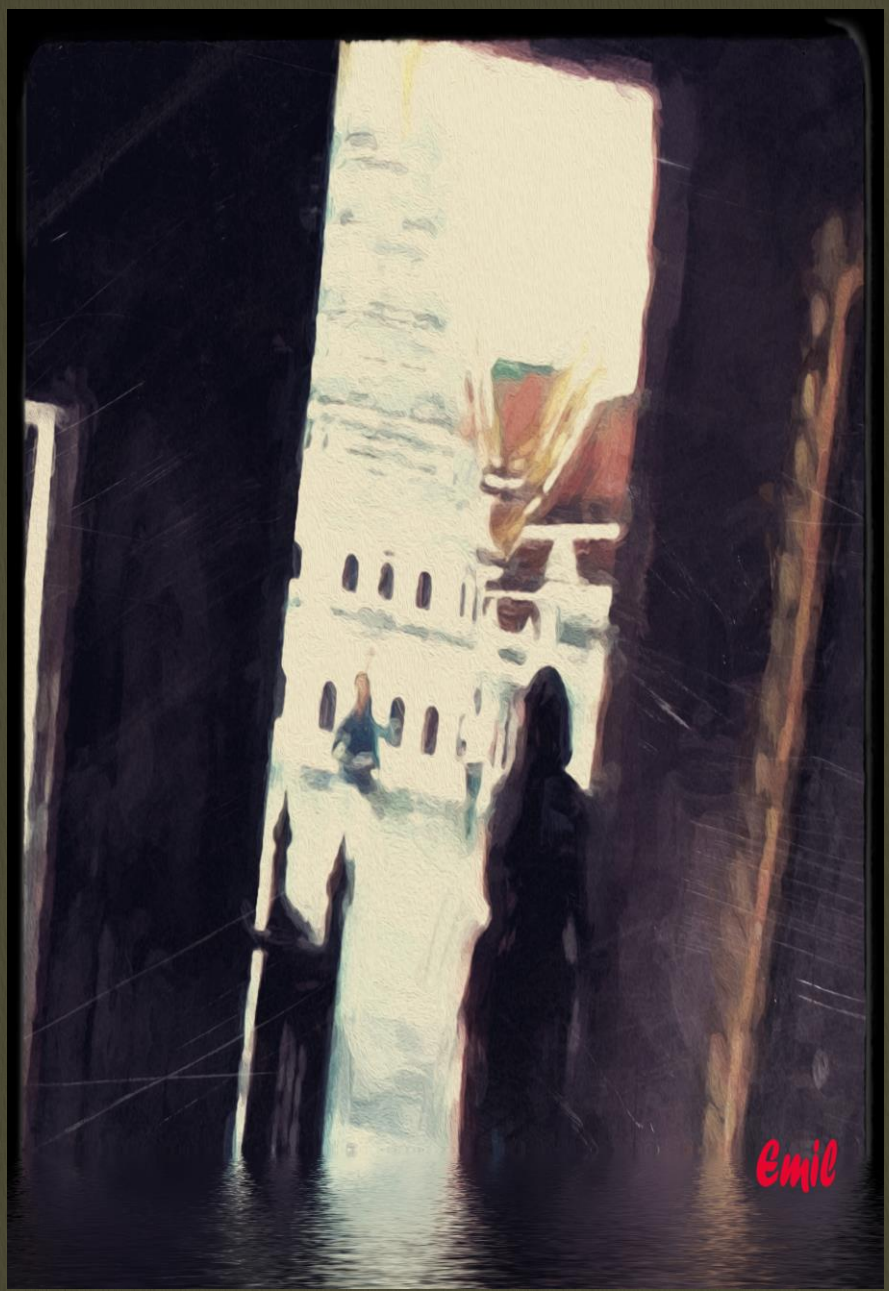
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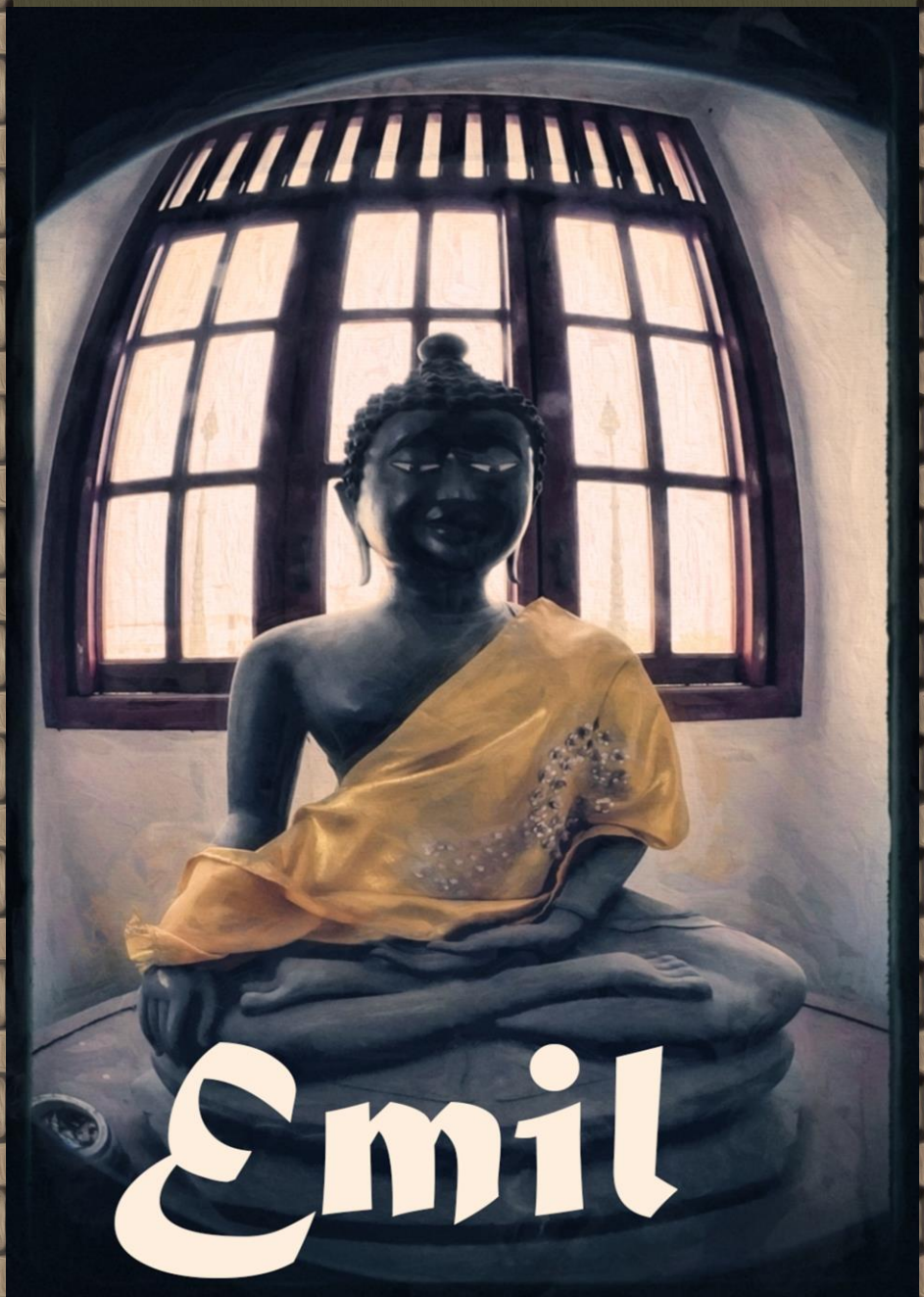
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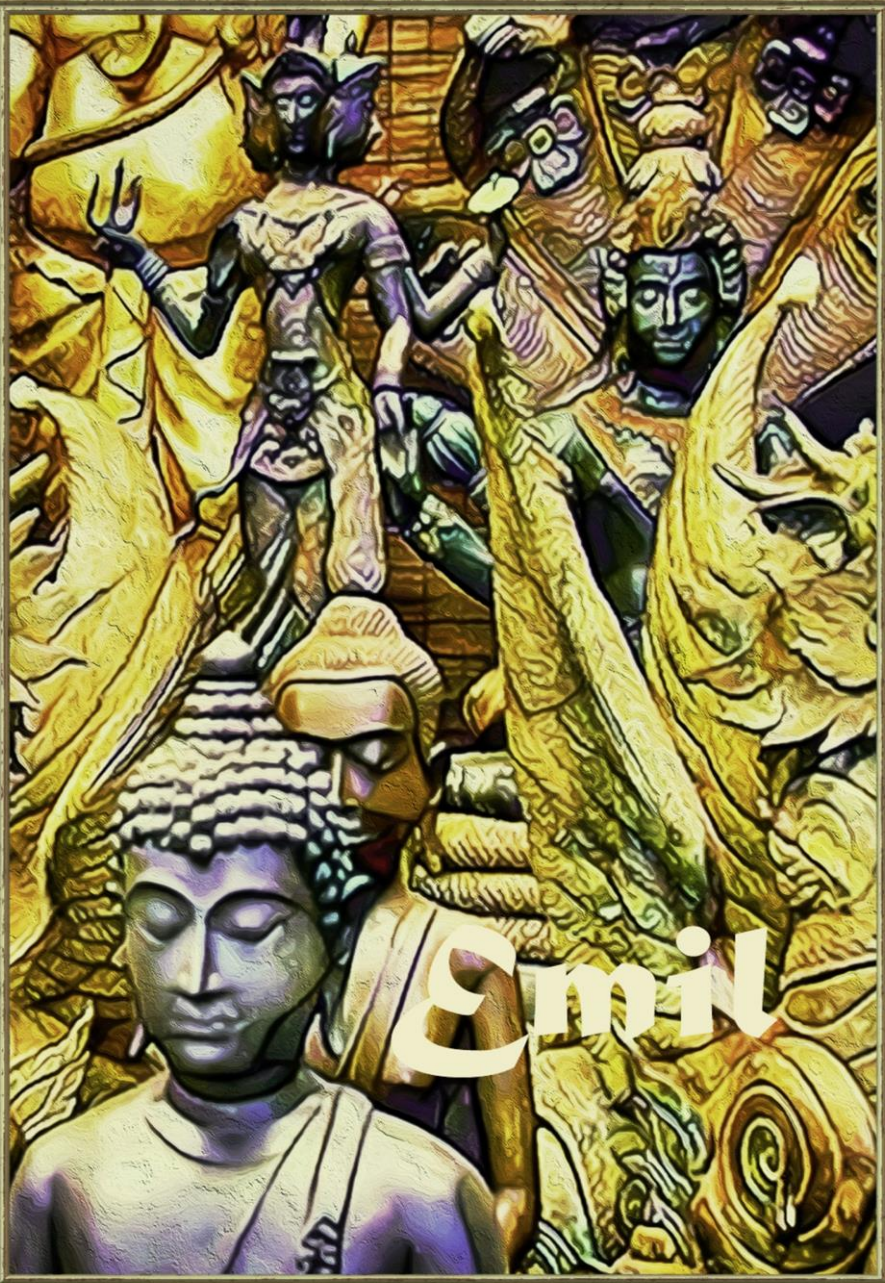


Emil

Thailand



Thailand

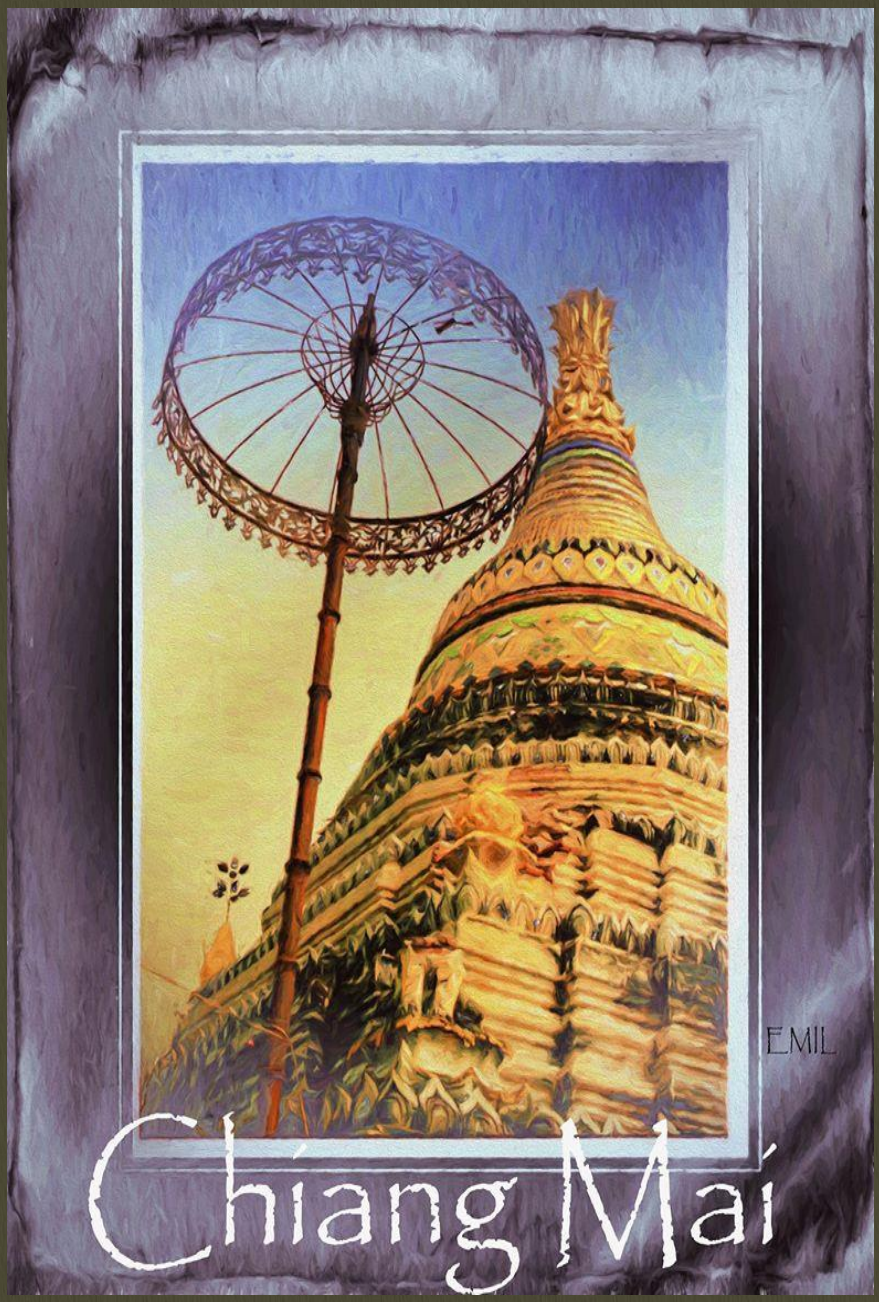


Emil

Thailand



Thailand



Thailand

DAY TRIP TOURS: CHAING MAI...

This was to be my first trip to Chaing Mai and I was curious as to what I would find. I spent the night before in a seedy little parrot bar with Emil and Seine Lagone listening to them weave tale after tale about a cool, laid backed provincial town with a whisper of cool breeze up on the air due to it being nested in the high teak forests of Northern Thailand - where elephants and tigers still roamed free. I looked forward to good food, nice people and being able to walk the town in half-an-hour or with the aid of a trusty rickshaw, taxi driver...A useful guy who could and would get you caught up in the high drama of passion, politics or crime...which ever was to your fancy or to your liking.

What they had failed to enlighten me with was the fact that their stories came

Thailand

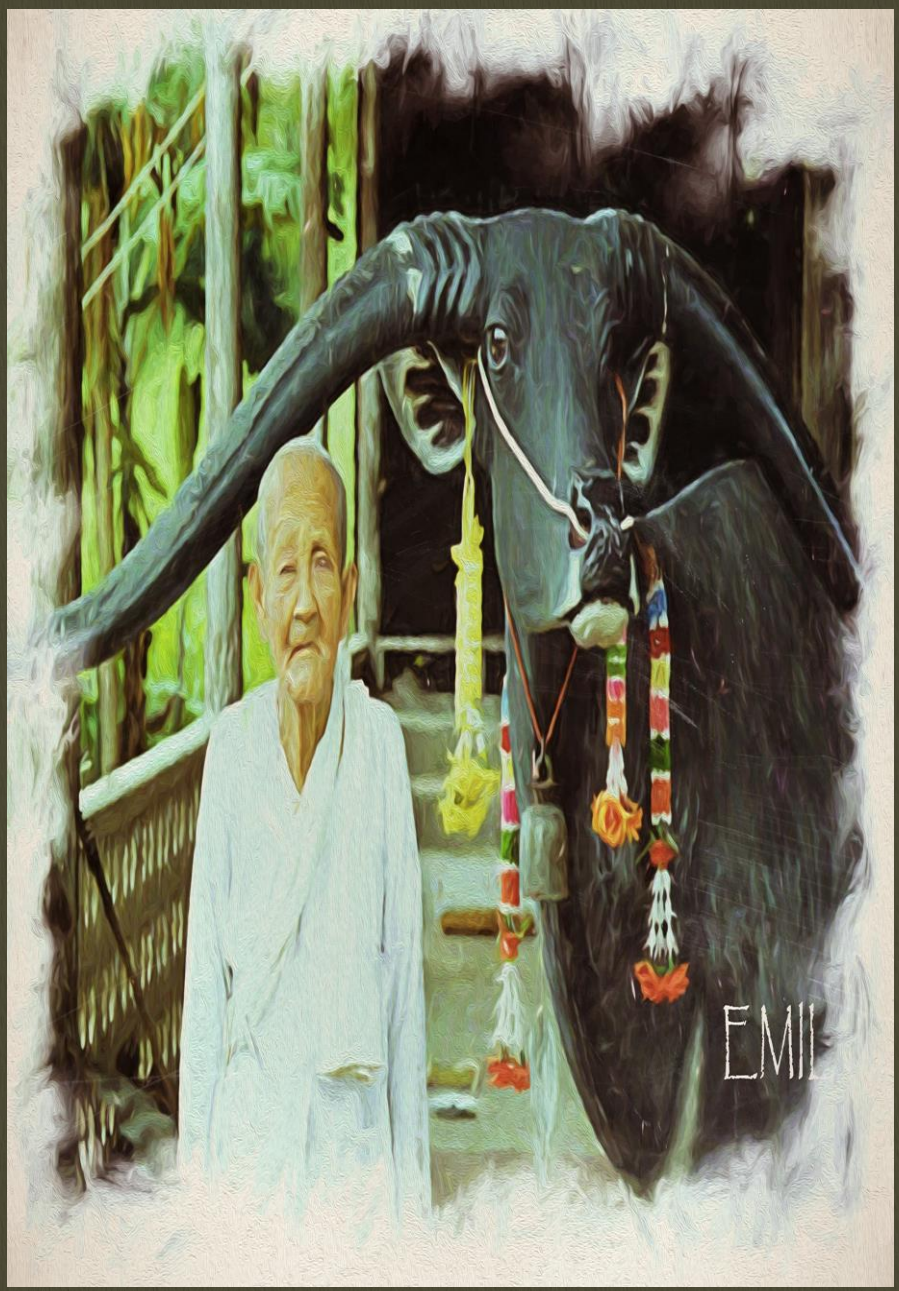


Thailand

DAY TRIP TOURS: CHAING MAI...

from almost 40 years or more ago.
This was obvious as our overnight train steamed into (not really...they are all diesel these days) a vast industrial city with pollution and traffic second only to Bangkok.
As I always do...
I am well known for my ability to complain...that I was lied to, duped and at best, mislead as to what would be awaiting us upon our arrival.
I had even packed a parka upon the prompting of Mr. Lagone.
"Stupid adventure"
I cursed at them all.
I further expressed my displeasure with comments about the fact "if I wanted air pollution and traffic...I could have saved a day trip...!"

Thailand



Thailand

DAY TRIP TOURS: CHAING MAI...

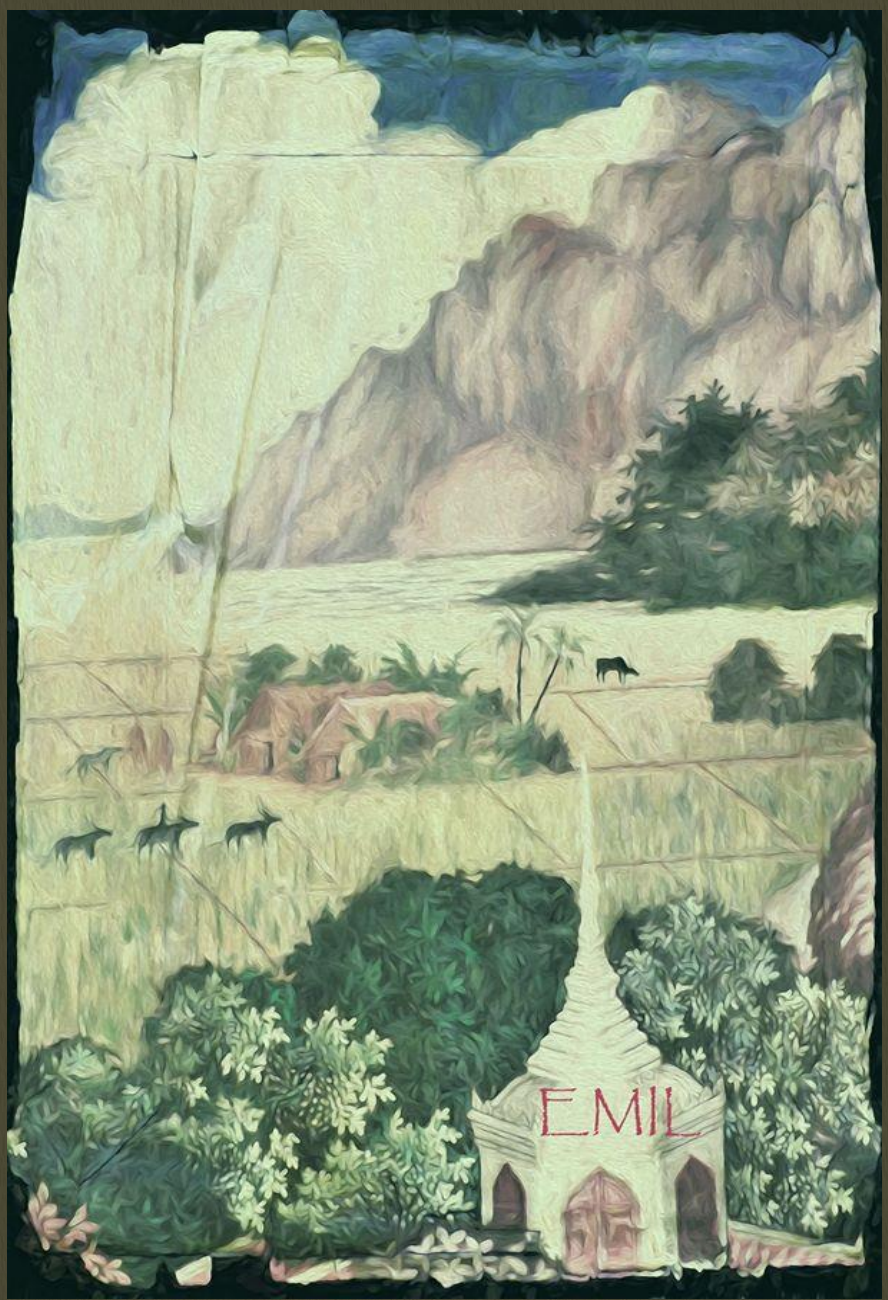
At the end of our day tour...I was ashamed...as that first impression was so wrong!

The city that Emil and Seine had talked about was still there in plain sight but, you had to know where to look for it...

Emil was a grand tour guide who took us up long forgotten Soi's and Alleyways to discover all of the laid back people, great food that all of the grand tales they had so waxed on about the previous night...and, although, I did not see tigers roaming free..

.I was told that they were all now interned into the Famous Chaing Mai Zoo...living right down the block from the Panda Bears.

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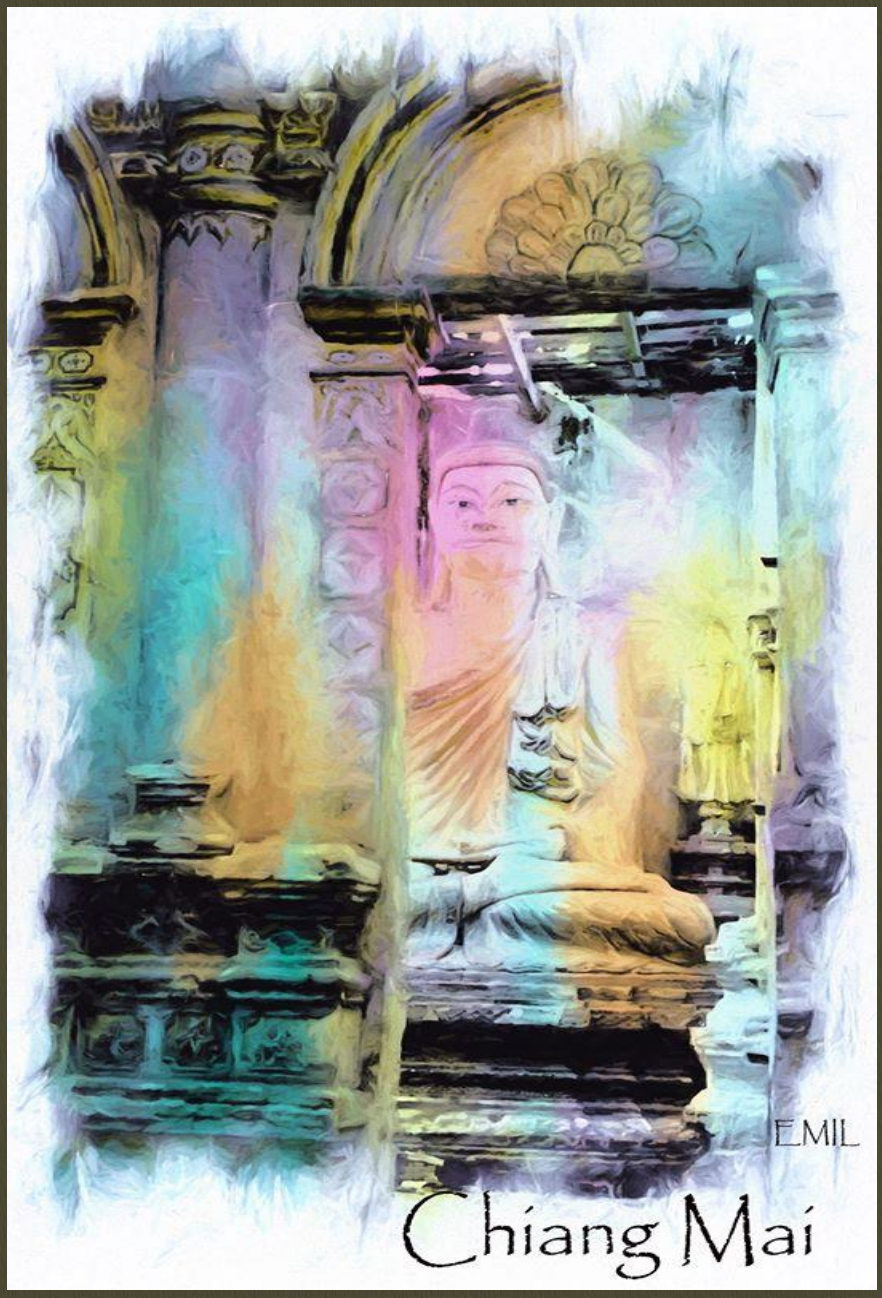
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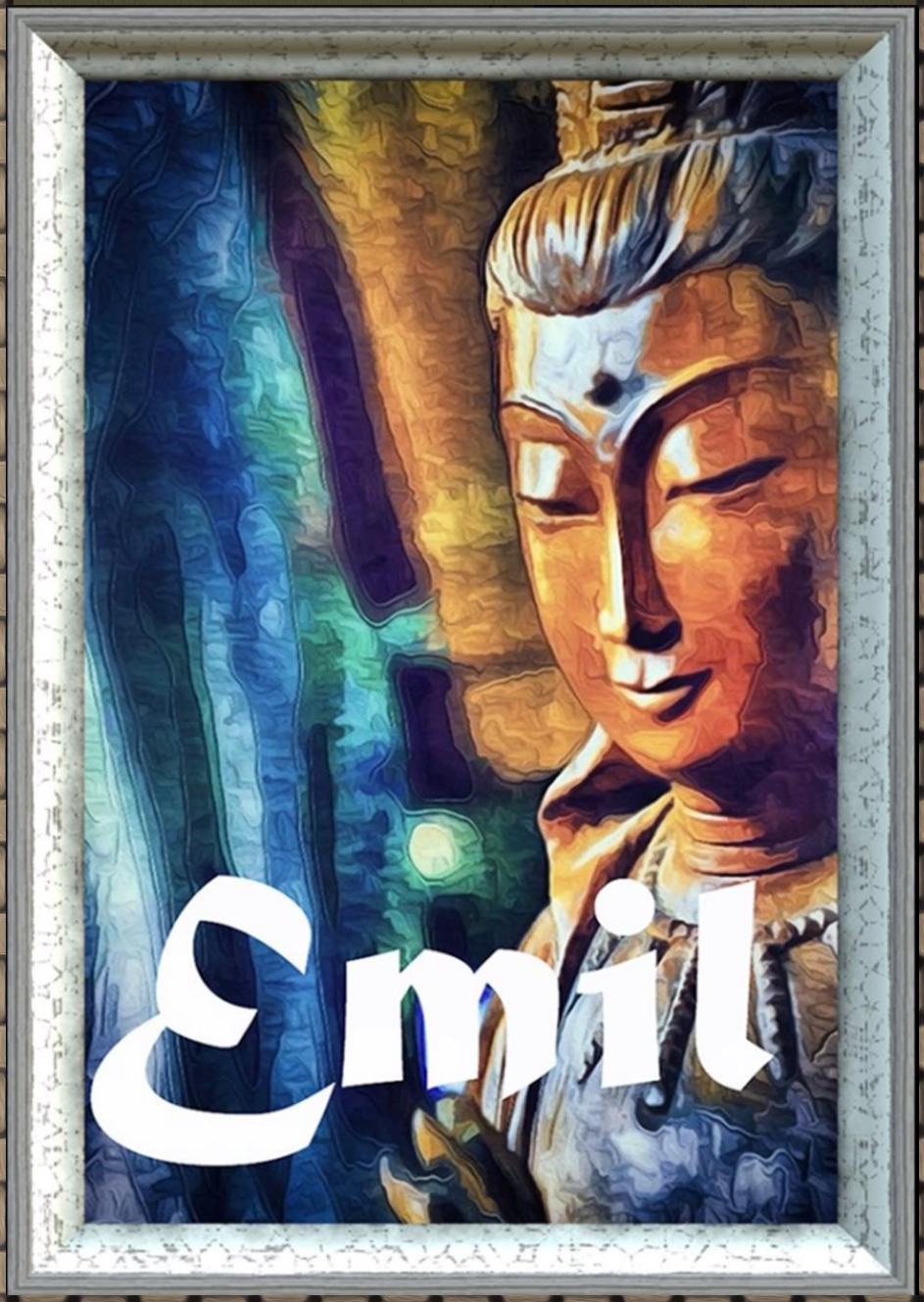
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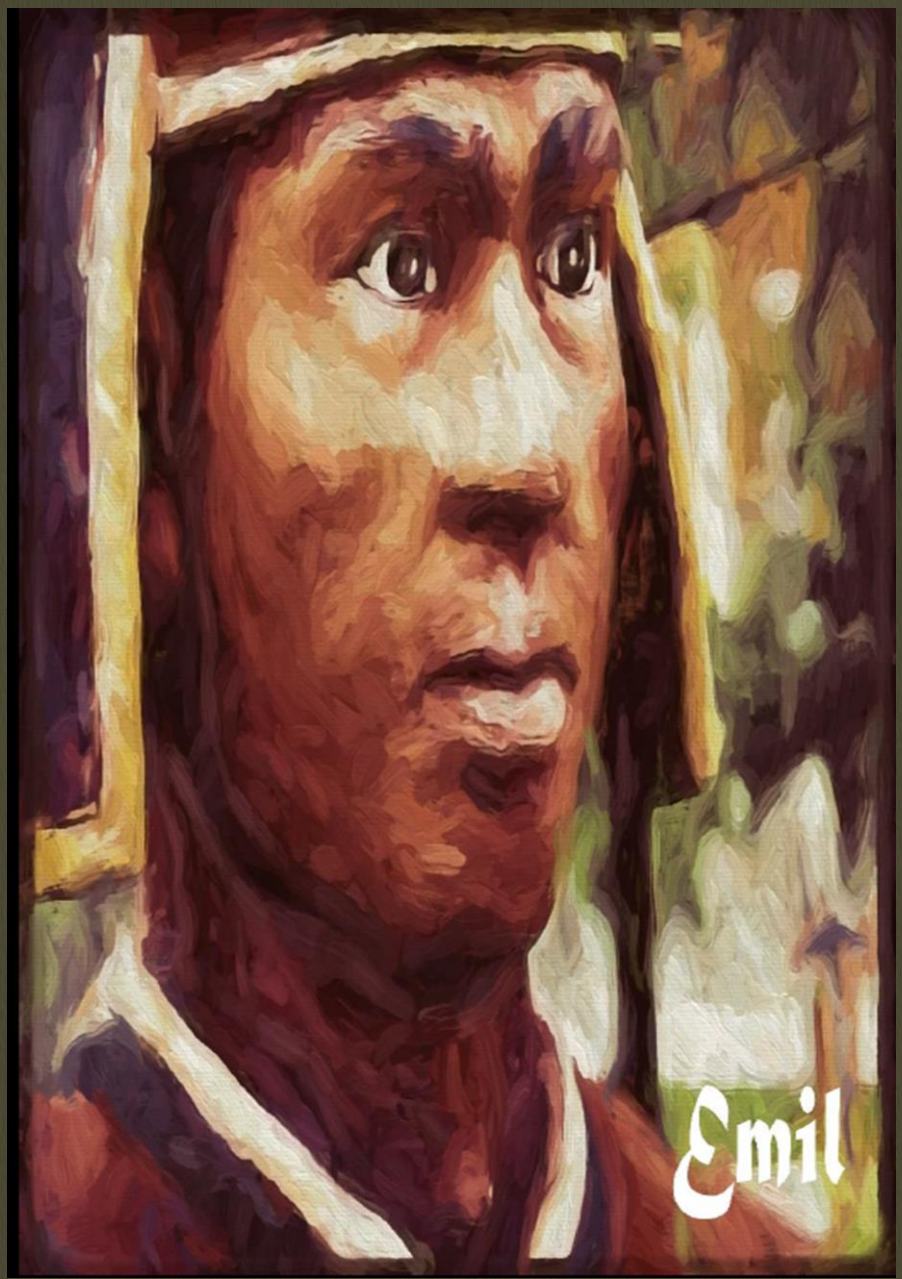
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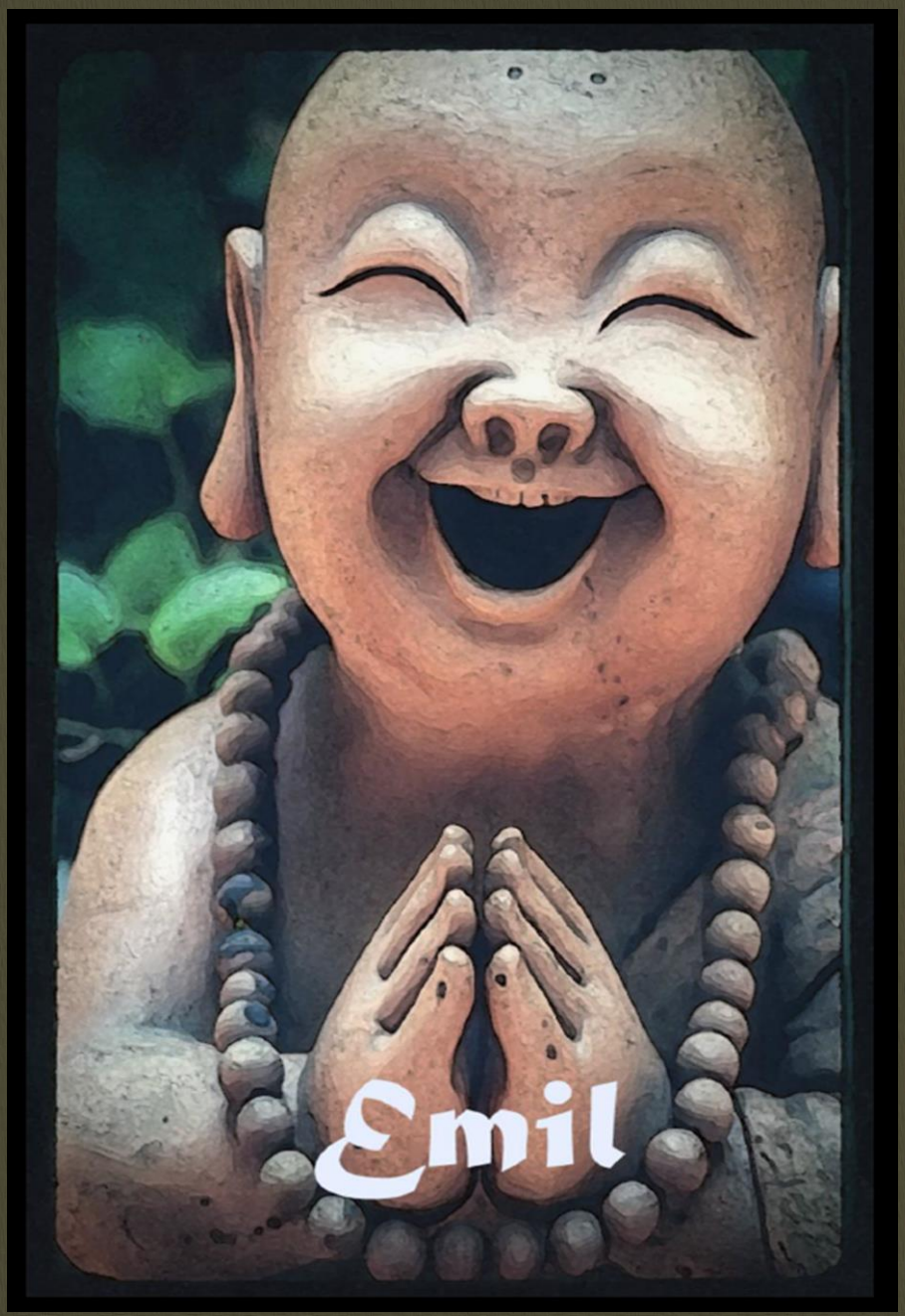
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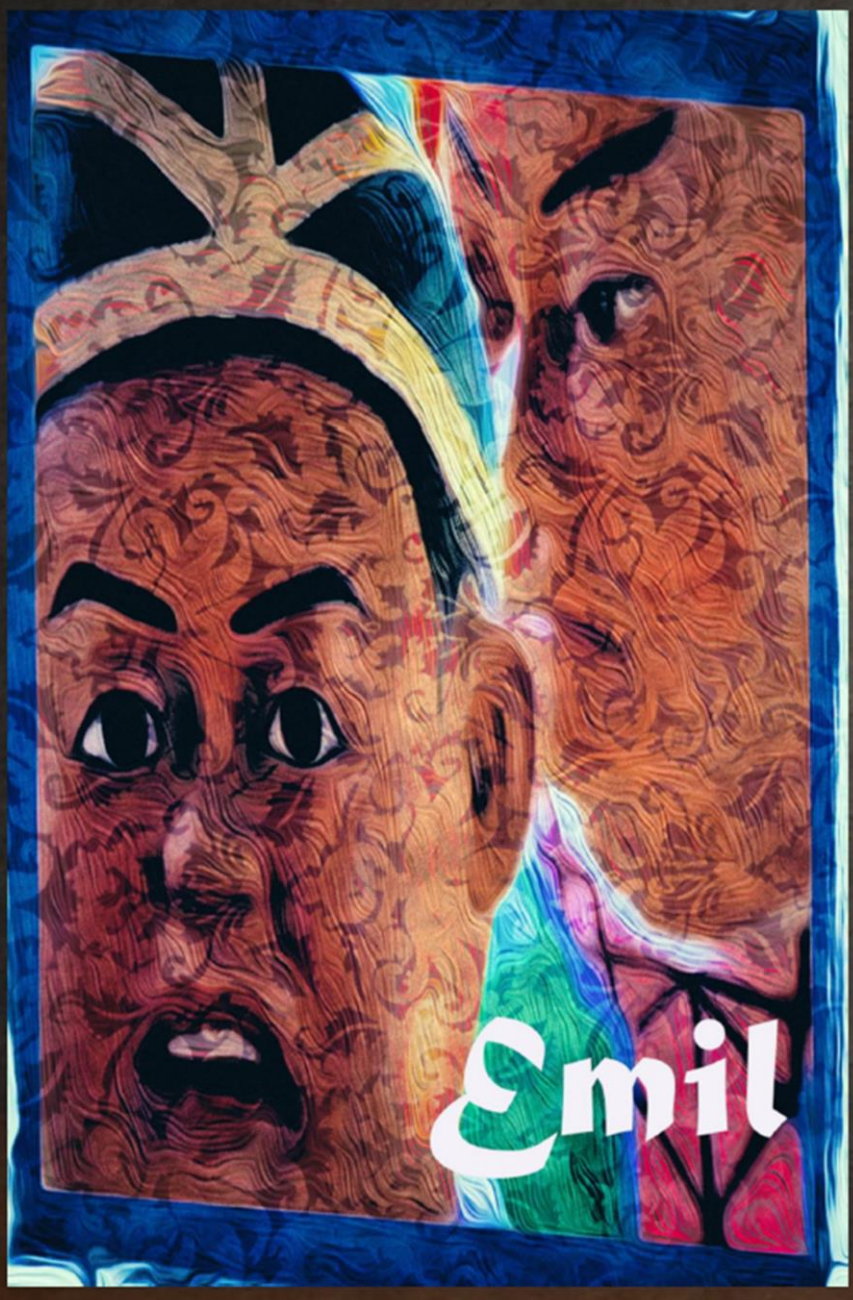
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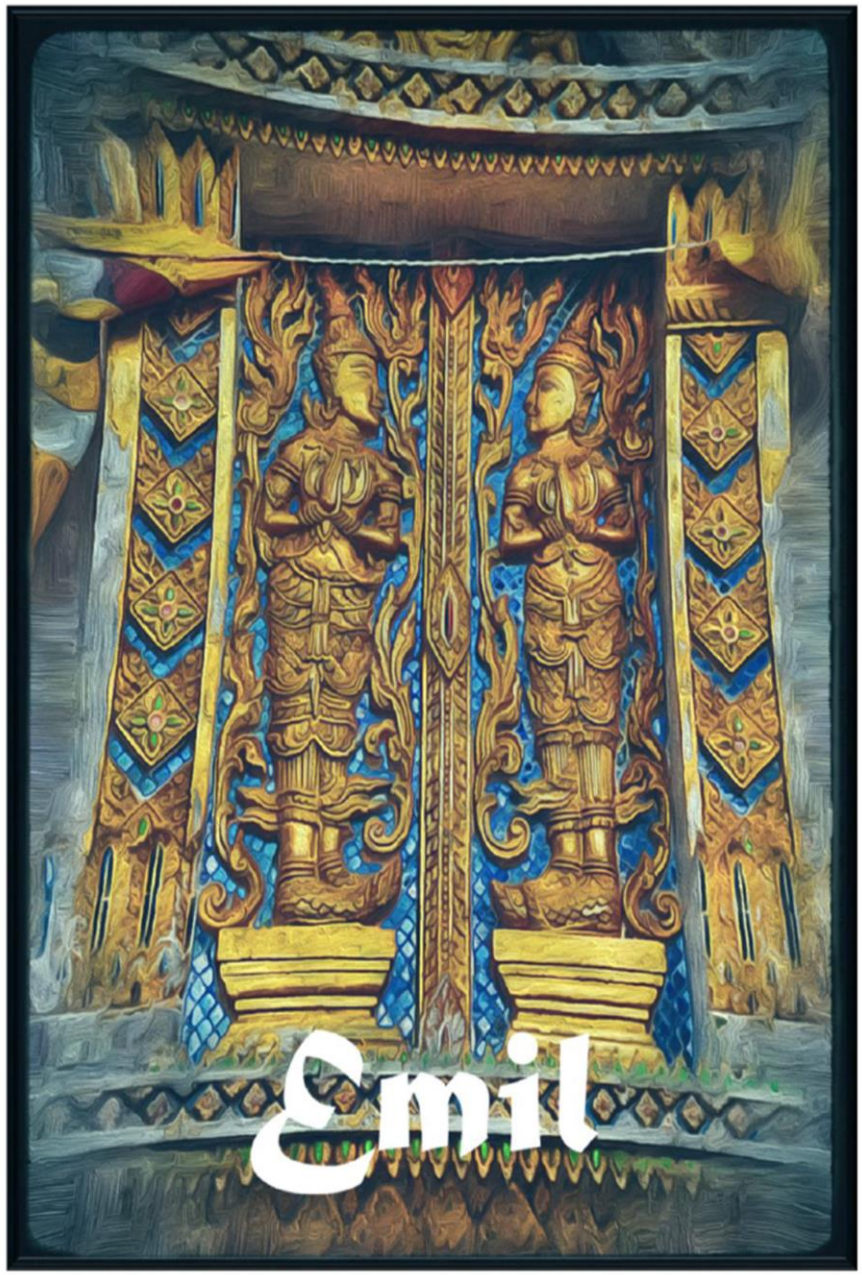
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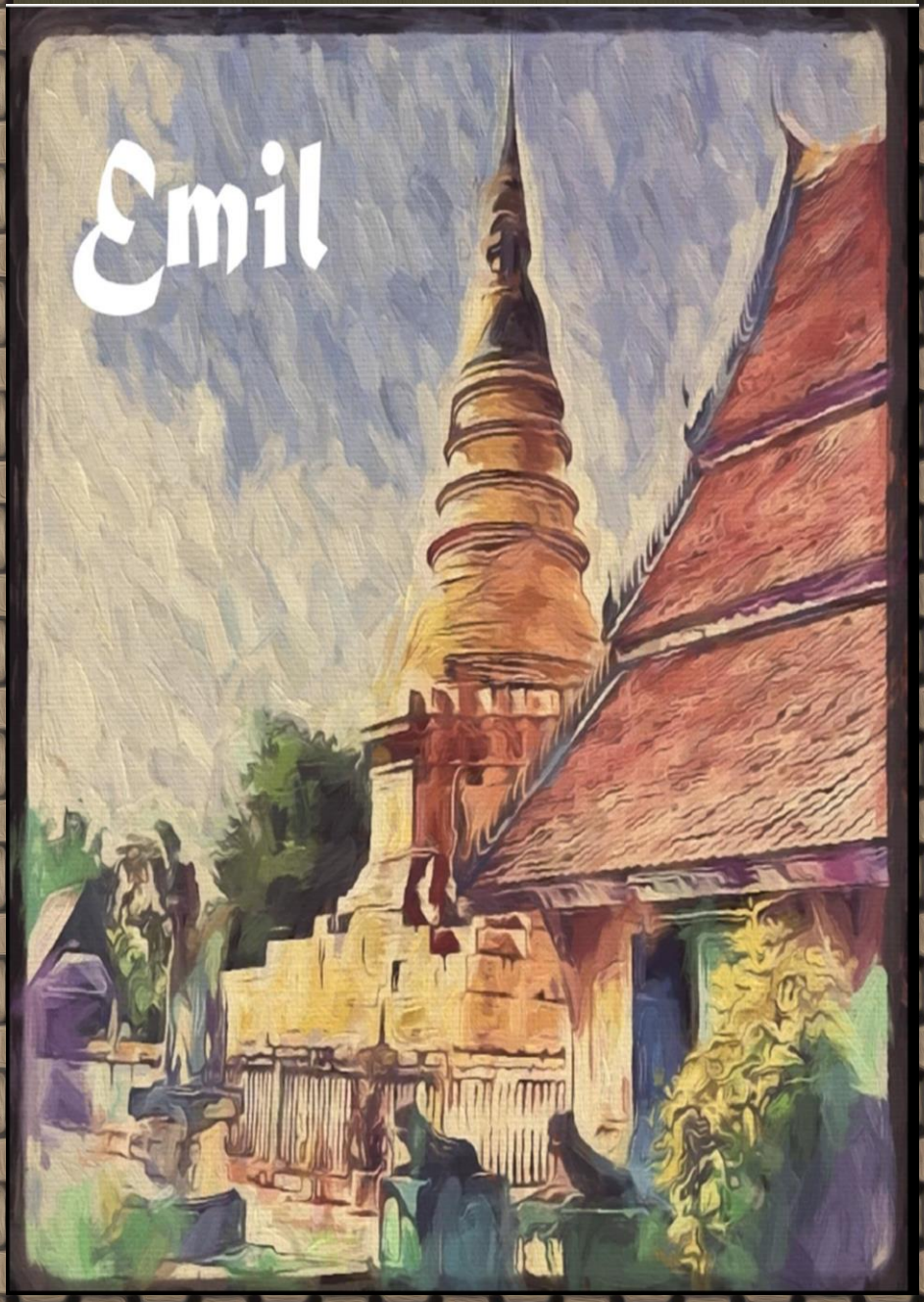


Emil

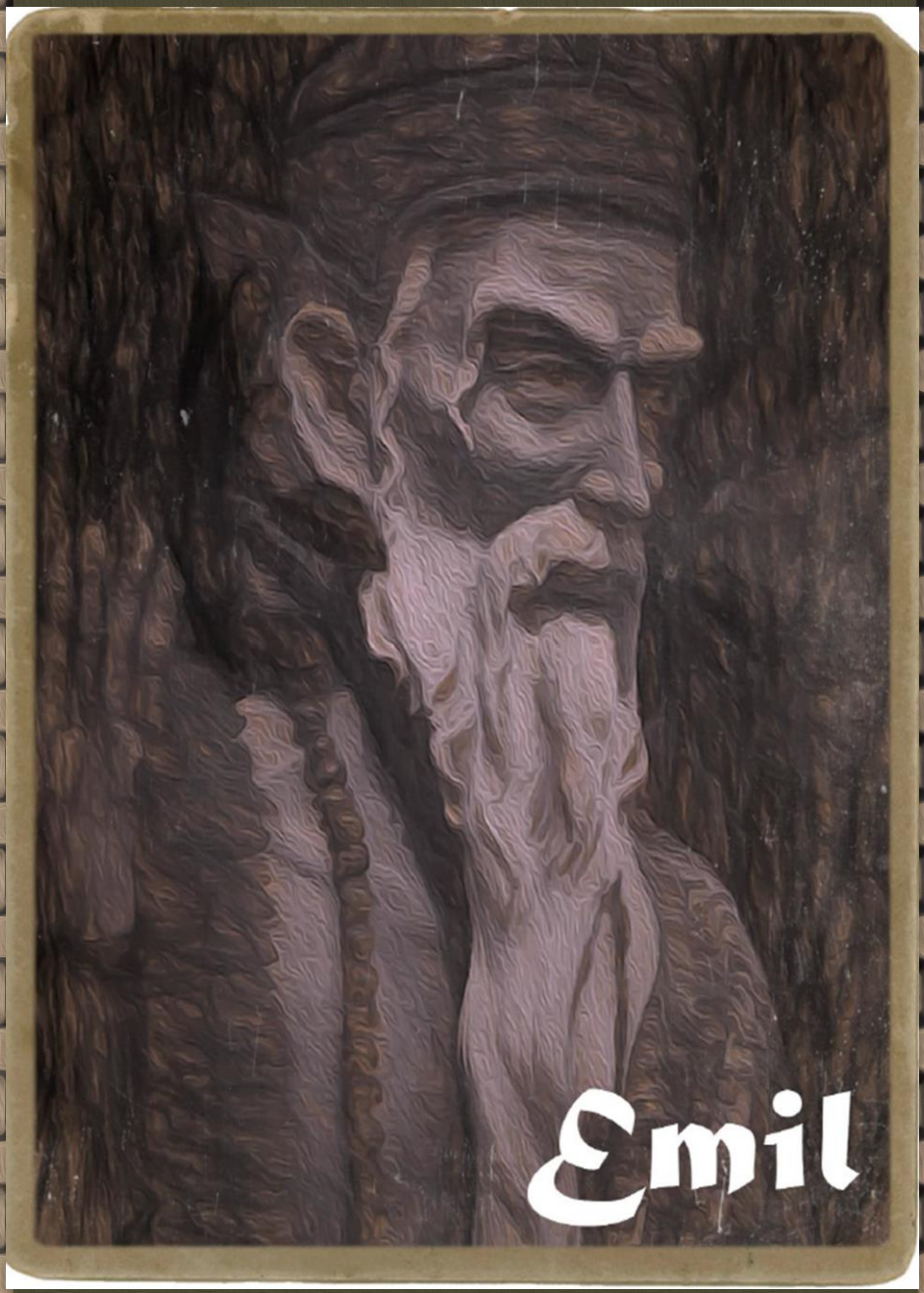
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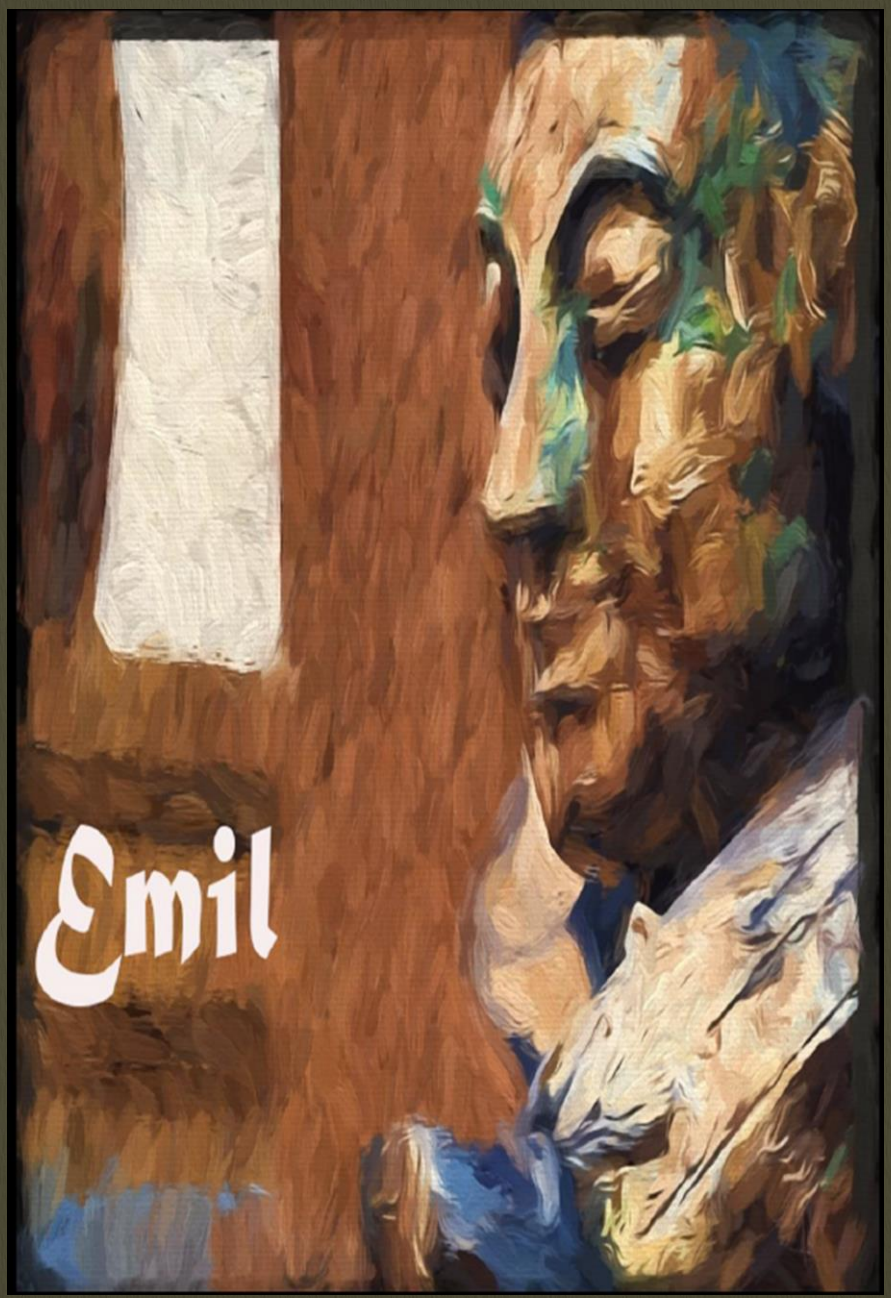


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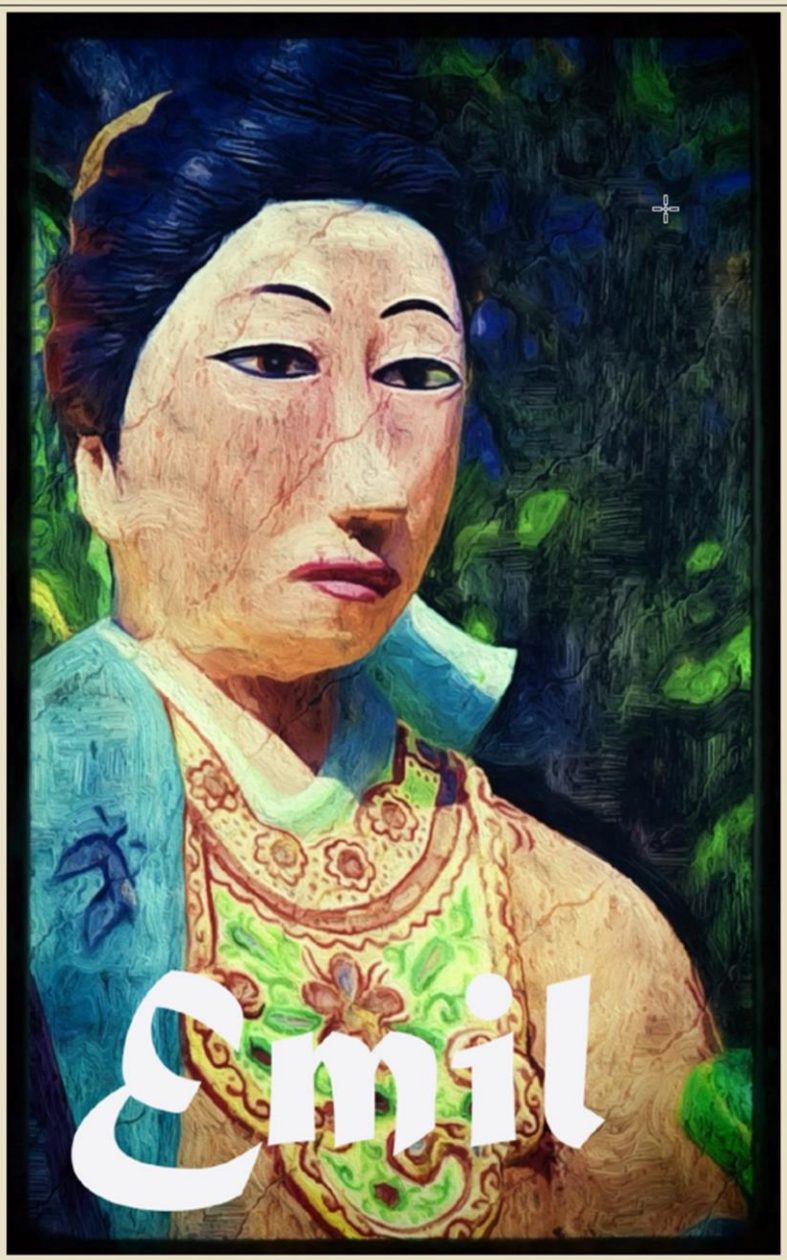


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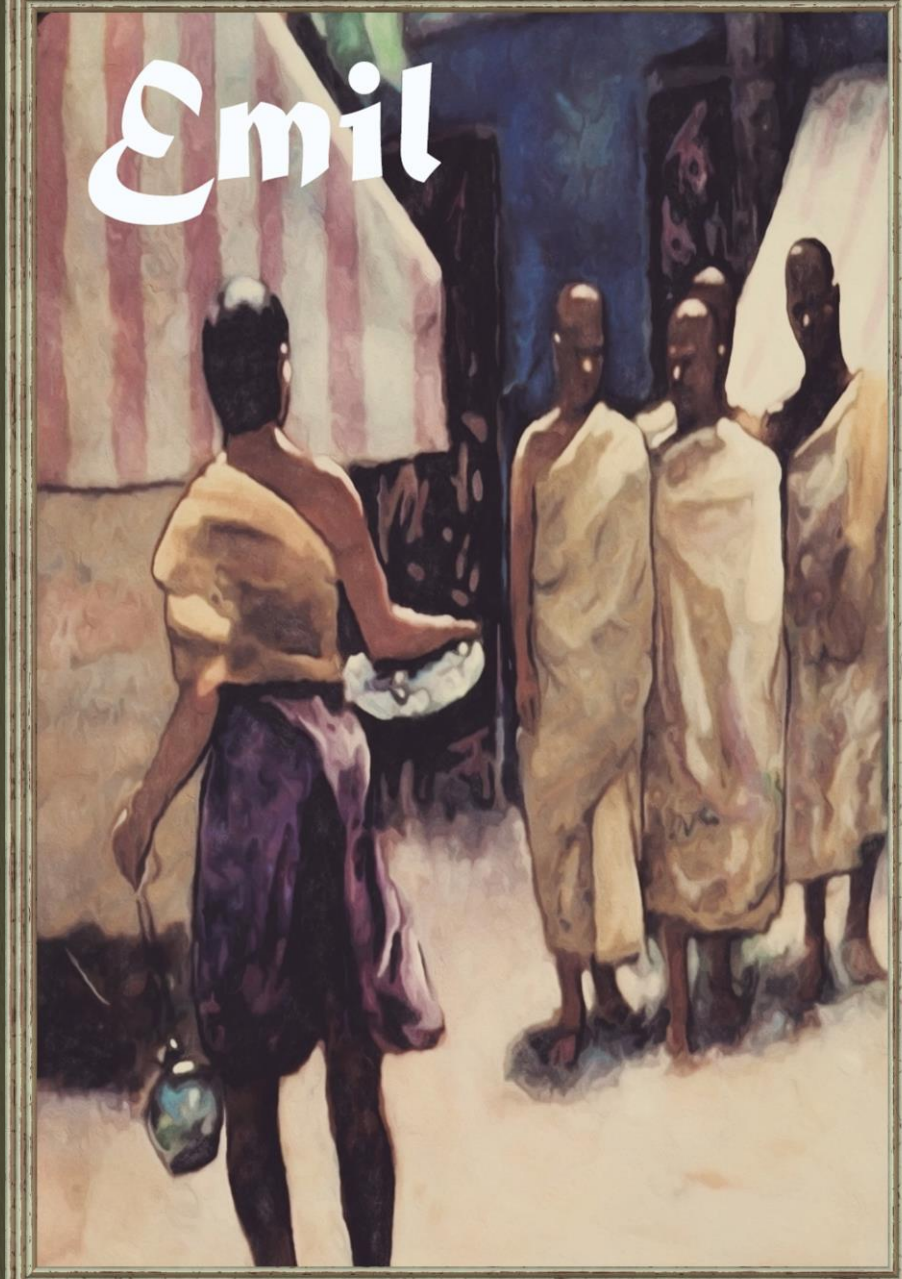




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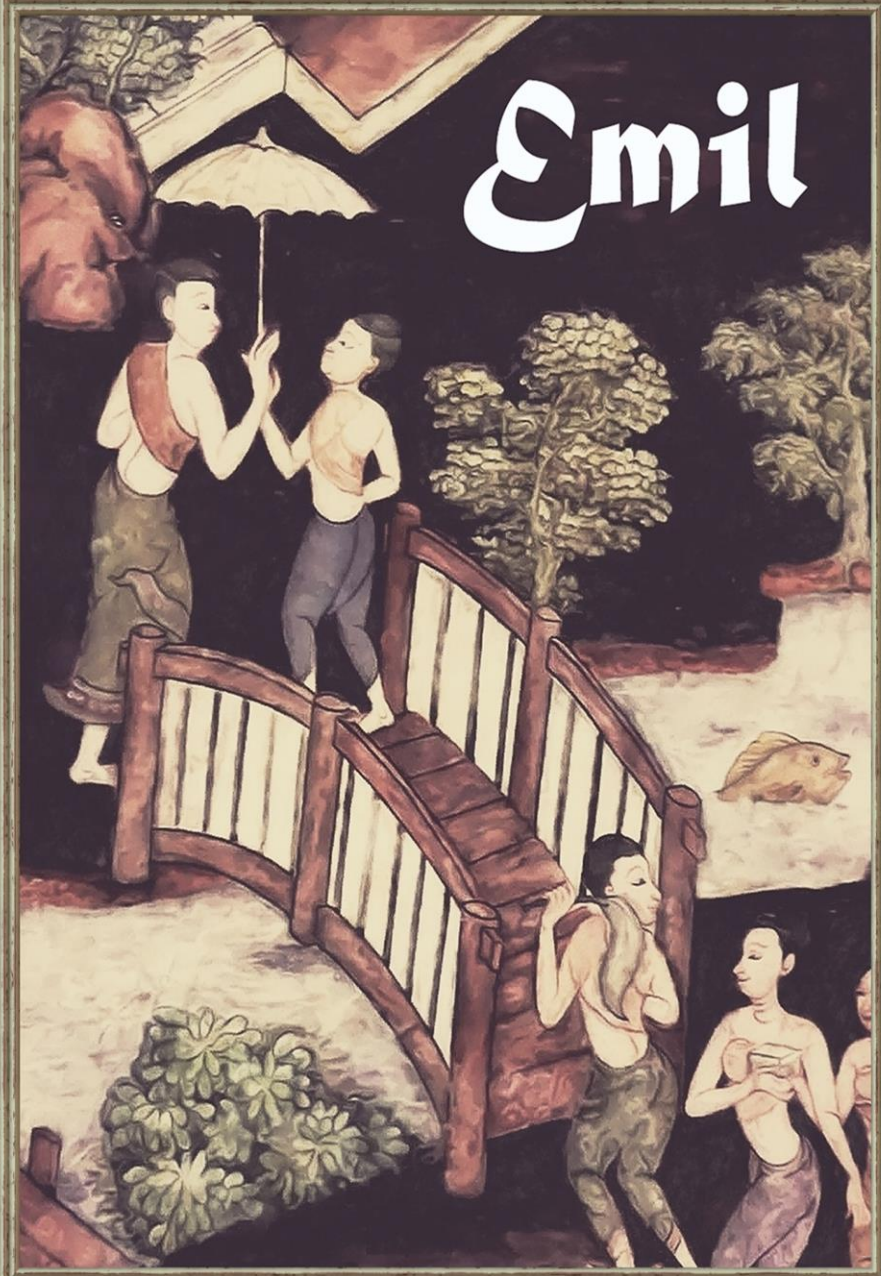
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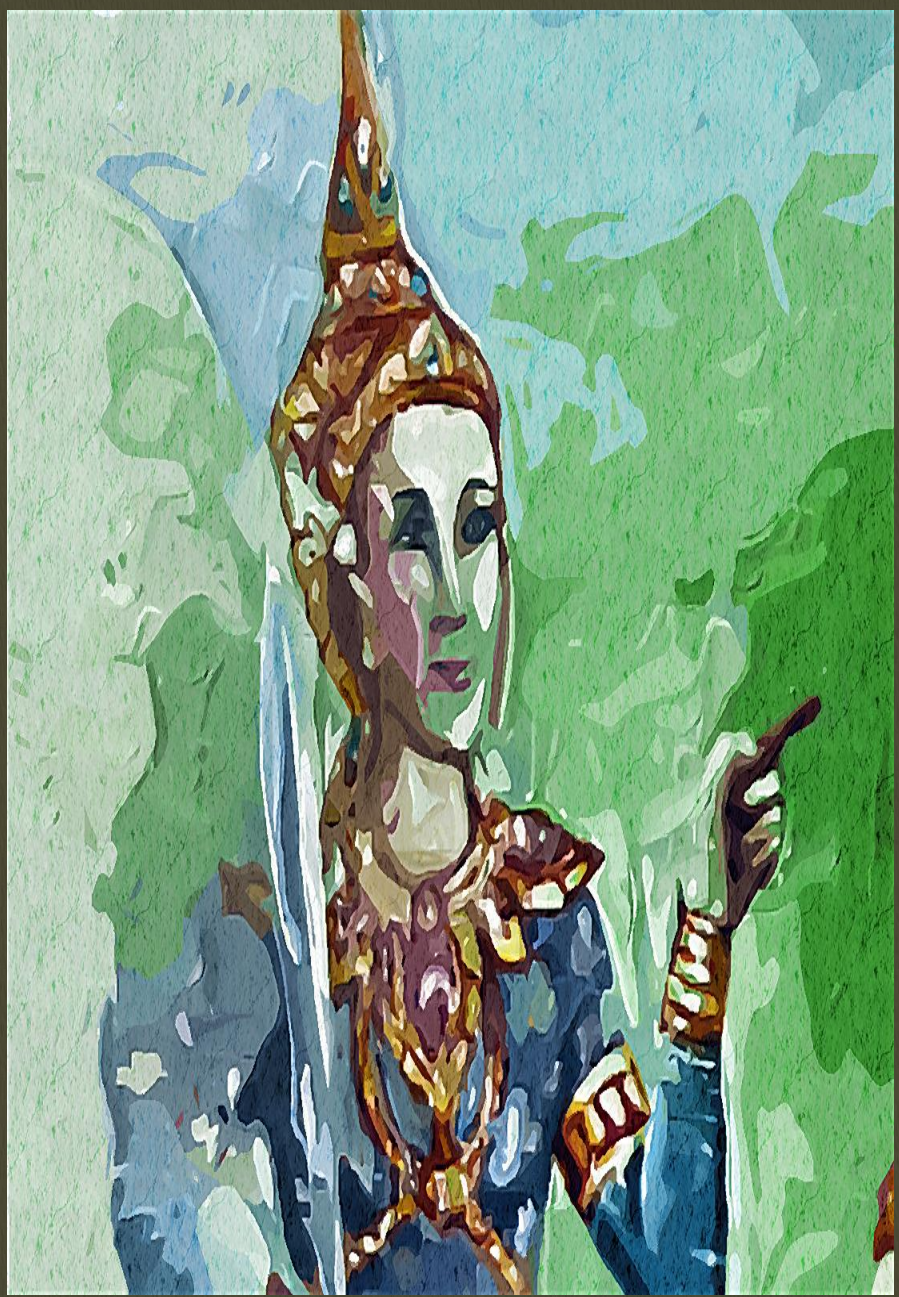
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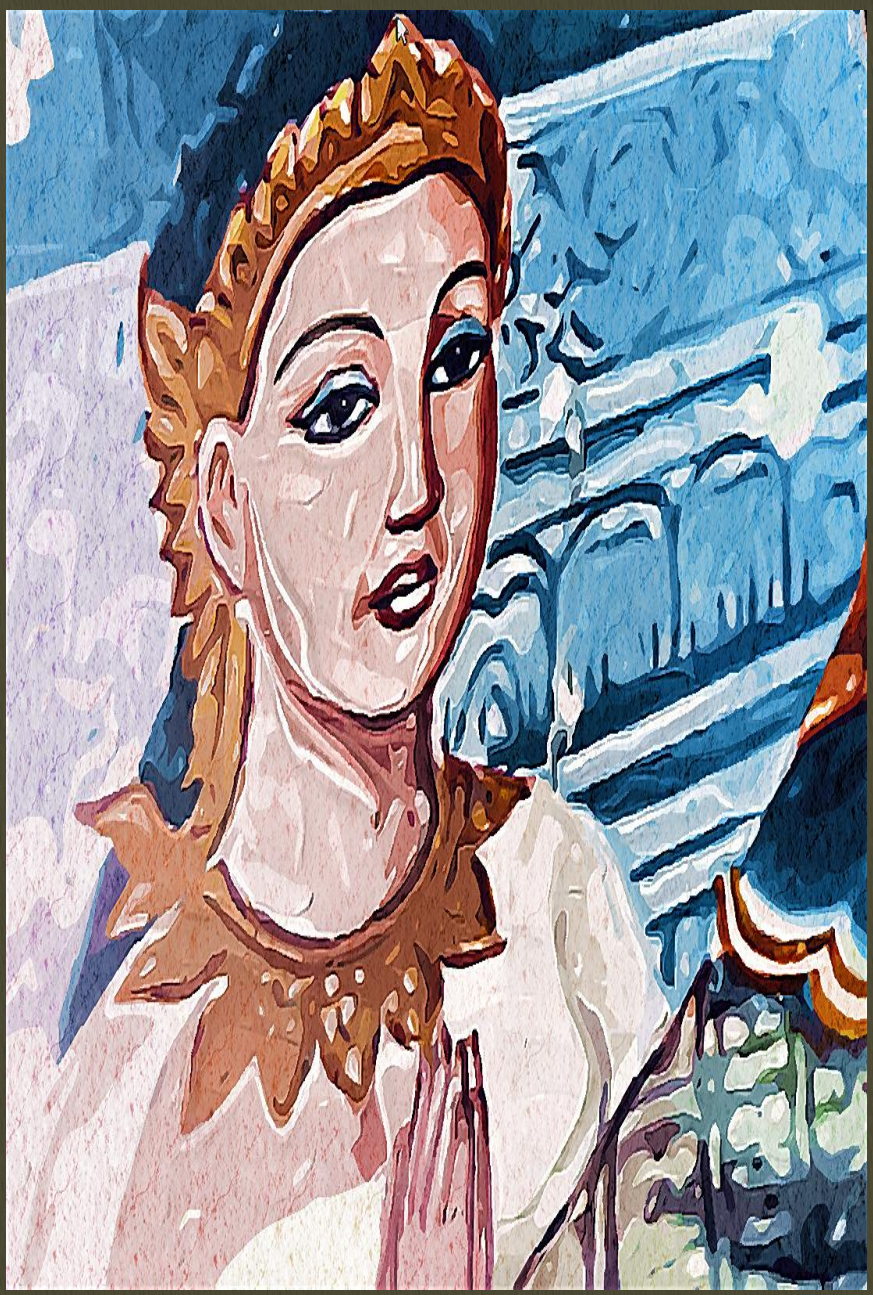
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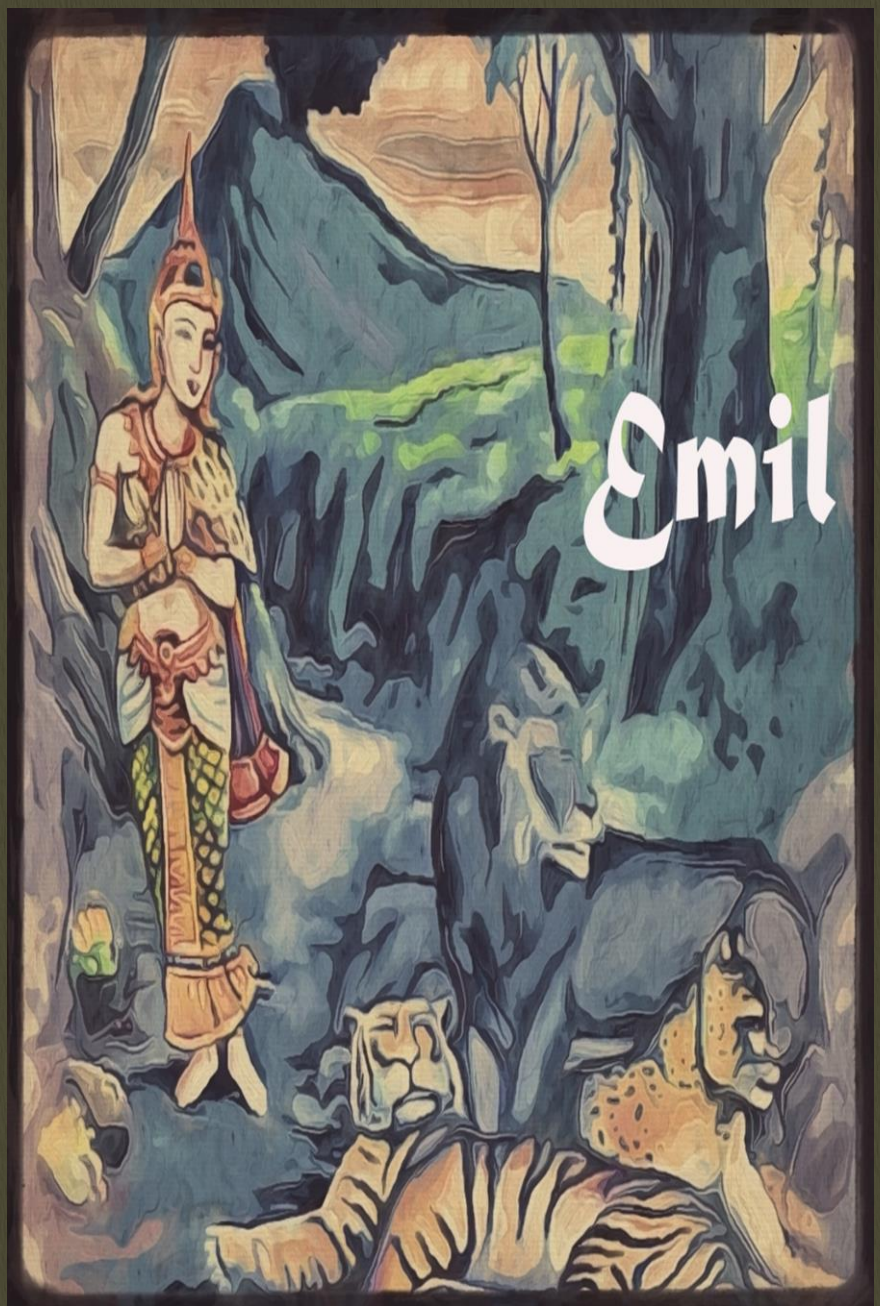


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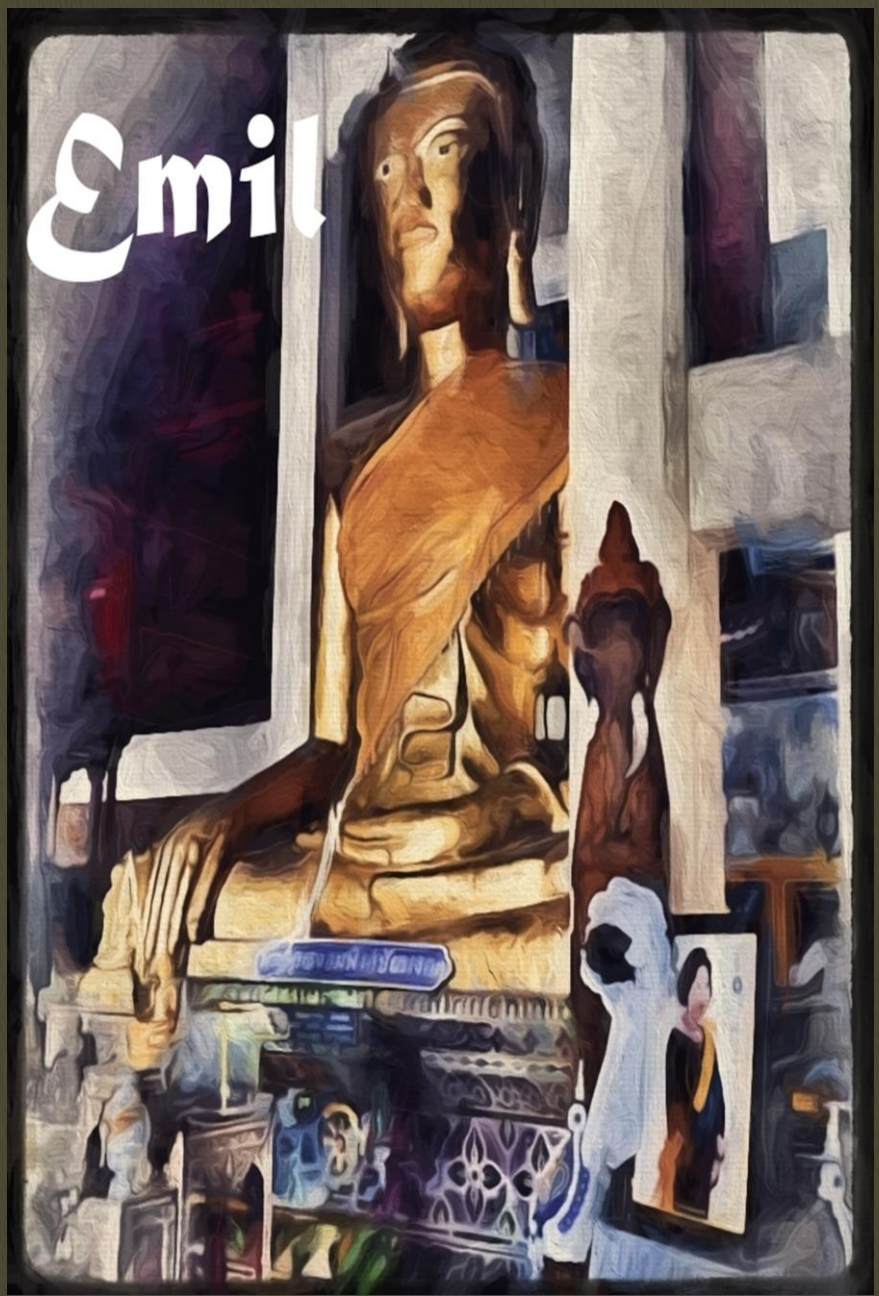
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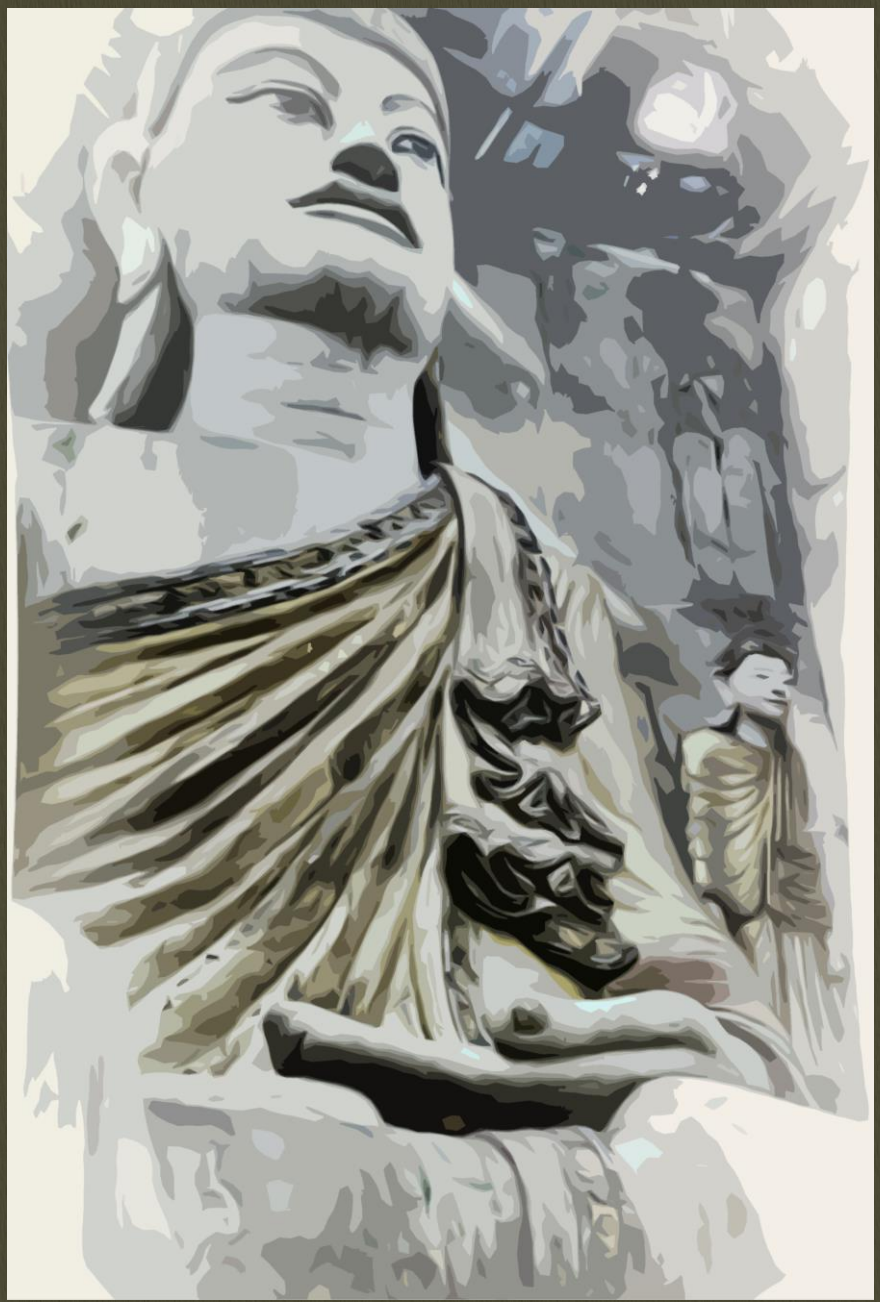
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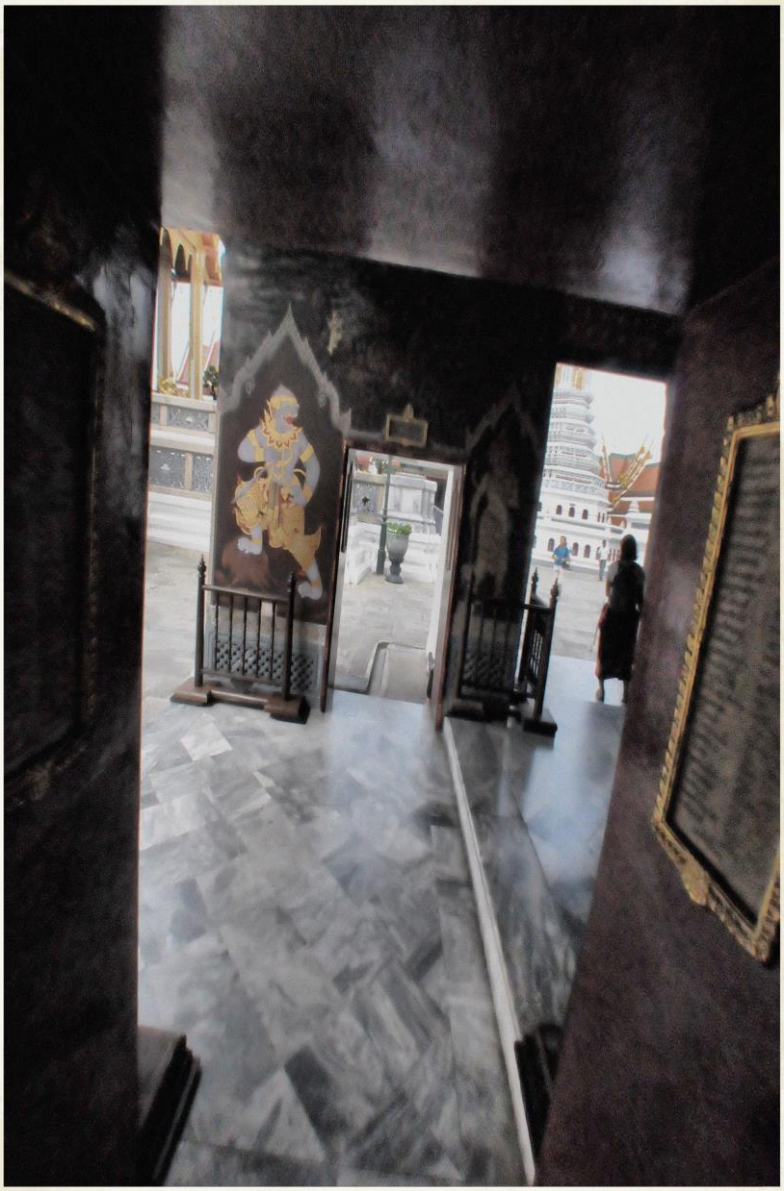
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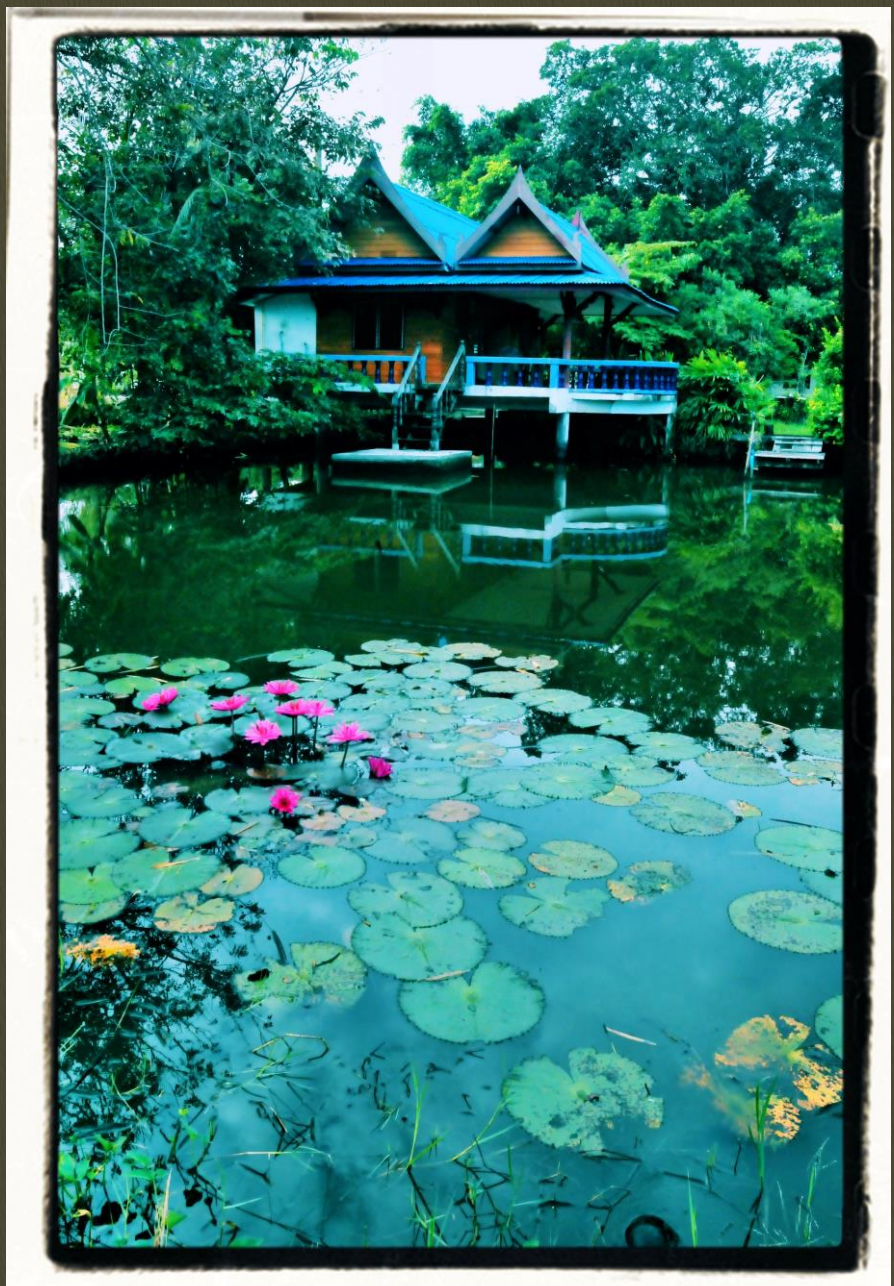
“EMIL SHARED PHOTO OF RAYONG”

In those days, Rayong was just a dusty, rustic fishing port and provincial capital but still a mere crossroads compared to the new town that has grown up since then with introduction of the Eastern Seaboard Development Plan and what it created is a major, urban, industrial and tourist base for the whole Eastern Seaboard. Much of the locations pictured in these photos are long gone and as Joni Mitchell use to sing

“... They paved paradise and put in a parking lot..."

If Thomas Wolfe was correct when he said that you can never go home and he talked to great length(s) to this issue that he believed that this was true and that it is of great concern and danger to all your stored memories, the times and

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“EMIL SHARED PHOTO OF RAYONG”

breathe taking adventures that became a major part of who you are today due to time.

Time is evil as it seeps into those treasured memories and casts the gritty bright light of the modern times and the memories are forever tainted, sometimes wiped clean and are yet another paradise lost…

In a test of this, I think to return to each of these locations and document what now stands tombstone over my long lost memories and see if it is true that the wind will whisper to me about sea monsters and other things that were never meant to be...

— Rayong, Thailand

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Emil

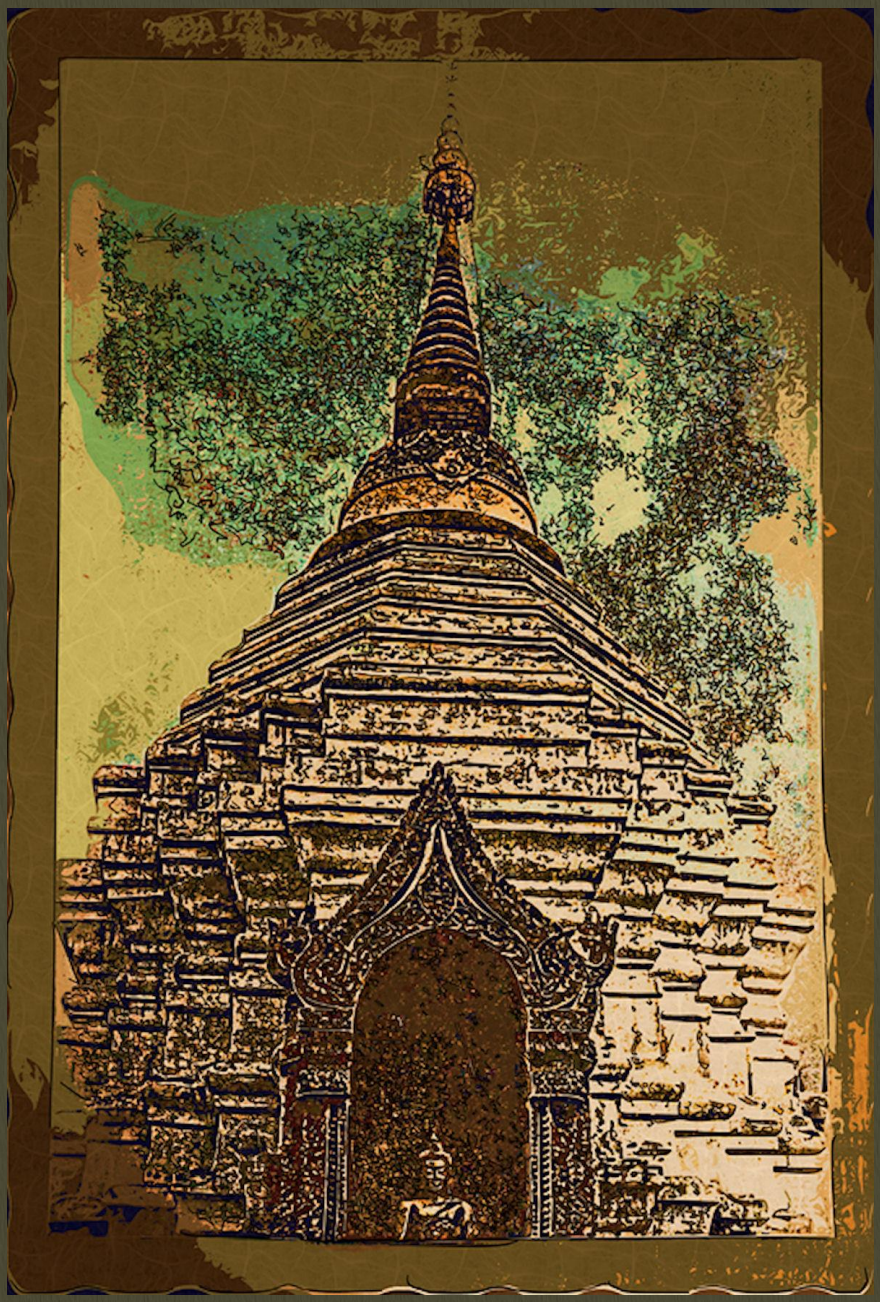
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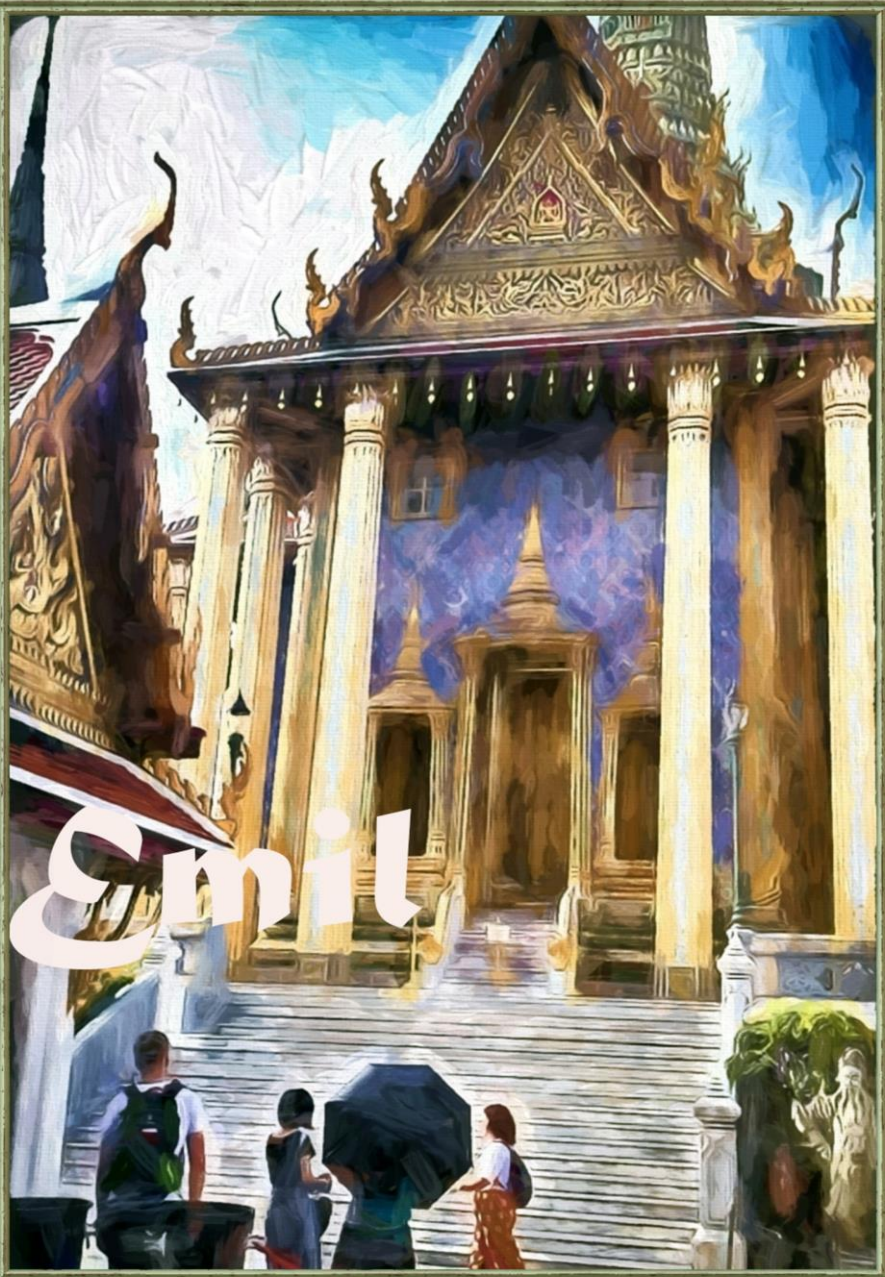


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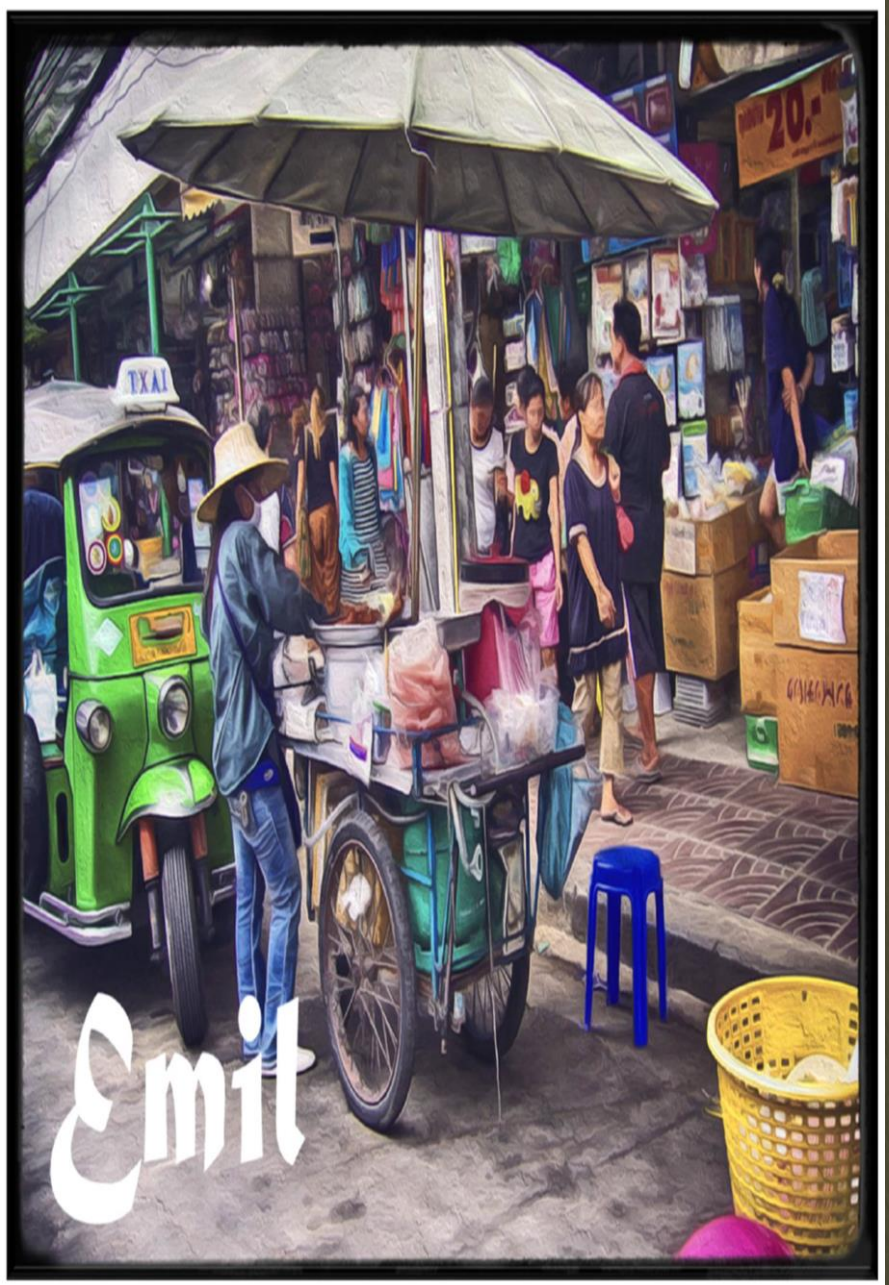


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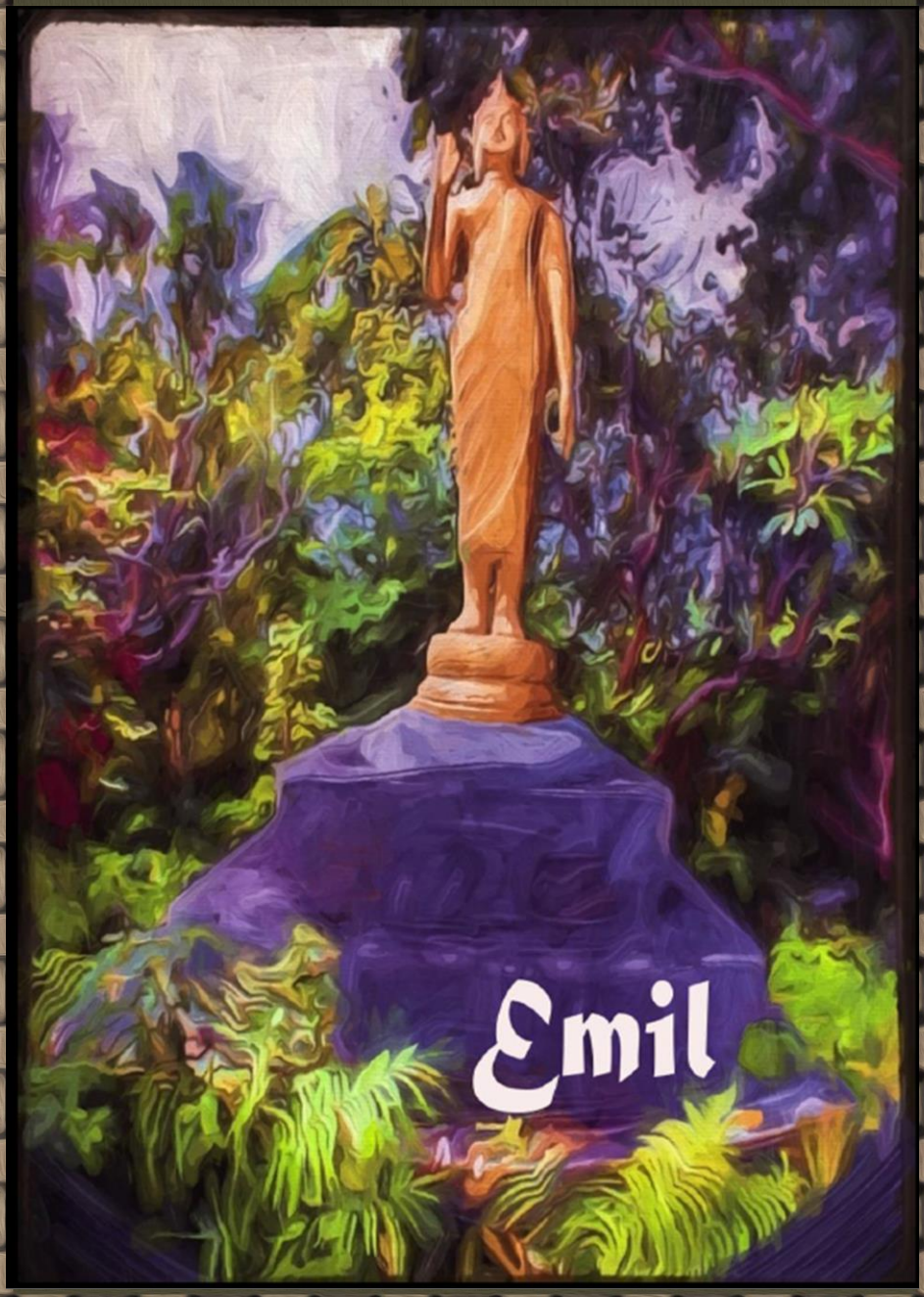
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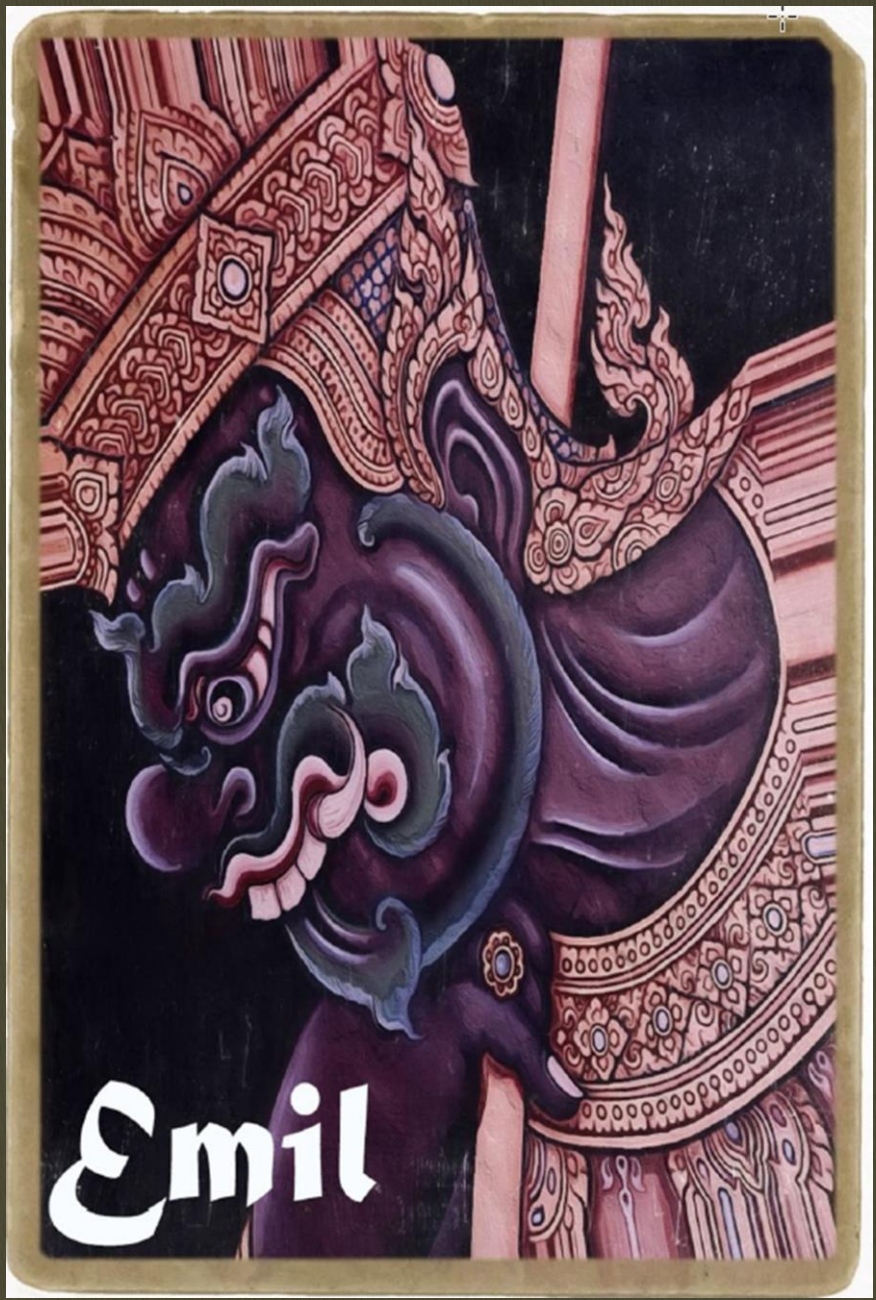
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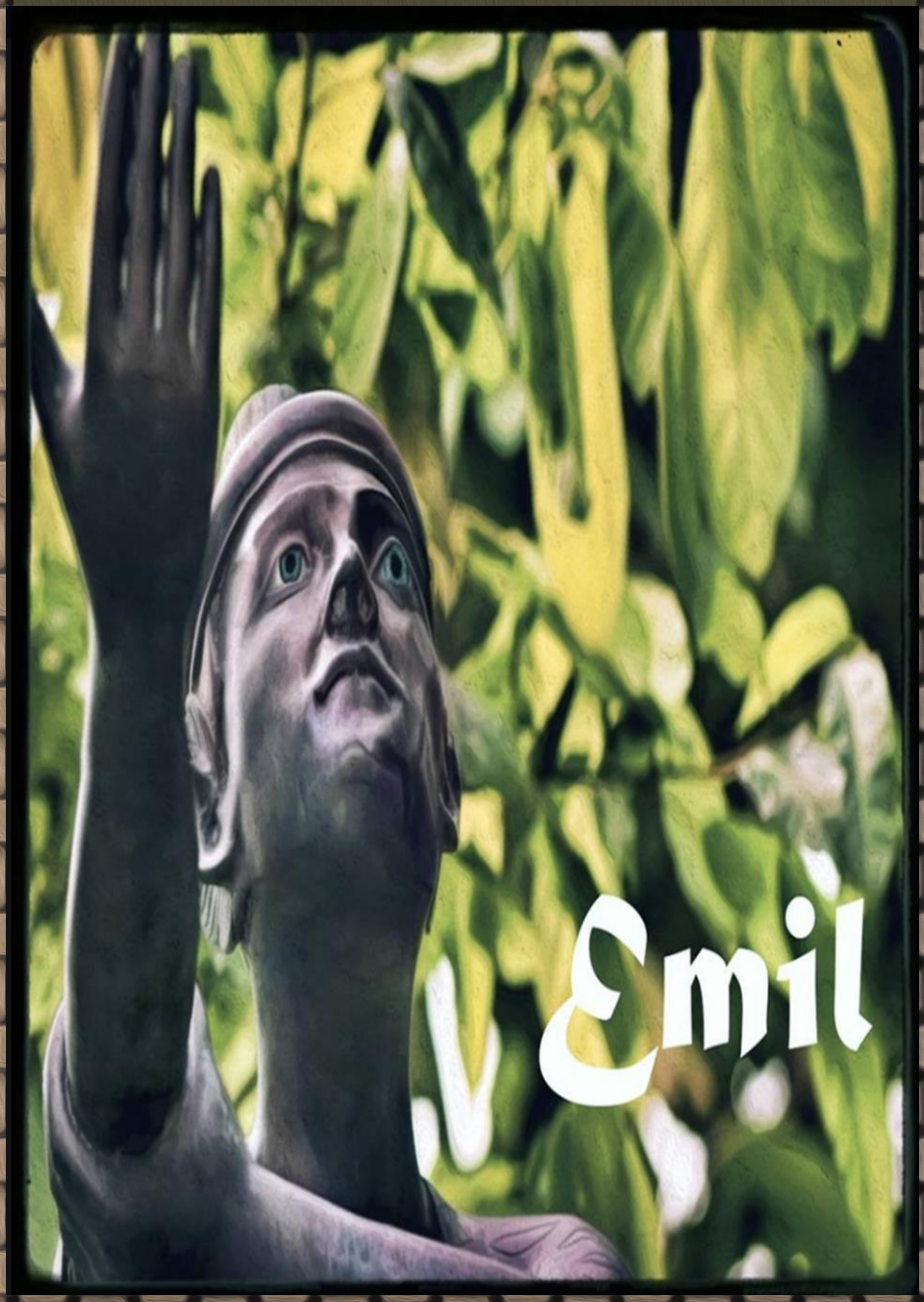
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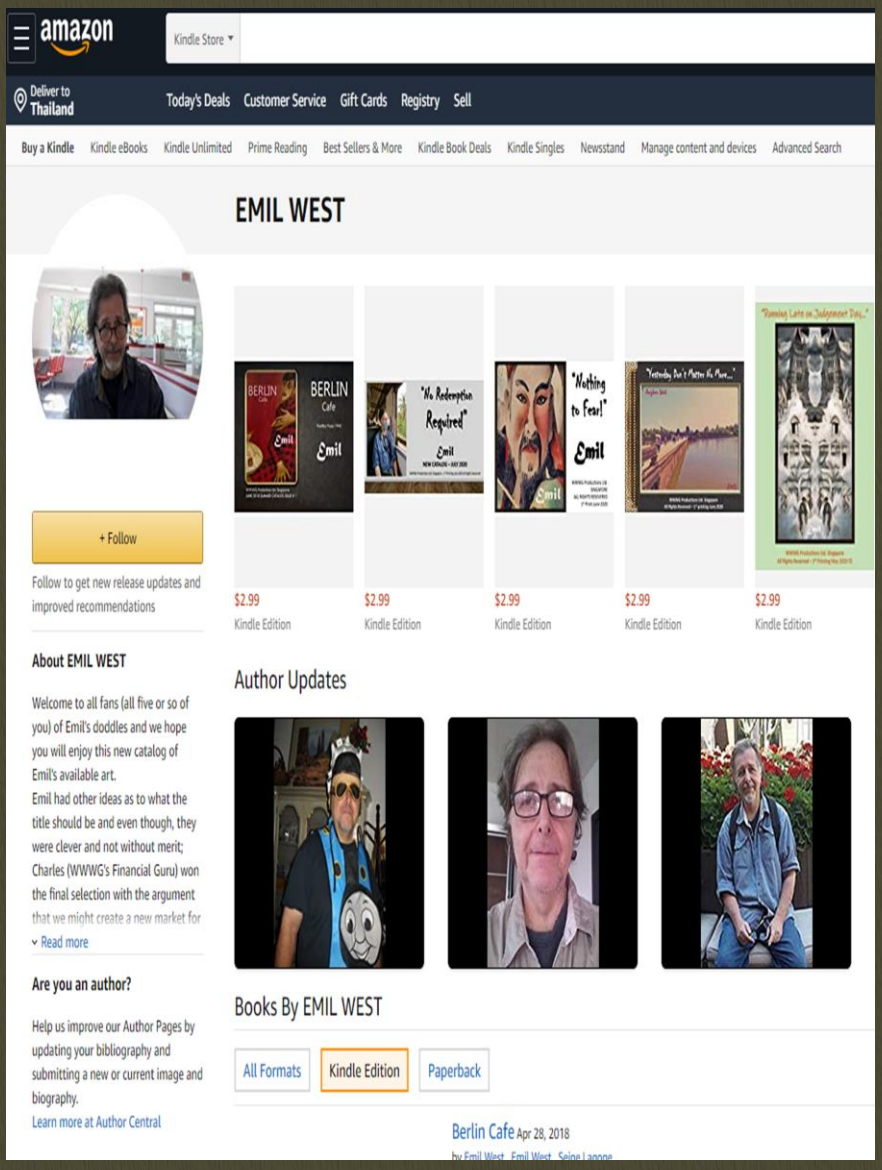
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by Emil West (Author, Illustrator), Seine LaGone (Editor) | Format: Kindle Edition

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GUTEN TAG...Comrades...Believers!

In late Middle Ages, war had a true sense of glamour to it; it was truly a noble professional toiled by and reserved for only the rich and most powerful...fates of a nation hung in the balance of mano-o-mano combat by trusted knights of that age, the writing of history bore on the shoulders of a few brave men...a time of legend and of joyous drinking songs passed down through the ages to us yet today...

Even though we elect to believe this and other Tales of Fairies...of round tables, noble knights and the fairest of the most beautiful maidens; the truth is that war was always messy, heartbreaking and full of deaths of the guiltless masses.

1945 was no different but, it was a thousand times worse as than even our first industrial slaughter (the Great War) due to further advent of modern technology.

Seine

Rod Stewart wrote than almost 50 years ago and that was but a mere 25 years after the Second Great War and even though he made no connection...it still rings true to the sad fact that, the only thing that we truly learned in between the Great Killing Fields of the Northern Trenches (1914-18) and the Second Industrial Slaughter was in our ability to fine tune the mechanics of war from our ability to kill thousands in a single day to our much improved ability to kill literally millions.

1945 was a tipping point where all of humanity seemed to stand out upon the ledge of our broken sanity and as we looked down into the fiery pit of our own lust for raw, bloody vengeance masquerading as our call for justice, our rationalization(s) of how God expected this of us as some form of blood sacrifice while we (universally) failed to grasp the simple fact that we had grown rather fond of slaughter (but...only if we were on the side not being slaughtered).

Such heavy and hard to follow thoughts that are rattling inside my plague soaked brain in the quite hours before the transgender chickens of Penang put on the rooster pants and start announcing the impending arrival of the coming dawn.

The greatest evil of this virus plague that our dear friends of the CCP wrought upon on unexpecting world...the greatest curse that it brought...was time.

https://www.amazon.com/Lebsraum-1945-Emil-West-ebook/dp/B08HVS8FV7/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&qid=1600670774&refinements=p_27%3AEmil+West&s=digital-text&sr=1-1&text=Emil+West

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No Redemption Required

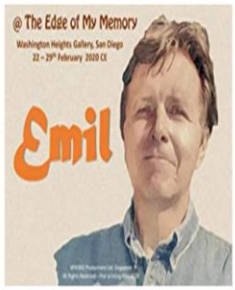
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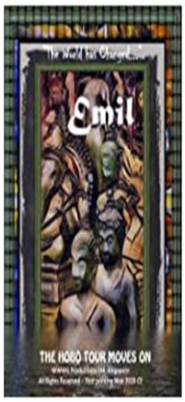
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The World has Changed...: THE HOBO TOUR MOVES ON

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WELCOME BACK!

This edition arrived badly wrapped, as usual, it arrived with postage due and seemed to be leaking some kind of power...

It raise the concerns of our local postal authorities who suggested that we allow them to blow it up to be safe...

Luckily, I saw what resembled one of Emil's PO Drops and I kindly declined the offer to blow the package up...

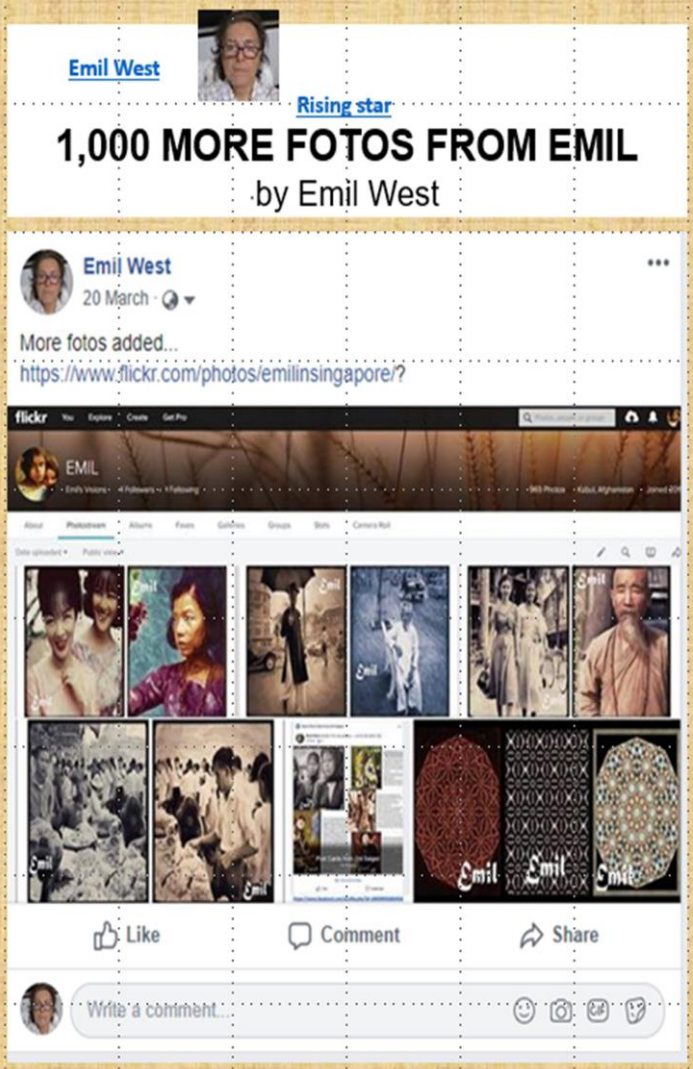
Had I not talked the postal authority down, then you wouldn't have the pleasure to have this new collection of Emil's consistent fascination with things China.

Considering China's bad blood with all things Emil, it is beyond a strange topic, indeed!

SEINE LAGONE

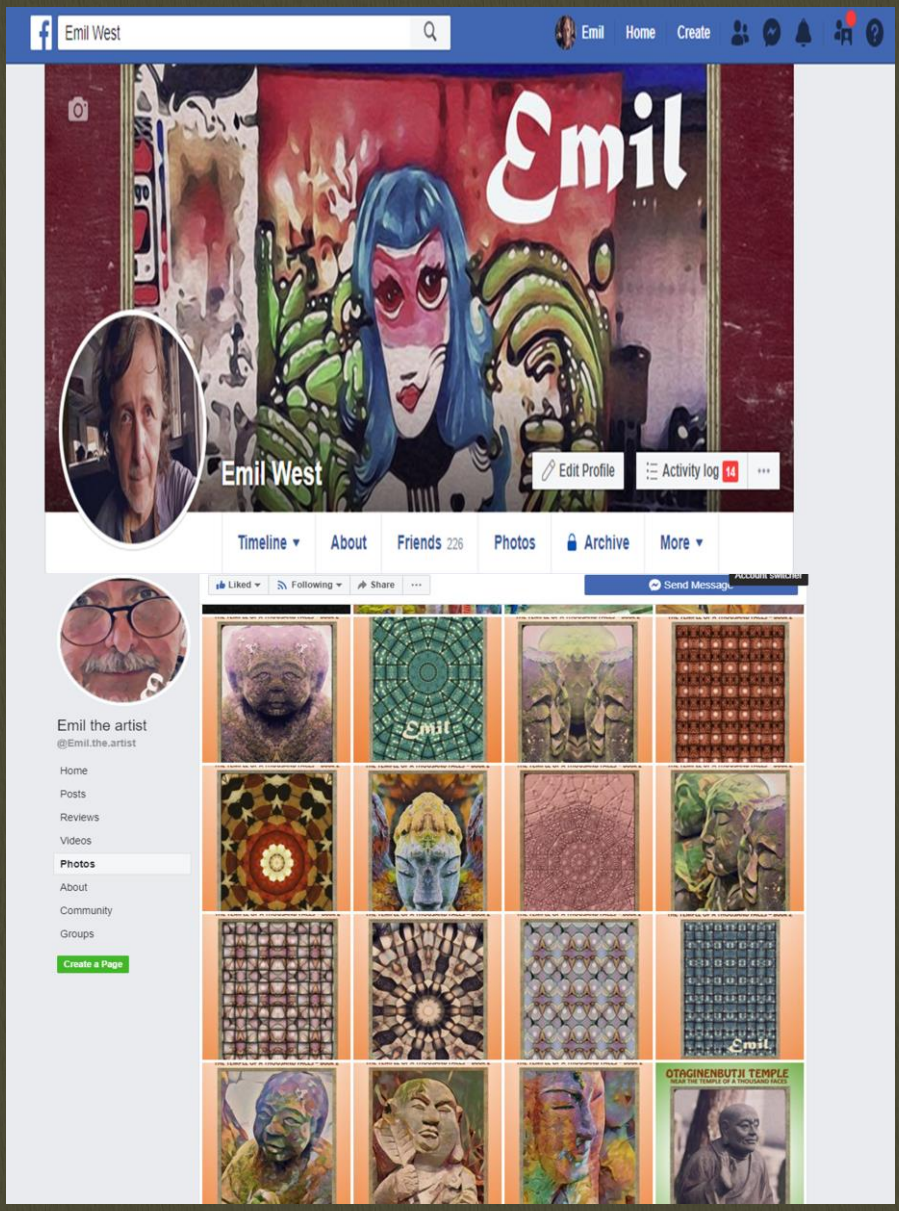
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